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CONISTON HALL;

OR,

THE JACOBITES.

A Historical Tale.

BY THE

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PREFACE.



THIS volume completes a task which was undertaken some years ago, viz. to illustrate the three principal epochs of modern English History. The "FOREST OF ARDEN" is devoted to the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century; the "SIEGE OF LICHFIELD" to the Great Rebellion; and "CONISTON HALL" to the Revolution of 1688.

In the present instance, a period subsequent to the event itself has been chosen, rather than the precise era of the Revolution; in order to exhibit the tone of feeling, and the disorders in Church and State, to which that ill-advised measure gave rise.

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CHAPTER I.

The Excursion.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high :
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam ; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, shewed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows.

WORDSWORTH.

It was in the forenoon of a fine summer day, in the year 1715 ; the sun was already mounting upwards in

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the heaven, and a fresh breeze from the sea drove the clouds before it, when a travelling party was seen issuing from the massive gates of the castle of Lancaster, whose lofty battlements frowned in majestic grandeur over the surrounding country.

The company consisted of five persons on horseback, the principal of whom was a tall military-looking man of fifty or fifty-five years of age, dressed in heavy boots and other appendages belonging to his profession as a soldier; while the upper part of his costume was rather that of a civilian, indicating what was the fact, that he was leaving for a while his military duties for an excursion of pleasure. His person was tall and handsome, his air determined, and his whole appearance, though not evincing the highest order of intellect, was that of one accustomed to command. The next to be mentioned was a young man much resembling the other both in figure and countenance. They were, in truth, father and son. Between the two rode a young lady, whose bright eye and joyous laugh would at once have caught the attention of any chance beholder; while those who looked at her more closely would have seen that, under the garb of cheerful vivacity, there was a depth of feeling and intellect far more characteristic even than her outward brilliancy. Clara Dalton was daughter of the colonel, and sister of the young cornet, who rode on each side of her.

The two other persons of the party were stout serving-men, whose horses were laden with well-

stuffed saddle-bags. All the men were armed with swords, and carried pistols in their holsters; not with much expectation of being called on to use them, though, in truth, some parts of the country were far from being in a peaceable state, and rumours of disturbances were rife in many quarters.

After descending the castle-hill, and crossing the bridge, the party took a northerly direction, and soon found themselves on a rising ground, which looked down on Morecambe Bay. It was a delightful scene. The receding tide had left a wide extent of sand, on which were several stranded vessels, whose dark hulls gave a variety of shade to the foreground, while the elegant shapes of the masts and rigging cut the line of the horizon. On the opposite side of the bay, the eye rested on the pile of Fouldry, an ancient massive castle, formerly belonging to the monks of Furness, and the low jutting headland at the extremity of the Isle of Walney; while far away to the north lay the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, piled over one another in every variety of shape.

"What a beautiful effect of light and shade!" said Clara. "See how the gleams of sunshine traverse the mountain-tops; now glancing on some rugged rock, now lighting up the innermost windings of some mountain-glen."

"Ah, those are noble mountains," said George Dalton. "I hope, before leaving them, to have some sport amongst the grouse and dotterel, and

perhaps kill a roe or two. The red deer, I am afraid, are all chased northward to the Scottish Highlands.

"I was thinking," said the colonel, "how easy it might be to reclaim all this fine extent of country from the sea. If a dam were carried across to yonder headland, many thousands of acres might be made into good land. When I served under Marlborough in the Low Countries, I saw whole provinces which had once been sea, now converted into rich pastures and corn-land, and able to maintain a vast population. So far from the dikes or mounds of earth, when once made, being likely to give way, I am told the sea continually throws up more sand against them, and makes them more secure. How is it, Robin Partridge, that your Lancashire gentlemen do not turn their minds to reclaim all this waste?"

This was addressed to one of the servants, whose countenance indicated a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and honesty. He rode just behind the party, and acted in the capacity of guide, having been sent expressly for that purpose.

"Please your worship," said Robin, "I reckon it is not so easy to reclaim land from the sea in the neighbourhood of mountains as it is when the country is level. If a dike were made to keep out the sea in front, we must have another behind to guard against the swollen streams from the hills."

"Aha! I see," said the colonel; "you speak like an old soldier, Robin. You are quite right to guard

your position against an attack in the rear as well as in front."

The party had now descended to the sands; and finding them hard and firm, urged their horses on at full speed,—at least as fast as Clara's little pony could scamper, the others being obliged to accommodate their pace in some degree to his. After a good gallop, they drew in the rein, and proceeded more leisurely.

"What is that small island in the middle of the sand, with the trees and old-looking building on it?" said Clara to their guide, pointing at the same time in the direction of a small wooded knoll to the left.

"That," said Robin, "is called the Chapel Island. The ruins which you see are the remains of a small chapel or oratory built by the old monks of Conishead Priory, which was situated amongst the woods on the opposite side of the bay. They used to keep a priest there, as I am told, to offer up prayers for those who passed the sands, that they might get safe across. A guide, too, was stationed by the monks, with a horse, to conduct travellers across the channel; for the sands are continually shifting, and the place where you might cross safely to-day may be a quicksand to-morrow."

"Is there a guide still?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Robin; "the old monks gave fifteen marks and three acres of land for his maintenance. The land is applied to the same purpose to

the present day, and the guide receives twenty pounds a year out of the estates of the Duchy of Lancaster."

"And the chapel, is that kept up?" said Clara.

"No, madam; that was suffered to go to ruin when the old priory was destroyed by Henry VIII."

"Well," said the colonel, "we have to thank bluff King Hal for keeping the guide, at any rate; the priest we may do without."

"But surely, dear father, it was wrong to abolish the service which was offered up for the safety of travellers?"

"I wonder," said George, "whether more people are drowned since the chapel fell to ruin, and the priest left off praying, than before."

This was said in a tone of apparent irreverence, —nay, almost scepticism, though it would have been unjust to accuse George Dalton of harbouring wilfully any feeling of the sort. In truth, he was of a light-hearted, careless, joyous temperament; and having left his home for a military school in Germany, and mingled early with the world, had gradually lost those reverential feelings which should, above all things, be cherished in youth, and had fallen into the lax latitudinarian way of thinking and talking which prevailed in the times of which we are now speaking. It was, in truth, the beginning of that worldly irreligious era which has continued ever since. There was, indeed, an under-current of religion, which saved the Church from absolute heresy and ruin. But the surface of society was hard, and

worldly, and utilitarian ; and it is one of the features of an ungodly utilitarian age, to be very sceptical as to the benefit of prayer, — especially intercessory prayer. Formerly men prayed for each other as members of one body, the Church ; of which, if one member suffer, the rest suffer with it, and if one member is blessed, the rest rejoice. It was thought that the Church as a whole, even those members who were engaged in the business of the world, derived benefit from the prayers of the faithful ; and thus the unwitting traveller might be saved by the prayers of the priest in the island-chapel. But now the maxim was, “ Every one for himself, and God for us all.” Prayer might, indeed, be useful to soften the heart of him who prayed, and so prepare it for God’s grace ; that seemed rational. But the idea of the prayers of one man being really of any great use to another, notwithstanding the constant injunction of holy Scripture that we pray one for another, was then, and still, I fear, is, practically little thought of. To suppose that the daily services in a cathedral can be of any use to the diocese, or that the daily prayers in the parish church can in any way help those who were not present, seemed bordering on superstition. And as to the belief that a priest, however pious, or a whole choir of saints, offering up prayers in the Chapel Island, could have a feather’s weight in obtaining God’s mercy for the heedless traveller crossing the Leven Sands, the very notion seemed perfectly absurd. Men were ready

enough to blame the superstition, as they called it, of their forefathers, but quite blind as to their own scepticism—a fault infinitely the greater of the two; inasmuch as to believe too little is far worse than to believe too much. George was unconsciously imbued with the Sadducean spirit of the age, and thought and spoke accordingly. Clara, on the other hand, had been carefully and reverentially educated by a pious mother, not long since dead, who had cherished in her heart deep religious feelings, and had cultivated those high-toned principles of thinking and acting which, if once lost, are seldom regained. Clara, therefore, was naturally shocked at the irreverent observation of her brother, and would have remonstrated with him, but the conversation was interrupted by a loud shouting from a man on horseback, whom they perceived beckoning to them, and waving his hat, to gain their attention.

The party put themselves again into more rapid motion, and soon arrived at the brink of the small stream or river, the channel of which they had to cross. Here they found an old weather-beaten man, with grizzled locks, sitting on a shaggy white horse. He was, in fact, the guide who was to conduct them across.

“We have no time to lose,” said the old man. “The ford is not four feet deep now; but the first wave that comes is often twice as high. We had better cross at once.”

"Lead on," said the colonel, with his usual promptness, "and we will follow."

The guide immediately began to cross the ford, and the colonel followed in his wake, the water scarcely bathing the flanks of his tall horse.

"Stay," said George to his sister, "let us change horses, or you will be wet."

Clara declined at first, saying, it was of no consequence; but George urged her so strongly, that she dismounted. The side-saddle was quickly placed on George's horse, and Clara mounted on it.

"Go on," said George to his sister and the men, "and I shall be after you in a minute;" and he proceeded to fasten his saddle. This, however, he found no easy task; for little Gipsy, the pony, had no notion of being left behind, even for a minute, and began prancing and curvetting, so that the whole party was across before George had got the girth tightened and was fairly on the pony's back.

"Make haste, make haste!" said the colonel.

"Go back, go back!" said the guide. "See, *the boar* is coming."

George looked, and to his dismay saw a tall wave rapidly approaching from the seaward, like a bank in the middle of the channel, while its sides breaking into foam lashed the shore, and spread over the sands.

"Ride for your life!" said the guide.

"Ride, ride!" said Clara, with eager anxiety.

George, who was now in the saddle, attempted

to turn the pony's head, but Gipsy seemed equally determined to follow the party on the other side. Meanwhile *the boar* drew rapidly nearer and nearer, roaring awfully as it approached, and George and the pony seemed destined to be washed away; when, on a sudden, little Gipsy appeared to become sensible of the danger, and instead of persisting in his attempts to follow the rest, stood for a moment with his fore-legs extended, ears and mane erect, and nostrils expanded, then turned short round, and set out across the sands as fast as his legs could carry him. A very short time was sufficient to bring him and his rider to a rising sand-bank; and when George looked back, he saw the spot where he had stood but a few minutes before covered with a wide expanse of water; and it was not without something of awe and gratitude that he thought on the imminent danger which he had encountered, and his narrow and providential escape.

“To Newby Bridge! to Newby Bridge! Cross at Newby Bridge!” shouted the guide and the rest of the party, who were now separated by an arm of the sea, and scarcely audible from the distance. George understood their meaning more from their gestures than their voice, and turned his pony's head in the direction pointed out, not doubting that ere long he should find some bridge by which he might cross the stream and rejoin his party.

CHAPTER II.

The Rencontre.

Across a bare wide common I was toiling
With languid steps.

WORDSWORTH.

LEAVING the rest of the party to pursue their journey, we will follow our friend George Dalton on his solitary course. After passing the sand-hills, he soon struck into a narrow road or horse-track, along the course of the little river Leven, which by this time was swollen by the returning tide, and nowhere fordable. The road was bad and stony, and the sun began to be rather inconveniently hot, as there were no trees to throw their shade on the bare hill-side. So George pursued his journey very leisurely, and had plenty of time for meditation. His thoughts naturally recurred to the danger which he had escaped, and he could not conceal from himself that it had really been considerable. Had the pony's obstinacy continued but a minute or two longer, his own dead body would in all probability have been at that moment rolling under the deep tide; and all his hopes, and fears, and enjoyment of life at once terminated. Truly,

thought he, it was not without good cause that prayers were offered up for travellers crossing those dangerous sands. Who would have thought of there being really any danger of losing one's life in such a manner, and so suddenly, without a minute's warning? But are we not every moment in danger? Might not a thousand unforeseen accidents any moment cut us off? Yet how few live as if they were liable to be suddenly called away!

Vague imaginings like these, but not clothed in words, flitted across the mind of our young traveller, as they will flit at times across the mind of every man who, without having lost all remains of early faith and piety, is being gradually absorbed by the vortex of an all-engrossing world, with its cares, vanities, and aspirations. How often, as we take our solitary way, whether by the breezy hill-side, or along some sequestered glade; or traverse the mountain-ridge, or sit by the rippling stream; or gaze on the unbounded ocean, or the star-spangled sky; or lie at night on our dark silent couch,—how often will deep thoughts arise on spiritual things and other worlds, which seem for a moment to cast into the shade all our poor earthly cares and pleasures! But such thoughts, if not cherished, will soon fade away and be lost. Happy they who arrest their course, and allow them to sink into their hearts! The only way—the only sure and ordained way of guarding the heart against the inroads of the world, to which all are liable, and

accustoming ourselves to spiritual meditation, is the pious use of those religious ordinances and means of grace which our Church so plentifully affords, and her children so carelessly despise. To those especially who are in the heyday of youth and full flow of spirits, there is an absolute necessity of set times for religious exercise and meditation, which, but for some such rule, are too commonly omitted from day to day and year to year, until the mind, unused to meditation on spiritual things, becomes utterly unable to fix itself with seriousness on them. So it was, I am sorry to say, with our young friend George Dalton. His mind soon reverted from the serious thoughts which for a moment had arisen, to the mere external objects around him.

“ You are a pretty rogue, are you not, master Gipsy ? first nearly to drown me, as well as yourself, and then to bring me into such a road as this, leading heaven knows whither.”

This apostrophe from his own self-communings to the pony was accompanied by a smart cut of the whip across the animal's shoulders. The spirited little pony, accustomed to the gentle hand of his kind mistress, and unused to such rough treatment, shewed his disapprobation of George's conduct by breaking into a discontented shuffle, and throwing up his head into the air ; the consequence of which was, that being unable to see the road before him, he presently struck his hoof violently against a

large stone which was lying in the path, and, but for the support of George's strong hand, would have fallen on his knees, if not on his nose. After going a short distance farther, George began to perceive that the pony was lame; and they had not proceeded half a mile before poor Gipsy was scarcely able to set one foot before the other. He had, in fact, suffered a severe strain.

What was George to do? Here he was on a barren hill-side with a lame pony, and nothing like a habitation near. He dismounted and examined Gipsy's foot and leg, which were beginning to swell considerably. He led him a short distance, but being himself encumbered with heavy boots, and Gipsy limping wofully, he did not make very rapid progress. He sat down for a while with the bridle in his hand, and plucked a few tufts of grass for the pony, who received them with a good deal of suspicion. After a while they got to a small stream, in which George bathed the pony's foot. This relieved him a little, and enabled him to proceed about a mile farther, when he became as lame as ever, and another halt was necessary. George now fancied that he saw a column of smoke ascending amongst the stunted trees on the opposite side of a dell, and was tempted to diverge in the hope of obtaining assistance, or at least information respecting the road and country. He proceeded therefore in the direction of the house, but soon found the side of the ravine so

steep that he could no longer lead his lame pony along it; so, fastening him by the rein to the stump of a tree, he proceeded onward by himself. The path led in a circuitous direction, so that a good deal of time was lost before he got to the object of his digression. It was a small but comfortable-looking farmhouse, with out-buildings for cows, and other offices. As George approached on the garden side, he heard himself addressed from amongst the trees in a gruff inquiring voice.

“Why, what i’ th’ neame o’ feckins a brought yoa here?”

And looking in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he perceived the rough rubicund countenance of a man who was leaning with both hands on a spade, and whom he rightly conjectured to be the owner, or at least the occupier, of the homestead. George civilly accosted him, and stated that he had lost his way, making bold at the same time to ask for a cup of buttermilk, as he was very hot and thirsty.

“Buttermilk!” said the man; “ye shall ha’ na buttermilk from me, as sure as my neame be Paul Postlethwaite. Why, buttermilk’s what we gie to our pigs. Come i’ th’ house, mon, and drink a mug o’ ale.”

Thus invited, George did not scruple to avail himself of Mr. Postlethwaite’s hospitable offer. On entering the house he found the gudewife, who was the very counterpart of her husband, and soon brought

out not only the promised jug of ale, but a good loaf of bread, and the greater part of a cheese, which, from the mode in which the good people pressed him to eat, it seemed as if they were very much disappointed that George could not finish at a meal. During the intervals of his repast George recounted his adventure to the worthy pair.

"Hast had a narrow escape, young mon," said Mr. Postlethwaite. "Poor John Balls, a neabour o' ourn, an' his wife, were baith dround there two years sin' come next Martinmas."

"Indeed! how did it happen?" asked George Dalton.

"Why, he war cooming from Lancaster market, and got bamboozled loike i' th' fog, as folks think, for it wasna a rough night. That's how a most o' th' accidents a happened. It maun be an awfu' thing to feel the cauld water rising up higher and higher, and not know which way to turn, till at last it lifts ye off a your feet, or gets up to your mouth and chokes you. Hast had a lucky escape, young mon, and ought to thank God for't."

George assured Mr. Postlethwaite that he felt very thankful for his preservation, saying that he should not like to die in the manner he so feelingly described, though he would not so much mind to be killed in fighting for his king and country.

"What, a yoa a soger o' King George's? Gi'e us thy fist, mon."

Paul Postlethwaite and his worthy helpmate

were both highly interested to find that their guest was a soldier of King George's. The honest man's loyalty, indeed, chiefly centred in Queen Anne; but as she, good soul, was dead and gone, he was now ready to drink King George's health, and long life to him, just as heartily as he used to drink Queen Anne's; a toast in which our young traveller had no objection to join. After finishing his repast, George bethought him that it was time for him to resume his journey, and took leave of his kind entertainers with the feeling and expression of hope that it might not be the last time of their meeting, though with small expectation that his hope would ever be realised.

The honest farmer had given George ample instructions as to the road which he was to pursue, and shewed him a short cut across the ravine, to the spot where he had left his pony. Meanwhile Gipsy, the rogue, notwithstanding his lame leg, had contrived to slip his bridle before his master got back, and it took a good half hour to catch him; so that by the time they regained the road which led to Newby Bridge, the sun was getting down toward the horizon.

Our young traveller continued to pursue his slow and weary way, chiefly anxious to get to the high road, which he was told was near, before the darkness set in. This, to his comfort, he effected, and no longer felt any anxiety about losing his way. As he walked along, with his bridle in his hand, his

ears caught the sound of a horse coming up at a steady pace behind him, and, ere long, he perceived a horseman winding round the little hill. As he approached, George had leisure to survey him. He was a man of about thirty or thirty-five, mounted on a very good serviceable horse, which seemed to have travelled some distance, but still kept on at a good pace, without the need of whip or spur. The rider was apparently of the rank of a gentleman, and was dressed in the usual riding costume of the day. His features were somewhat sharp and anxious-looking, but withal not disagreeable. His eyes bespoke courage and intelligence. As he came up with George, who was leading his lame pony, the stranger drew in his rein, and inquired, courteously,—

“I am afraid, sir, you have met with an accident. Can I be of any service to you?”

“None, sir, I thank you, as I believe I am not far from the inn at Newby Bridge.”

“It can scarcely be a mile distant. I, too, am bound thither, and shall have pleasure in accompanying you. Do you halt there for the night?”

“I suppose I must; there seems no help for it. But for this unlucky accident I hoped to have got forward to Coniston Hall.”

“Ha! Coniston Hall! May I be so bold as to ask whether I am speaking to the son of the worthy owner of that place?”

This was said with animation; but on George saying that he was not the son of Sir Charles Dalton,

but of his brother, the stranger relapsed into his former mood.

"Forgive me," said he; "I am not acquainted with Mr. Dalton's brother, who is, I believe, a colonel in the service of the present government?"

"My father and I have the honour to serve under the king," said George.

A pause here ensued, the stranger not seeming to wish to pursue the subject. At last he asked, abruptly, "Is the whole of Colonel Dalton's regiment now stationed at Lancaster?"

"No," said George; "two troops were ordered off to Bristol, and are now on their route there."

"Ha!" said the stranger, with an expression of surprise and dissatisfaction; "you do not say so?"

George, however, assured him that such was the fact, rather wondering at the earnestness of his manner. The stranger himself seemed to wish again to change the subject, and exclaimed,—

"What delightful scenery we have around us! This is my first visit to the land of lakes and mountains. The lakes I cannot say that I have yet seen, but expect to be enchanted at the first glance of Windermere, which winds, I suppose, between yon hills."

Now there was something in this speech not quite calculated to win confidence. This professed admiration all on a sudden for the picturesque did not quite accord with the anxious careworn looks of the stranger, or the tone of his former conversation.

Perhaps George did not exactly put these things together so as to draw an inference. Still the tone of these last words did not quite confirm the favourable opinion which he had before formed of his companion.

However, they continued to discourse very amicably together until they reached Newby Bridge, just as the last rays of the sun were seen to sink below the western hills.

CHAPTER III.

The Midnight Meeting.

Let them enter ;
They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night ?
Shakspeare.

THE little inn at Newby Bridge was situated in a very pleasant spot, just where the river Leven, with its transparent waters, issues from the lake of Windermere. The mountains at the end of the lake were not of a rugged and precipitous character, but sloped gracefully down to the water's edge, fringed with trees and shrubs, which grew in beautiful luxuriance, and without any marked boundaries, such as the formal enclosures of the larch-plantations, which, in more recent times, have disfigured some of the finest of the lake-scenery. As George crossed the bridge he lingered for a moment, while, with the eye of an angler, he marked well the trout rising at the fly, and breaking the calm surface of the water in eddying circles. His companion meanwhile trotted up to the door of the inn, and was received with alacrity by the landlord, who evidently expected him, and after exchanging a few

words led him into the house, and consigned his steed to the care of the ostler.

When George arrived, there did not seem quite the same promptness to welcome his approach. He had to stand a minute or two at the door before any one appeared. However, after a while, the landlord came forth and begged him to enter, expressed his sorrow to see the pony in so bad a plight, and said that he should be looked to. George did not care to entrust his sister's favourite to the hands of strangers, but led him round to the stable himself, saw his sprained leg fomented and bandaged, and his rack filled with hay. Gipsy, however, turned away his head with great contempt from the hay, and looked round whinnying and snorting, as much as to say, "I wonder when you are going to bring me my supper of oats." Oats, however, were interdicted that night, and for several days afterwards, for fear of increasing the inflammation: and so poor Gipsy was obliged to be satisfied with hay.

On returning to the house, George found a table spread for the stranger and himself, upon which a dish of trout and some broiled mutton were presently placed, and, notwithstanding his substantial luncheon at Farmer Postlethwaite's, he managed to make a very good supper. The stranger was polite, but not communicative; asked a good many questions, but without affording much information in return. One thing which he seemed anxious to

know was, the character of the persons resident in the neighbourhood ; but on this subject George, being himself a stranger, could tell him nothing. Then he inquired more particularly what George could inform him about the disposition of the troops. But the latter either knew or chose to tell but little on the subject. They then reverted to the scenery, but the stranger's observations on this head were evidently so forced and unreal, that the conversation languished ; and soon after supper he rose, and pronouncing himself tired with his journey, and also declaring his intention of rising by day-break, wished George good night, and took his departure into his own room, followed by the landlord.

The latter soon returned, and offered to conduct George also to his bedroom. But George was not inclined for rest. The occurrences of the day had rather excited him. He continued sitting in the small room where they had supped, the window of which looked upon the calm, still river, or rather termination of the lake, where the waters of Windermere were gathered into a narrow compass, and began to flow on more rapidly towards the sea. Here George Dalton sat in light-hearted indolence. The accident of the morning and his own danger had left very little impression on his mind. The only annoyance which clouded his brow was anxiety lest the pony might be seriously injured. Not that he cared for the inconvenience to himself, but simply out of good-nature for his

sister, who he knew would be sorry for any accident to poor Gipsy.

Thus George sat gazing listlessly out of the window of the little room, every minute about to retire to rest, but delaying to do so from the mere absence of desire to move. The night was dark, as there was no moon, but the wind which had blown freshly during the day was now hushed and still, and no sound was heard but the gentle rippling of the small waves upon the shore. Just when he had made up his mind to retire to rest, a sound in the distance fell upon his ear and arrested his attention; as it drew nearer he could distinctly recognise the splashing of oars. A boat was evidently fast approaching, with quick strokes from several good pairs of hands. As it neared the little inn, the rowers ceased at once at a signal given, the oars were shipped, and the boat was suffered to glide smoothly to the landing-place. The landlord and his servant issued forth from the house with lights, and presently returned conducting two guests. As they approached the door George was able to distinguish the features of both. One from his dress was apparently a man of some distinction: he was in the prime of life, handsome, and of good figure, though not tall. George distinctly heard the landlord address him as "my lord." The other was somewhat younger, less distinguished by his dress, but of at least an equally prepossessing appearance, and of a taller and nobler figure. As George caught a view of

his extremely handsome but somewhat grave features, the thought struck him that they were not entirely unknown to him, though he was quite unable to remember where he had before seen them. There was that sort of vague remembrance which one feels either upon seeing a friend after many years of separation, or on being introduced to a person with whose family one is well acquainted,—an acquaintance with the features, but not with the man to whom they belong. The two guests entered the house, and passing through the lower room, ascended the narrow staircase, conducted by the host with great respect and attention; and the house was again left in comparative stillness.

George sat for a while meditating who these new guests could be, and then thought it time to retire, and calling for a light, ascended to his chamber. It was a nice clean little whitewashed room, and the white sweet-looking bed invited him to repose; so he soon flung off his clothes, and lay down to rest. Nor did he forget on that night to kneel and offer up his prayers to God, and thank Him for his merciful deliverance; and having done so, he felt comforted and satisfied. Devotion, however imperfect, soothes and tranquillises the soul; but it must be followed up, and made habitual, to be productive of permanent good. George now disposed himself for slumber, but his sleep was for a while prevented by the sound of voices, which, now that every thing else was still, he could hear distinctly in the adjoining

room. The words, indeed, he could not catch, even had he endeavoured to play the eaves-dropper ; but he could not avoid perceiving that his friend, whom he had met on the moors, and the other strangers, were engaged in very earnest debate. There was nothing like high words or angry altercation, but it was rather the debate of men agreed about the end in view, and anxious to discover the best means to accomplish it. This sort of sound is of all others most likely to banish sleep : it is not the noise only that catches the attention, but the train of ideas suggested — a sort of curiosity to know what can be the subject of such eager debate. It seemed quite clear to George that the party had met by appointment. The assertion of the stranger that he was travelling to see the country, which at the moment had struck George as unlikely, now appeared to him a mere excuse. But why should persons of distinction, as one of them at least evidently was, meet together thus clandestinely in the dead of night ? and who could the noble-looking youth be whose features seemed to him so familiar ? The more he thought, the more sure he felt that they were not unknown to him. Thoughts like these for a long time kept George awake ; and as the conversation sometimes for a moment stopped, then again was resumed with greater eagerness, various conjectures passed through his mind. He was no great politician ; but, little as he troubled himself with such matters, he could not but be aware that there were rumours of plots

amongst the Jacobites, the object of which was to overthrow the government of King George. Very little had hitherto transpired, but rumour was busy with her hundred tongues. The sudden summons of the greater portion of his own regiment to Bristol was, he had heard, connected with some expected disturbances in those parts. Could it be that the conspirators, frustrated in that quarter, had directed their schemes to the north, from whence the troops had been drained? The conclusion which George came to was, that it would be very proper to communicate the report of what he had seen and heard to his father, as soon as he met him; and having satisfied his mind with this wise determination, his momentary anxiety was in some degree relieved, and he sunk into sleep.

His repose, however, was not of that sound and undisturbed character which a calm still night, after a laborious day, usually brings to weary mortals. The noise of voices still sounded in his ears, and now grew louder; presently he dreamed, or fancied, that lights were glancing through his window, then the sound of horse-hoofs departing, and the splashing of oars in the lake; then the quick regular sound of the simultaneous turning of the oars, which gradually lessened in the distance: then all was still, and a calm, deep, dreamless sleep succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

Coniston Hall and its Owner.

He is a worthy and a mild good man,
And we have need of such.

Philip von Artevelde.

WHEN George Dalton arose from his bed in the morning, the sun was shining brightly, and a slight filmy mist was rising from the calm water. Every thing was hushed and still, and not a vestige remained of the presence of any guests besides himself. The landlord was standing quietly at the door of the inn, mending a fishing-rod, and accosted George, as he descended the staircase, with more respect than he had done on the preceding night.

"You have had a good houseful of guests last night," said George to his host.

"We are well placed for company, sir," said the landlord. "This is on the high-road from Kendal to Ulverston."

"And the lakes bring you some guests now and then, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the man drily; "persons come

down from Ambleside and the hill-country in the passage-boats almost every day. We have plenty of visitors."

"High as well as low," said George.

"Oh, ay, of all sorts. We don't care who they are, so they pay their reckoning."

"And do people travel much by night in these parts?"

"Why, look you, sir, we don't much mind what time of day they come, so they pay like honest men. We ask no questions, and then we hear no lies."

"I am afraid you will think me inquisitive; but the truth is, I fancied one of the strangers who came here last night was a friend of mine. One of the two that came down the lake."

"Like enough! like enough!" said the host. "I cannot tell. You are going to Coniston Hall, I understand, sir. Mayhap you will see your friend again."

George perceiving that he could gain no further intelligence, ceased to interrogate the landlord; and proceeded to the stable, to see how poor Gipsy was going on. The pony's leg was still much swollen; but the farrier declared it was merely a strain, and that he would be as well as ever in a few days, if he were suffered to remain quiet; but if he were exercised just then, it might lame him for life. The landlord, who followed George to the stable, promised to pay the greatest possible attention to the pony; and at the same time said, that he had a

horse which would take him to the nearest point of Coniston Lake, where he would find a boat ready to convey him to Coniston Hall, which was at the farther end. George was somewhat surprised at the landlord's great care for his accommodation, and thankfully availed himself of his offer.

Accordingly, after breakfast, having paid another visit to his sister's pony, and given strict injunctions respecting its treatment, he mounted the horse prepared for him by the landlord, and after a few miles' ride arrived at the lake of Coniston. Here he found the boat waiting for him, as he had been informed; and having left his horse with the guide who accompanied him, he was soon launched on the bosom of the glassy lake.

Coniston Water is, like most of the other lakes, of rather a tame character at the lower end,—the hills depressed, and little variety of outline. Still, the bright sky, the breeze which just filled the sail of the little boat, and impelled it through the rippling waves, combined with the novelty of the scene to cause a pleasurable sensation. As George lay stretched at the end of the boat, his thoughts naturally recurred to the events of the preceding night; the evidently prearranged meeting of persons of some consequence, their departure during the night, the mysteriousness of the landlord, and his refusal to tell the name and rank of his guests,—all were topics of suspicion, or at least of curiosity.

As the boat approached the head of the lake, the

scene greatly improved in interest; the mountains were bolder and more picturesque, and their sides were cleft by many beautiful valleys. The most prominent of the mountains was the Old Man of Coniston, towering above the rest, and reflected in the waters beneath; at the foot of the mountain, and on the margin of the lake, the boatman pointed out Coniston Hall, the place of their destination.

It was an old-fashioned pile, of no great magnitude, embosomed in wood; the chief feature was the high massive chimneys and irregular gables, which gave the house a picturesque character.

"May be you have never been before in these parts, sir?" said the boatman inquiringly.

"Never," said George.

"Then, I reckon, you have never seen old Sir Charles; for it is many a long year since he was twenty miles from home."

George declared that he had never yet seen his uncle, at least since he himself was a child.

"Ah, he is a rare old gentleman! saving your worship's presence. One of the right sort; so kind and good to the poor. I wish there were more like him."

"That is the character I have always heard of my worthy uncle; and glad I am to find it confirmed by one of his neighbours."

"Master Edward, too, is a fine young fellow; he has been away at Oxford for his learning, and has but just come back amongst us."

By this time they were approaching the landing-place; but before they reached it, a party had arrived from the house to meet them. George sprang ashore, and found his father and sister. The latter flung her arms round his neck, and embraced him with tears in her eyes, declaring how delighted she was to see him safe, after his dangerous adventure. Colonel Dalton presented him to his uncle, who shook him heartily by the hand, and welcomed him to Coniston Hall.

“But what have you done with Gipsy?” said Clara, with some anxiety.

George told his sister what had happened, and where the pony was left; and that, as soon as it was sound again, which he hoped would be in a few days, he had left directions that it should be brought forward.

At this moment another person joined them from the house, whom the old gentleman introduced to George as his son Edward. As their eyes met, George at once recognised the youth whom he had seen on the preceding night. He was on the point of alluding to the circumstance; but it occurred to him, that, as the rendezvous had evidently been of a mysterious and clandestine nature, his cousin might not wish it to be mentioned.

The two young men were about the same age; and any one who knew them to be cousins might have discerned a family-likeness in the general outline of the features. Yet their expression and charac-

ter were as different one from the other as well could be. Edward was dark-featured, his eye pensive and thoughtful, yet occasionally full of fire ; his manner reserved, yet noble and engaging. George, on the other hand, was all openness and mirth. Light chestnut locks curled round his blue laughing eyes, and every look was full of cheerful frankness. It is not resemblance of character alone that causes friendship. When there is good feeling on both sides, goodwill springs up spontaneously, and affectionate regard is kindled in very opposite characters. George and Edward in a very short time found themselves on the footing of intimate friendship which became such near relations.

The fathers of the two youths presented very nearly the same difference of character as their sons. Colonel Dalton was, as we have before described him, a plain, straightforward man of the world, open-hearted and friendly. His brother was more reserved, and evidently a man of deeper feeling and greater cultivation. He was taller, and more distinguished in appearance than the colonel, and considerably more advanced in years. His manner also was more courteous and dignified ; which was generally the case in those days with well-bred men who lived in the country and retained the manners of their youth. For the men of the world affected a character of *brusquerie* and unrestrainedness which rather went beyond a real gentlemanlike ease of behaviour. Sir Charles's manners, though not his morals, had been

formed on the model of those which prevailed in the time of Charles II., during whose reign he had mixed in the gay world, though without falling into its vices. At the Revolution, which Sir Charles ever denounced as a wrong and fatal step, he declined to transfer his allegiance to the new monarch; and being, on that account, deprived of the magistracy, and excluded from the privilege of occupying any public post, he had, for several years, deserted his native land, and spent his time in France and Italy. For some while he had been contented with this mode of life. The novelty of foreign society, the opportunity of cultivating his taste for the fine arts, the beauty of the scenery, the brightness of the climate,—all these things had reconciled him to his voluntary exile. Still his heart yearned for his native country. He was too benevolent and kindly disposed to be happy without the opportunity of doing good to those around him. And where should an English gentleman exercise his benevolence but in his own land, and amongst his own people? Time had gradually reconciled him to what at first appeared a degradation—the exclusion from offices of trust in his own country, such as would, in the ordinary course of things, have devolved on his station. His Christian spirit forbade him to harbour feelings of pride; and he returned to his native mountains, with a determination to devote the remainder of his days to promoting the good of those around him, as far as his circumstances would allow. And ere long, by the

amiableness and generosity of his character, he acquired, among his neighbours and dependents, a far greater influence than any mere office could have conferred upon him. Though debarred from the privilege of exercising the magisterial function, perhaps no magistrate in the county was more frequently applied to than Sir Charles Dalton for advice and assistance; and the decisions which he gave, though backed by no power to enforce them, were often received with more deference and submission than if he had had the whole constabulary force at his beck. In religious matters Sir Charles was a sincere Christian and thorough English Churchman. Though entirely disapproving of the expulsion of the bishops at the time of the Revolution, he did not deem that he should be justified in remaining separate from the communion of his neighbours, especially as, in that remote district, there was no other congregation to which he could join himself. If the Church was secularised and depressed, he considered that but as a reason for making the greater exertion in its cause. And abundant opportunity for the exertions of Churchmen was to be found in every part of England. Sir Charles, like a good man as he was, set himself to work to mend matters at home. The parish church, which had been neglected and suffered to fall into decay during his absence, was, by his liberality, repaired and beautified. Unfortunately the taste of the age in respect to ecclesiastical architecture was not of the best; and Sir

Charles's residence in Italy had given him a preference for the Romanesque style, which rendered his praiseworthy liberality in church-building less valuable than it might have been, had his notions on the subject been more correct. The old dilapidated tower of the church was rebuilt in the same general proportion as before. That Sir Charles's eye told him was good, and he would not vary from it. But owing to the entire ignorance, both in himself and the builder, of ecclesiastical architecture, which, in fact, was, in those days, an unknown science, the details of the parts which he rebuilt were utterly inconsistent with the character of an old Gothic church; the altar, in particular, was decorated after the most approved fashion of the day, with Grecian pediments and pilasters, such as the worthy baronet had seen and admired at Rome or Florence. One thing which Sir Charles did in the way of church-restoration, was undeniably good, and most worthy of imitation. He had observed, that by far the larger portion of the congregation never thought of kneeling at their prayers; and it struck him, that if they did not kneel, it was probable they did not pray; and if they did not pray, they might just as well not come to church at all. Therefore, as a gentle hint that such a posture was required of them, he caused convenient kneeling-benches to be placed for rich and poor in every pew and sitting in the church; and himself set an example of devout attention to the directions of the Church, which was soon very gene-

rally followed by the rest of the congregation. Besides giving an example of religious behaviour and principle in his immediate neighbourhood, Sir Charles Dalton kept up a constant correspondence with Mr. Robert Nelson and other excellent men of the day ; and though at a distance from the metropolis, entered warmly into their schemes for restoring the efficiency of the Church, and doing what was possible to check the lamentable tide of irreligion and insubordination which had grown up since the Revolution. He was one of those good men who joined together in the formation of the Societies for the *Reformation of Manners*, for *Promoting Christian Knowledge*, for the *Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, and for educating the children of the poor, which were set on foot by the Churchmen of those days, in happy ignorance of the pernicious consequences which were destined to result from the society-system in after-times ; and little aware that an instrument which, in the simplicity of their hearts, they called into existence for the support of the Church and the extension of pure religion, would be employed by others of a different school for the promotion of schism, heterodoxy, and contention. It does not at all follow, from the subsequent abuse of the system, that Robert Nelson and his excellent friends were wrong in joining together in private societies for good objects. But it is surely right that we, who have lived to see the evils of the system, should lose no time in placing these formidable asso-

ciations under such wholesome control of the rulers of the Church as may check their evil tendencies, without impairing the good which, if rightly managed, they are able to effect.

It is worthy of remark, that a great many excellent designs were set on foot by the Churchmen of those days, which, had they been supported and carried out, would have prevented that unhappy accumulation of evil, which in the present generation we are struggling, with faith, though almost without hope, to remove. Queen Anne's bounty was the commencement of a fund to provide a maintenance for poor clergy. The fifty new churches built, or ordered to be built, in the metropolis (for it does not appear that all were completed), afforded an acknowledgment of an important duty, and an example which, if properly followed, might have saved the Church from what it now suffers in consequence of dissent and infidelity. Many other institutions were projected,—such as theological seminaries for candidates for holy orders, training-schools for masters, lending-libraries, a missionary-society to the heathen under episcopal control, colleges for receiving converts from popery, places for religious retreat, and a variety of other plans, some of which fell to the ground, others took root and prospered.¹

In all these schemes Sir Charles Dalton took a lively interest. He was a man whose soul was set

¹ See "Lives of English Laymen," by the Rev. W. H. Teale, p. 338.

on doing good in his generation, and who availed himself of those instruments which, to the best of his knowledge, seemed calculated to effect his object.

We have only a few more particulars to add respecting his character and circumstances. Having lost his beloved wife about two years after his marriage, and not having married again, Sir Charles found his old family-mansion, though not very spacious, amply sufficient for his wants, and added nothing to the building, though he took great delight in laying out his grounds, a taste which gave him the opportunity of having a number of people always employed around him. He had admired the gardens of Italy, and had seen some of their best features imitated in England, especially by his old friend, John Evelyn, at Sayes Court. But though he admired this style of gardening, his good taste taught him that too great formality would be unsuitable to the natural beauty of the lake-scenery. While, therefore, the private gardens on the land-side were laid out with terraces, clipped hedges, and alleys, the bank which sloped to the lake was suffered to remain in uncultivated luxuriance, with its shrubs and stately trees, down to the very margin of the water.

Having given this brief account of the old hall and its worthy owner, it is time to return to the rest of the party.

Soon after George's arrival, the hour approached for the family meal—for our ancestors were early

diners ; and the party, after slight preparation, assembled in the old hall, a curious oak-pannelled room, looking out upon the lake. The absence of a lady to manage the establishment might cause some want of those minor comforts which modern wants demand, but it was not much heeded in the days of which we are speaking.

Besides the persons already described, another guest sat down at the table. This was the chaplain, a venerable-looking clergyman, whom Sir Charles Dalton presented to his brother as the Rev. Mr. Allonby. He was a man of mild, prepossessing appearance, though retiring and reserved.

The repast was good, and the conversation agreeable. Many old events, which had happened in bygone days, had to be talked over by the two brothers. Then there were many objects of interest in the surrounding country, and divers expeditions were planned amongst the young people to visit the neighbourhood ; and George was very particular in his inquiries about the game and fish, upon which he had fully resolved to make an attack.

One thing in which Sir Charles differed from most country gentlemen of his time was, in not indulging over-freely in his bottle, nor forcing others to drink, whether they would or no.

“ I hope you will help yourself to wine, brother, as often as you wish, and fill your glass just as full as you like, and no fuller. We have no custom here at Coniston Hall, that every man, will he nill he,

must drink a bumper to every toast as long as he can stand."

"You are quite right, Charles. I have seen some men who leave their guests as little discretion in the matter as when they give their horse a drink with a drenching-horn."

"I never could think it a necessary point of hospitality to oblige one's friends to swallow one's wine, if they do not like it."

"I am sure you have done all that hospitality could require in furnishing us most excellent wine, and certainly do not diminish the favour in allowing us to drink in moderation."

All the party were well satisfied with this understanding, and the afternoon passed pleasantly enough amidst various discourse. Nevertheless, insensibly it became apparent that there was a degree of restraint among them. Every now and then a speaker would interrupt himself in his speech. Once Colonel Dalton felt himself called on to contradict his nephew, who, on his part, had some difficulty in checking a reply. The truth was, that, though kindly affectioned towards each other as friends and relations, they were utterly opposed in their opinions on many important subjects. The colonel and his son were Whigs and Hanoverians; old Sir Charles, Edward, and the chaplain, were stanch and uncompromising Jacobites.

It is impossible for earnest-minded men long to conceal their sentiments. Modern refinement, or

rather modern insincerity, may affect to drop all subjects of difference, and meet on common ground ; and you may see the Whig, Radical, and Tory, or the Dissenter, Churchman, and Romanist, at the well-covered board, enjoying the luxurious repast, and, with assumed gaiety, conversing on indifferent subjects ; but it is an unnatural effort, after all, and cannot long be sustained. Any how, the party whom we have brought together were too earnest-minded, or, if you will, too prejudiced, long to conceal, with any degree of comfort, their wide difference of sentiment and opinion.

CHAPTER V.

The Disputed Succession.

The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars ;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Jacobite Song.

IN order to understand the position of affairs, it will be necessary to remind the reader that the whole nation was, at this moment, divided in opinion as to the right of succession, or, in other words, who was their lawful king.

When James II. ascended the throne of England, his prospects of a happy reign, notwithstanding the difference of his religion from that of his subjects, were most promising. He declared, with apparent sincerity, his fixed intention of maintaining the constitution which he found established both in Church and State. His promises were believed, and received with gratitude by the parliament, which consisted mainly of Churchmen and Tories ; and the nation itself was most favourably disposed towards him.

“We have the word of a king,” said they, “and that is enough.” Had he kept his word, he and his children might long have sat upon the throne of England. But notwithstanding his promises, it soon appeared to be his fixed determination to use all the means in his power to subvert the Established Church. One of his first measures was, to open a communication with the Pope of Rome, in order to pave the way for a solemn readmission of the Church of England to communion with that see. Whether such an attempt, if honestly and judiciously made, is ever likely to succeed,—whether Rome will ever rescind her excommunication, England still retaining her reformed usages, which nothing will or ought to induce her to give up; or whether the antipathy between the two communions is too great, and their claims too incompatible, to admit of a reunion,—these are questions open to discussion. But it soon appeared that James was not a monarch of sufficient temper or prudence to effect so important a work. Even the Pope blamed him for his rashness and indiscretion.

It would be too long to recount the infatuated acts by which James, in his vain attempt to carry out his scheme of forcing the nation back into the communion of Rome, in an inconceivably short time alienated the nation from him, and stirred up again that bitter feeling of animosity against the Church of Rome which, in the preceding reign, had caused the sacrifice of so many innocent lives at the time of the

pretended Popish Plot, and at various periods of recent English history has been so prejudicial to the cause of truth and charity. James re-enacted, by his sole authority, the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission, which had been abolished by law in the reign of Charles I., and dragged before it the Bishop of London, because he had refused to deprive one of his clergy for preaching against Popery; next, he endeavoured to overrule the regular elections to the headships of colleges at Oxford, and expelled all the fellows of Magdalene College but two, because they refused to elect a Papist whom he had nominated.

His next act of violence was, to order a declaration of indulgence to be read in all the churches; and when seven of the English bishops respectfully petitioned him to reconsider his order, he sent them all to the Tower. This last act caused the most violent excitement. The people were soon aware of the danger to which the prelates were exposed; and when they beheld the fathers of the Church placed under the custody of a guard, and embarked in vessels on the river, in order to be conveyed to the Tower, all their affection for liberty, all their zeal for religion, blazed up at once, and they flew to behold the affecting spectacle. The whole shore was covered with crowds of prostrate spectators, who implored the blessing of their pastors. Even the soldiers, seized with the contagion of the same spirit, flung themselves on their knees, and craved

the benediction of the prisoners whom they were appointed to guard.

The bishops themselves, during their triumphant suffering, augmented the general favour by their lowly and submissive deportment. They still exhorted the people to fear God, honour the king, and maintain their loyalty; and no sooner had they entered the precincts of the Tower, than they hastened to the chapel, in order to return thanks to God for the afflictions which, in defence of His cause, He had thought them worthy to endure. Scarcely ever was so remarkable a scene witnessed in the course of English history. A king engaged in an illegal persecution of the bishops of the Church; they, on their part, enduring all with passive submission, and winning the admiration of those who witnessed their heroic fortitude. The bishops were tried in the King's Bench, on the charge of having "falsely, unlawfully, maliciously, seditiously, and scandalously framed, composed, and wrote a seditious libel concerning the king and his royal declaration for liberty of conscience, under the pretence of a petition." On this charge they were tried and acquitted; and the moment the verdict was pronounced, "there was such a wonderful shout," says an eyewitness, "that one would have thought the hall had cracked. The whole city was illuminated, and bonfires kindled; medals were struck in honour of the event, and portraits of the seven bishops were eagerly bought up, every one being anxious to have some memorial of

those who had submitted to danger and imprisonment for the sake of their Church and country." The enthusiasm which prevailed might well have convinced James, had he been open to conviction, of the impossibility of carrying out his views; and the shouts of his army at Hounslow, when the report of the bishops' acquittal reached them, were enough to shew him that he must govern legally, if at all.

Unfortunately, violence on one side is sure to generate excess on the other. The king's illegal conduct was no excuse for illegality in the people. But men who fancy themselves aggrieved are prone to take the law into their own hands. They will not trust to God's providence to right them, but must adopt questionable means to right themselves. Conspiracies were formed against the king's authority. Many leading men put themselves into communication with William Prince of Orange, who had married the king's daughter, inviting him to come over and aid them against their own sovereign. William got together an army of sixteen thousand Dutchmen, and landed at Torbay. As soon as his arrival was known, the utmost confusion reigned through the kingdom. King James was deserted by all his friends, one after another; even those whom he had loaded with favours shewed the most base ingratitude. His army would not fight; disloyalty and treachery were universal. In this predicament, having before his eyes the fear of his murdered father's fate, he determined to take refuge

in France. Meanwhile London was in the hands of a revolutionary mob, who destroyed all the Roman Catholic places of worship, attacked and pillaged the houses of the Florentine envoy and the Spanish ambassador, dragged the lord chancellor from his hiding-place, and so ill-treated him that he died in consequence ; and had it not been that they met with no resistance, London would have been the scene of massacre and bloodshed.

William meanwhile advanced with his army unopposed to London, and took possession of the supreme authority. Then came the difficulty, how to arrange the government. He had been hitherto supported by all parties ; but all had not the same end in view. A convention was summoned, consisting of all who had been members of parliament in the reign of Charles II. Thanks were voted to the Prince of Orange for his prompt arrival ; and it was resolved, " That King James the Second, having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between king and people, and having, by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government ; and that the throne is thereby vacant."

The Tories were averse to this resolution, especially to the last clause, which declared the throne vacant. Many looked on William only as a mediator between the people and their sovereign, and had

supported him as such ; others would not have objected to make him regent, considering the urgency of circumstances, but regarded James as still their lawful king. Besides, James, it will be remembered, had an infant son ; and, even if he himself had abdicated, his son's title remained. They proposed, therefore, to make William regent. But the Whigs determined to place him on the throne, and carried their proposal in the House of Lords by a majority of two, the bishops voting unanimously in favour of the regency.

So William III. became king of England, though not without great opposition, even at the time, from those who considered that the illegal acts, and even abdication, of James could not set aside the title of his son. The Tories very generally repented of the part they had taken in bringing over William, now they saw the result, so contrary to their principles. Many persons refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, on the ground that they had already sworn allegiance to James. They would have pledged themselves not to disturb the present settlement, but could not break their allegiance by taking a new oath. Had the new government consented to the arrangement, much trouble might probably have been avoided ; especially as regarded the Church. But they were determined to carry out their views with a high hand. All persons who refused to take the oaths were deprived of their offices. Seven bishops, and many of the English

clergy, were driven from their benefices, and others placed in their room. In Scotland the case was infinitely worse. All the bishops were deprived, the Church itself subverted, and the Presbyterian sect established in its stead. King William being a mere politician in his views, and a Dissenter in religion, had little feeling, or at least little care for the fearful havoc which he was working in the Church of God, and the pernicious spectacle which he was affording, of two religions sanctioned by the state—the Episcopal Church in England, the Presbyterian sect in Scotland; a circumstance which, perhaps, has done more to undermine the foundations of the true Church, and render men indifferent to truth and error, than any event of modern times.

These were the fearful consequences which sprung immediately from the Revolution; but they were only the commencement of trouble. In most cases the struggle comes first, and then the revolution; here the revolution came like a sudden shock, and entailed a struggle of half a century. William was never really respected as the legitimate king; and his government was assailed by continual plots.

In the reign of Anne, something of the old spirit of loyalty revived. Still the adherents of the exiled family increased rather than diminished.

Not only the original Nonjurors, but all who, at first acquiescing, afterwards became dissatisfied with the measures of the existing government, joined the party of the Pretender or Chevalier, as the son of

King James, when he came to man's estate, was called. A strong body in Scotland, who were averse to the union between the two nations, thought that the independence of their nation could only be restored by bringing back the dethroned Stuarts. The Roman Catholics, who were still a numerous and influential body, naturally wished for a king of their own persuasion, and utterly disapproved of the Act of Settlement, which excluded the ancient line of sovereigns from the throne. The Church of Scotland, which before the Revolution numbered at least half the nation as its members, of course bore no goodwill to the revolutionary government, by whom it had been ousted from its ancient establishment, and treated with severe persecution.

The Church-party in England, though not persecuted like their brethren in Scotland, considered themselves much aggrieved and endangered by many of the government measures in favour of Dissenters; and they were backed by a large body of the people in most parts of the country. It was in the year 1710 that the High-Church and Tory excitement arrived at its height. Dr. Sacheverel, a man of eager and zealous mind, though of no great learning or reputation, preached a sermon at St. Paul's, on the 5th of November, on the text, "Perils amongst false brethren," in which he maintained vehemently the anti-revolutionary doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, blaming the principles of the Revolution, and urging the necessity of standing up for

the Church. This sermon was much extolled by the Tories, published at the request of the Lord Mayor, and twenty thousand copies circulated through the country. The Whigs, who had the majority in Parliament, were so ill-advised as to impeach Dr. Sacheverel before the House of Lords for the doctrines delivered in his sermon. The trial lasted three weeks, and great excitement prevailed in London. Dr. Sacheverel was received by the populace with acclamation, and looked on as a confessor for the Church. The trial ended in his being suspended from preaching for three years; and a sentence so lenient was looked on as a triumph rather than a defeat, and celebrated by bonfires and illuminations, not only in London, but all over the country. Wherever Sacheverel went, he was received in triumph, with congratulations and processions. At the University of Oxford he was sumptuously regaled, invited to the mansions of many noblemen, and received in several of the towns by the magistrates with public formalities. In short, from being a person of no great weight or station, he found himself suddenly raised to the highest pinnacle of popularity, and regarded as the champion and defender of the Church. The mobs shewed their zeal for High-Church principles by making riots in several places, and pulling down divers dissenting meeting-houses. The whole affair was of a very doubtful character, as regarded the predominance of its good or ill consequences. Sacheverel was a mere stalking-horse of a political party.

One immediate consequence, however, was, that the queen, seeing the popularity of Church and Tory principles, presently got rid of her Whig ministry, and established the Tories in their place.

It was towards the end of the reign of Queen Anne, that the hopes of the friends of the exiled king were raised to the highest pitch ; for they had reason to believe that she herself was favourable, as it was natural she should be, to her brother's cause, and that measures would be taken to secure the succession to the son of James II., and set aside the claim of the Hanoverian family, with whom she was but distantly connected. Queen Anne's ministers were, Harley Earl of Oxford, and St. John Viscount Bolingbroke. They had entered into correspondence with the adherents of the exiled king ; and though it may be doubted whether the friendship of Harley was sincere, or whether he may not have been merely coquetting with the Jacobites, in order to secure their support, yet there is no question that his colleague was devoted to James, both by interest and inclination. The Jacobites were never so near attaining their object as at this period. The friends of the Hanoverian succession were gradually removed from offices of trust, measures were taken to secure the army, by displacing those of Whig politics and appointing Jacobites in their place, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports was given to the Duke of Ormond, thereby securing a safe ingress for the Pretender whenever the time should be ripe for the adventure ;

and there is great reason to believe that, had Bolingbroke continued longer in power, a bill would have been proposed to Parliament, and probably passed, to repeal the Act of Settlement, by which the crown was given to the family of Hanover, and restore it to James, the lineal heir and brother of Queen Anne. In this case, of course, there would have been no doubt that the right would have been indisputably in the exiled family. But all these preparations were rendered abortive by the death of the queen. The energetic measures of Bolingbroke had been retarded by the dilatoriness or lukewarmness of Oxford; and when the queen died, the Jacobites durst not move. Bishop Atterbury, indeed, is said to have offered to proclaim King James III. at Charing Cross in full canonicals, but the leading Jacobites were paralysed; the Whigs had the law on their side, they acted with vigour and judgment; and George the First stepped into the throne, by virtue of the Act of Settlement, without opposition.

This was on the 1st of August, in the year 1714, about a year before the commencement of our present narrative. Though the accession of George I. had been undisputed at the time, yet it was far from being acceptable to the nation. Many had acquiesced in the government of Anne, who was a legitimate descendant of Charles I., but were indignant that the family of the royal martyr should be now entirely excluded; for the family of the Georges branched off as early as the reign of James I. Great

riots took place, on the day of his coronation, at Birmingham, Bristol, Gloucester, Taunton, Worcester, Norwich, Bridgwater, Nuneaton, Cambridge, and other places. The king's foreign manners and speech (for he could not even express himself in English) were against him. Had he distributed his favours equally, and admitted the great Tory party to his counsels, perhaps things might have gone on quietly ; but he cast himself entirely into the arms of the Whigs, whose harsh measures against their opponents threw them back upon the friendship of the Jacobites. Bolingbroke and Ormond were impeached for high-treason, and, in fear for their lives, fled from England, and offered their services to the Pretender.

These and other circumstances encouraged the Jacobites to make an attempt to place the son of James II., whom they considered their lawful king, upon the throne of England ; and the country, through its whole breadth and length, was rife with plots and conspiracies.

CHAPTER VI.

An After-Dinner Discussion.

Speak ye of rights ? what right, in reason's eye,
Outweighs the sanction of a nation's nod ?

Lyra Apostolica.

It was not likely that a number of persons collected together in a country-house, with a good deal of leisure on their hands, could long continue silent on a subject which agitated all England. Accordingly, on the second day of their visit, the party whom we have before described found themselves engaged in a very animated discussion upon political matters.

“What a sad pity it is,” said the colonel, “that people of the same country cannot bring themselves to live peaceably together ! You cannot walk about the streets in London without having treasonable pamphlets thrust into your pocket. I hear there have been seizures of arms at Bristol, and other places in the west. The clans in Scotland, too, are

in a feverish state. They are a troublesome, discontented set, those Scots, high as well as low. Lord Mar at first tendered his services to King George, professing great loyalty; and because the king did not choose to make him minister of state, he is gone off to the Highlands, and is stirring them up to insurrection."

At this intelligence, Edward started, and raised his dark, intelligent eyes, but spoke not. Clara alone marked his gesture and expression.

"The youngsters at Oxford, too," continued the colonel, "have been making a row, and fighting with the recruiting officers."

"We shall have a disturbance in the country, then," said the chaplain, "according to the old proverb :

Cum pignant Oxonienses,
Volat ira per Angligenses."¹

"This is all the consequence of the false step in 1688," observed Sir Charles. "The 'glorious Revolution,' as some are pleased to call it, is matter of history now; we may talk of it without compromising your official character, colonel."

The Colonel. Why, as you say, it is a thing which took place when we were youths, like these two lads here. And many a good argument we had about it. You were all in favour of King James.

¹ When at Oxford feuds are rife,
England soon will ring with strife.

Perhaps I took the other side because I did not choose to be dictated to by my elder brother : but I never could understand how, when a king endeavoured to introduce Popery and arbitrary power, any one could say it was not time to give him notice to quit. The end of all government, as Sir Richard Steele well says, is the preservation and happiness of the society which is governed. To submit, therefore, so as to sacrifice the safety and happiness of society, is to frustrate the very end for which government was appointed. It could never be right to submit to James II. when he was about to destroy our liberties.

Sir Charles. I have no more love for Popery and arbitrary power than you, brother. Still I cannot help thinking that the nation was guilty of a great sin in deposing their lawful king because they did not like him.

The Col. Deposing him ? I do not admit that we did depose him. He took himself off of his own accord one fine night, and threw the great seal into the Thames ; which was a clear case of voluntary abdication.

Sir C. Nay, nay. He would never have gone unless he had been forced. Suppose he had not gone of his own accord. Suppose he had raised his standard, as his father King Charles did, against the rebel parliament. The Whigs, I suspect, would not have scrupled making war against him, and the nation might have had to answer for the dethronement and

murder of another king. It was only owing to God's good Providence that we had not a second civil war—rather I should say, a second “great Rebellion.”

The Col. Well, however, there is no need to take the blame of events which never happened. All I say is, that as it turned out, the nation did a good thing in ousting James, and putting a constitutional king in his place.

“I cannot think the nation acted according to God's law,” observed Mr. Allonby. “There is no great merit in yielding obedience only when we choose. We must ‘obey them that bear rule over us,’ even though they be ‘froward,’ and though we may not approve their measures.”

The Col. What! and would you too, reverend sir, uphold a popish prince, who did all he could to bring back the corruptions of that Church which our glorious reformers shed their blood to shake off? How can one of your profession stand up for King James? We should have had Popery again forced down our throats; and if we would not swallow it, then hey for Smithfield and the rack, as in the days of bloody Queen Mary!

Mr. Allonby. We have no great reason, methinks, to stand up for King William rather than King James, on the score of duty to the Church. If one was a Papist, the other was a Dissenter; and has shewn his principles by destroying, as far as he could, the Church of Scotland, and causing disunion

in the Church of England. Besides, I do not think that a great Protestant nation like England has any thing to fear even from a Popish prince.

The Col. Do not be too sure of that : those Papists are such desperate bigots, they stick at nothing. They think themselves bound to set up their own Church at any risk. Even if they are disposed to be quiet themselves, their confessors will not let them. They always have some emissary from Rome at their elbow, urging them on to promote the Pope's views by force or treachery.

Mr. Allonby. Let us trust that Popery is neither so violent nor deceitful as we are led to suppose from the accounts of the deeds of its adherents in bygone days.

The Col. Nay, reverend sir, look at what the Grand Monarque has done in his dominions within our own memory. Could any thing be more deceitful, base, and dishonourable than the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, after he had promised security of life and property to his Protestant subjects? Can any thing be more cruel than the persecutions which have taken place even in our own times? Talk of Popish persecutions being obsolete! Why, there never was a worse, or more cruel, or more perfidious measure than the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, which has caused the emigration of half a million of France's best subjects. The cruelties of bloody Queen Mary, the autos-da-fé in Spain, nay, even the dragoonings of Alva in the Netherlands, or the massacre of St.

Bartholomew, or the extirpation of the Albigenses, were scarcely more fearful in their results, than the measures taken against his Protestant subjects by the great monarch who has just been summoned to his account.

Mr. Allonby could not deny that the recent events in France connected with the revocation of the Edict of Nantz were a too conspicuous instance of the undiminished virulence of Popery.

The colonel returned to the attack :

“ Besides, there is no placing any reliance on those Popish princes. The Pretender, at Bar-le-duc, I have no doubt, is very lavish of his promises to maintain the established Church in England. So was Queen Mary. She promised the free exercise of their religion to Protestants, and then exterminated them with fire and sword. Louis XIV. had entered into the most solemn engagements with the Huguenots, and broke them all without the least compunction, nay, rather as a matter of conscience. What could be more treacherous than the whole proceedings relative to the massacre of St. Bartholomew ? And then to think that that diabolical massacre should have been approved and sanctioned at Rome itself ! ”

Mr. Allonby could only repeat his former argument. “ I cannot deny,” said he, “ that Papists have been, in time past, both perfidious and cruel ; and that there are but too evident symptoms that their disposition is not changed for the better. Whe-

ther it be that there is any thing in the peculiar errors of their religion itself which engenders these qualities, whether their exaggerated claim to power disposes them to violence, and their unlimited authority over the conscience leads them to play fast and loose with engagements and oaths ; or whether it be that worldly men have made the Romish religion a cloak for their ambition ; I cannot say. Certain it is, that the accusations brought against the Romanists, on the score of violence and treachery, are not to be rebutted ; and there is but too much cause for the strong feeling of suspicion and dislike with which they are viewed in this country. Still that does not alter the case of our allegiance to our rightful sovereign. King James the Second was our lawful king by hereditary and indefeasible right."

"Hereditary and indefeasible nonsense!" said the colonel ; but immediately apologised to the chaplain for the expression, and begged him to proceed.

"I can never believe," continued Mr. Allonby, "that the nation was justified in driving him from his throne. We ought to have kept to our allegiance at all risks, and have left the issue in the hands of God. A good cause is not to be promoted by unholy means."

Colonel Dalton was quite *au fait* at all the arguments of the times. He had read all the pamphlets that had been written—on his own side, and they were not a few. Pamphlets were, in fact, the newspapers of the day. "You talk of hereditary indefeasible

right," said he; "but where do you find the doctrine? I have never been able to find any such doctrine in the Bible. I have read the Bible from beginning to end for the very purpose, and can't find a word of it. Not that I deny government in itself to be divine, and that monarchy is an excellent species of it for some countries. But what particular form of government, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or a commonwealth, shall be established in this or that nation,—what person shall be entrusted with the administration, and how the right of succession shall descend, the Scripture meddles not with; they are mere matters of human arrangement. Even supposing a monarchy adopted, what authority is there that the succession should be strictly lineal. If royal birth be the only undoubted right to the throne, then many of the kings of Israel had no claim to the crown they wore. Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest of all,—a mere rustic, a keeper of his father's asses. What hereditary right had he? He was chosen king by the estates of parliament at Gilgal.¹ And how came David to reign after him, and not Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, Saul's eldest son? Why, because he was elected by the people at Hebron.² Then Solomon, who was the youngest son of David, leaps over the head of Adonijah and the rest of his brethren; and Jeroboam, Solomon's servant, was made king of the

¹ 1 Sam. xi. 14, 15.

² 2 Sam. v. 3.

ten tribes of Israel. What hereditary right had Omri, Zimri, or Jehu? None that I ever heard of. Yet, if I may believe my Bible, many of these were very lawful and proper kings notwithstanding."

"You forget," said Mr. Allonby, "that most of those whom you have mentioned received the kingdom by God's express appointment."

The Colonel: Well, then, look to our English kings. William the Conqueror confessed, in his last will, 'That he neither found nor left the kingdom as an inheritance.' He was the bastard son of a tanner's daughter. William Rufus enjoyed the crown against the right of his elder brother Robert, then living. Henry I. the same. He kept his elder brother prisoner for many years in Cardiff Castle, and is even said to have put out his eyes. Stephen succeeded, to the exclusion of Matilda and her son. Henry II. mounted the throne after Stephen's death, by agreement of the nation, though his mother Matilda, the rightful heiress, was living. John reigned in spite of the lineal title of his nephew Arthur. Henry III. was crowned while Eleanor, daughter of Geoffrey, his elder brother, was living; and Edward IV. during the reign of Henry VI. Not one of the Lancastrian kings had a strict hereditary title. In short, of the first nineteen kings of England after the Conqueror, only six succeeded by proximity of blood.

"True," said Sir Charles; "but you do not propose them to us as patterns? Henry the First's

cruelty to his brother Robert, John's murder of Prince Arthur, Stephen's unjust usurpation, are all examples for our avoidance, not for our imitation. Then, remember what dreadful wars took place between the houses of York and Lancaster, in consequence of the disputed succession; England's best blood was almost drained in the strife. Besides, these interferences in the line of succession took place in turbulent and lawless times. Since the accession of Henry VII., the strict hereditary succession has been defined and preserved, except in the case of the usurper Cromwell, who, in truth, is to be looked on as a mere general of the army, a soldier of fortune, or at best the head of a faction, rather than as occupying a place amongst the English sovereigns. No doubt can exist as to the hereditary right of the Stuarts. James the First united in his person all the claims to the crown—those of Plantagenet, York, Lancaster, and Tudor; and it is well if we do not rue the day when we interfered with the right of his grandson. It was a bad business, the Revolution of 1688. Your theory of an undefined succession, besides being, as I conceive, contrary to the divine law, is the most dangerous doctrine possible for the peace of a nation. There is no security whatever against perpetual revolution and civil war, if we do not maintain the hereditary right of our kings. To acknowledge the right of one family, and yet to allow the people to select out of that family whatever member they choose to rule

over them, would be the surest method that could be devised to perpetuate anarchy and contested succession. Far better to have a fixed and positive law, and submit cheerfully to those that bear rule over us."

"To 'obey the powers that be!' Well! I can understand that principle," said the colonel. "I hope we are all prepared to act upon it, and yield a loyal obedience to King George, who is now our lawful king."

"Begging your pardon, my good uncle," said Edward; "King George's title does not rest quite on so solid a foundation as you seem to imagine."

Here the worthy colonel waxed rather irate, and said, with considerable warmth, "I undertake to prove that, humanly speaking, King George has a better right to the throne of England than any prince in Christendom, or in any country, or in any age, since the creation of the world to the present hour; and I challenge you, Master Edward, and all the Jacobites in England, to prove the contrary."

"Right and wrong have been so jumbled together since the Revolution," said Sir Charles, gravely, "that it is really difficult for honest men to know what to think, or how to act."

"I don't care what was done at the Revolution, let that pass; it is, as you say, a matter of history. William's title may have been subject to cavils; but King George's rests on a different footing alto-

gether. He did not come with an armed force to dispossess any existing king or queen; but mounted the throne peaceably and lawfully, in accordance with the act of the legislature, which has an undoubted right to fix the succession. Thus, by the act of Elizabeth, cap. 1, it is made high-treason to affirm "that the laws and statutes do not bind the right of the crown, and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and government thereof." Which is renewed in these terms, by the 4th of Queen Anne, cap. 8, "that if any shall affirm that the kings and queens of England, by and with the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws of sufficient force and validity to limit and bind the crown of the realm, and the descent thereof, every such person shall be guilty of high-treason; and being convicted, shall suffer pain of death, and all losses and forfeitures, as in case of high-treason." So that, though we have, to avoid the confusion of frequent election, settled the crown on families, it is with restriction, and a power of limiting the succession; no man's birth alone makes him king, unless he has the qualification which the law requires. In pursuance of this inherent and necessary power in the government, of providing for its own safety and limiting the succession, the parliament has wisely excluded all Papists, and made them for ever incapable of succeeding to the British crown. The words of the act are these: "Whereas it has been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the welfare and safety of this Pro-

testant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, or by a king or queen marrying a Papist; be it therefore enacted, that all and every person that is, or shall be reconciled to, or hold communion with, the Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown of this realm, or to have, use, or exercise any regal power. . . And in all such cases, the people shall be, and are hereby, absolved from their allegiance."

"Ha!" said Edward, "can an act of parliament absolve subjects from their allegiance to their sovereign? I thought the Pope only claimed such authority."

"Besides this general exclusion of Papists," continued the colonel, not noticing the interruption, "the present Pretender is by name excluded, and his title to the throne is specially set aside by the Act of Settlement made and confirmed in the reign of Queen Anne, which declared that at her decease the crown of England should descend to the most illustrious Princess Sophia, Electress and Duchess-dowager of Hanover, and her heirs. Well, the Princess Sophia having died at a good old age, her son, the present King George, ascends the throne as her undoubted heir. And I do not believe that any king in Christendom has a better title, nor, indeed, so good, as the deliberate enactment of the legislature and the concurrent voice of the country."

"Pardon me, uncle," said Edward, with some eagerness, "I think there is a flaw in the title, which you have not noticed."

The Col. How so?

Edward. You say that the title of the Elector of Hanover——

The Col. King George's, I said.

Edward. Well, King George, the king *de facto*, his title, you say, rests on the Act of Settlement made by the legislature in the reign of Queen Anne?

The Col. Just so.

Edward. The act of the legislature is, I presume, the joint act of queen, lords, and commons?

The Col. Well, it had their joint consent. Queen Anne gave her consent after it had passed the two Houses.

Edward. But was Queen Anne herself lawful sovereign of these realms?

The Col. Certainly, by a similar act, passed by king, lords, and commons in William's reign.

Edward. But who gave William a right to pass acts of parliament? *His* title, at least, cannot be said to rest on act of parliament, since, as you rightly say, an act of parliament cannot be made without the joint consent of king, lords, and commons; and King James never agreed to any act of parliament that made William king. So you see, my good uncle, King George's title is no better than King William's.

"Humph!" said the colonel.

“On the other hand,” said Edward, “there can be no doubt that King James’s was a good title to the throne, and that his right descends to his son.”

The Col. But the law has set aside these claims.

Edward. Law! what law? A law, to be valid, according to your own admission, must be passed by king, lords, and commons. I never heard that King James the Second ever gave his consent to any law by which his son was excluded from the throne, and deprived of his just rights.

“Humph!” said the colonel again; rather more significantly, and a pause ensued; at last he said, “And so, for this flaw which you suppose exists in the title, you would upset the present settlement, which has been undisturbed for a whole generation, annul all the acts of parliament passed during the last two reigns, throw the country into confusion, bring in a Popish pretender, destroy the national liberties, and forego all the advantages which the last generation risked so much to obtain. You talk of the Pretender’s hereditary rights; but I suppose that we have our rights and liberties as well as he! What right has he to supersede and annul all *our* rights? Who gave him a right to trample on the necks of the people, and tyrannise over the whole nation? For my part, as the law has made me free, I am resolved to stand fast in my liberty as long as I can, and not give up, whilst I can help it, the blessings of freedom and independence, and all the other advantages which we enjoy.”

"I have always been taught to think," said Edward, "that, by the 'glorious Revolution,' as it is termed, the nation gained a loss. The present state of things, in the opinion of many, is far from being one at which we have reason to rejoice; indeed, quite the contrary. So that if it be, as you maintain, lawful for a nation to make a revolution, in order to get rid of a state of things injurious to the country, they could not have a better time than now."

The Col. What becomes of all your high-flying doctrines about submission to the powers that be, and obeying them that rule over us.

Edward. We all acknowledge the truth and cogency of these words, but take them differently; some applying them to the allegiance due to King James, and some to King George. It is surely rather hard, even on your own principles, that a king should be deprived of his crown on account of his religion.

The Col. Hard! not at all, when his religion would make him ruin us all. It is just as you would take away from a lunatic the management of his estate, and give it to the next heir of sober mind. Besides, what is the practice of the Papists themselves in this matter? Did not the Pope excommunicate Queen Elizabeth, and attempt to take her kingdom from her? Did not the people of France make Henry IV. declare himself a Papist? And when he leaned too much to the Huguenots, did they not employ Ravallac to assassinate him? What reason can be alleged, I should be glad to know, why we in England should

not exclude a Papist, as well as the Papists everywhere exclude Protestants, especially when the religion of the Protestants includes, as its essential principles, universal love, charity, and goodwill to all men; and the religion, or, I should rather say, the superstition, of the Papists breathes nothing but fire and faggot, desolation and slaughter?

The colonel was growing warm, and talked rather vaguely, as will have been seen; and his opponents wisely declined to make any answer to this rather amusing effusion of Protestant bigotry. Only Edward, feeling that it was disrespectful to remain quite silent, observed, "Well, uncle, you will not persuade me that both James and his son have not been badly used."

"But, my young friend," said the colonel, "are we not bound at least by our oaths of allegiance to the existing sovereign?"

"If Englishmen had kept to their oaths of allegiance," said Edward, "there would have been no revolution at all. However, many have not taken the oaths of allegiance," added he, in a marked manner.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," said the colonel, recovering his composure, "to hear you broach such sentiments. But I must not let you proceed. You are not perhaps aware, that it is high-treason to print, or write, or preach, or *advisedly declare* that any one hath any right or title to the throne of England otherwise than by the Act of Settlement."

“That seems rather hard, according to your principles, my good uncle,” rejoined Edward; “for if one party was right in turning out King James because they differed from him in his measures, why should not others do the same with King George if they dislike his mode of government?”

“Well, well,” said the colonel, half angry, half laughing at the pertinacity of his nephew; “perhaps we had better dismiss the subject, as our opinions are so diametrically opposed.”

“It is indeed a sad thing that there should be such differences of opinion among friends,” said Sir Charles; “but all this would never have happened but for that unfortunate step in 1688.”

CHAPTER VII.

Char-fishing.

All thy slender watery stores prepare.

THOMSON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strong political differences which existed in the family, there was no want of hospitable cordiality or warm-hearted friendship between the host and his guests. The young people, at all events, managed to enjoy themselves very well. George, for his part, was not much of a politician. He took things as he found them. His father was colonel of a regiment under King George, and he was cornet; so it was his duty to fight in his service. Whether King George's title to the throne was perfectly legitimate, he neither inquired nor cared. The *jus divinum* and indefeasible right of kings were to him mere talk and nonsense. He left such things to older heads; and thought more about fishing and shooting than of the disputed succession. George was, in fact, a very capital sportsman. Not like those of the modern Cockney school, who drive several hundred pheasants into the corner of a wood, and then knock them down by dozens, like barn-door

fowls ; not like the Nimrods of the nineteenth century, whose chief care is how they may turn out with the neatest boots at the covert-side, or ride against each other on thorough-bred horses, turning a fox-chase into a race. George could track the red deer on the Hartz mountains as well as the oldest forester, and had killed many a boar with his spear in hand. His love of sport descended to the inferior sorts of game, which some affect to despise. He was an expert angler. He knew the habits of each fly or fish ; and though he preferred to hook the lively salmon or trout, he did not despise, for want of better game, the dull, voracious pike.

Sporting is a sort of instinct. Nature teaches us to toil for food, and has made that toil exciting. To pursue game is as natural with man as it is to the eagle or beast of prey. It is one of those instincts which we share with the brute creation ; and though not an occupation of the highest order, and, when passionately followed, liable to great abuse, yet it is not to be altogether discouraged. To the sports of the field the English are indebted for much of that hardihood and vigour which distinguishes them from the *noblesse* of continental nations. The young scions of our aristocracy, trained to sports in which English gentlemen partake, are admirably prepared to make good soldiers ; they can endure fatigue, and are used in some degree to have their wits about them. A good keen sportsman is generally shrewd and sagacious.

"I suppose you have plenty of fish in these lakes, and good ones too," said George to Edward, as they stood by the water-side one evening soon after his arrival, watching the rippling waves.

"Yes, plenty. In Coniston Lake we have char, and so they have in Windermere, and one or two other lakes; Ulswater has a peculiar sort of fish called skelly, a kind of freshwater herring, which I never heard of elsewhere; Keswick and Basenthwaite have only common fish, as pike, and perch, and trout."

"I should like to catch a char," said George, "to see what sort of a fish it is."

"Well, we will try to-morrow. It is not quite the right season; but I daresay we might catch enough to satisfy your curiosity."

Accordingly, next morning Edward got out his fishing-apparatus, the little boat was prepared, the baits were caught, which indeed was easy enough, as you had nothing to do but let down a small net, with fine meshes, into the lake, and draw it up full of little fishes, which served for that purpose; and so they pushed off on the bosom of the clear lake, and soon got out their lines. The way of fishing was this. The hook was baited with a small fish fixed along the curve, and a swivel placed above it, so that when drawn through the water it spun round rapidly, which was found to attract the notice of the char. It is rather remarkable that fish of prey will sooner take a bait fixed on a hook, than a fish of the

same sort swimming at liberty through the water. Whether it is that they see it more distinctly, the light glancing from its scales as it turns rapidly round, or whether they imagine it to be wounded, and that they can seize it more easily, one cannot tell. It is not so with flies. Here often you may have the mortification of seeing the trout leaping at flies all around, when they will not touch the artificial one which you offer them. The baits for the char are fixed at the end of very fine lines, fifty yards long, which are attached to pliant rods placed at each side of the boat. The boat is then rowed gently along the lake, and the lines drawn in the water, with the bait spinning at the end.

“Well! this is the stupidest sort of fishing I ever tried,” said George, after they had been rowing about for an hour or more; “you have not even the satisfaction of watching a float, and fancying that you have got a nibble.”

“I told you we were not likely to have much sport; however, I daresay with a little patience you may be gratified by saying that you have caught a char. It is too bright at present; but there are some clouds coming up yonder, and then perhaps they will bite better.”

“Better?—they have not bitten at all yet.”

Here a long pause ensued,—Edward good naturedly rowing the boat slowly about in such places as he thought most likely for fish; George sometimes watching the tops of the rods, at other times lying

at full length at the bottom of the boat, and shading his face with his hat.

At last he said abruptly, and in a really serious tone: "By the by, Edward, this is as good a time as any other to say what I want to say to you. I hope you are not going to make a fool of yourself; I mean, I hope you are not going to take any non-sensical step, and join these plots and conspiracies which I hear are spreading in the country."

Edward was taken by surprise, and did not know what to say.

George. What on earth was it that took you to that midnight meeting the other night?

Edward. Midnight meeting? Where?

G. At Newby Bridge. You thought I did not see you, I suppose?

E. I hoped you did not.

G. Ah! I was afraid there was something wrong. It was my full intention to have named the subject to my father; but when I came to Coniston, and found that it was you that I had seen at Newby Bridge, I thought I would not mention it to any but yourself.

E. I thank you for your consideration.

G. That is cool and cautious. But just tell me, my good fellow, what is the use of mixing yourself up with such things? No good can come of it, and perhaps a deal of harm.

"Our opinions are so widely different," said Edward, "that it would be useless to discuss the subject. You will never induce me to alter my

mind ; and I think, under the circumstances, I should be hardly justified in attempting to make a convert of you."

"For my part," said George, "I cannot imagine why we should not be satisfied to let the country remain quiet. We've got a good sort of king enough, though he is rather stiff and formal, and jabbars German ; however, I am told he is a good, straightforward, honest man. The country is doing well enough ; what's the use of kicking up a disturbance?"

E. You think the country is doing well enough, judging, perhaps, chiefly from external circumstances. To my view there are principles and modes of acting in vogue and gaining ground which are destroying the character of the nation, and if not checked, will be productive of most serious evil. There is nothing like high principle left amongst us. The Church has almost lost its influence ; infidelity and scepticism are spreading over society, latitudinarian and low worldly principles becoming more and more prevalent, in consequence of the system introduced at the revolution. To my mind, things are going on very unsatisfactorily.

G. I do not think you will mend them by bringing in the Pretender. We had better remain quiet, and let things take their way, than endeavour to set them right by questionable means.

Edward did not like to pursue the question, because it would have led him to reveal plans and in-

tentions which his cousin could not appreciate, and which it would be more prudent to conceal.

G. And if you do make an insurrection, you will have no chance of success; it will be put down directly.

E. That may depend on the mode in which things are managed by those who have the direction.

G. And so, I suppose, you and I will have to fight on different sides,—you at the head of a troop of rebels, or insurgents I suppose I ought to say, and I as cornet of King George's regiment of dragoons. Well, if I am ordered to charge, I shall be obliged to cut you down as well as any other man. Really, Edward, it is a very serious business.

This was said with an air of such good-natured earnestness, and the thing was so entirely within the range of possibility, or even probability, that Edward was sensibly moved. The appeal was really quite touching. Here was his good, warm-hearted cousin, whom, notwithstanding the absence of any very shining qualities, it was impossible not to love, for his perfect good-nature and honesty; he had just struck up a close intimacy with him, which, in the natural order of events, ought, from their near relationship to each other, to last during their lives, and be productive of happiness and advantage to each, and now it was not unlikely that, in a few months, or even weeks, they might find themselves, in obedience to those whom they looked on respectively as their rightful sovereigns, ranged on opposite sides,

as sworn enemies, and ordered to shoot and cut each other down, as if they had been soldiers of hostile nations. George's straightforward way of putting the matter struck Edward forcibly, and he knew not what to answer. However, at this moment the top of one of the rods shook violently, and shewed that a fish was hooked ; George immediately took the rod, and Edward began to draw in the line.

"Is he hooked?" said George.

E. Yes, I think so; but I am not sure. Oh yes, now I feel him; a pretty good one too.

It took some time to wind up the fifty yards of line; but when they had nearly arrived at the end, the fish was seen plainly in the clear dark water, his bright sides flashing from the sun's rays. George, at his cousin's desire, took a small net, and placing it under the fish, drew him out safely into the boat.

G. He is a beautiful fellow indeed! Very much like a trout, but not so bright in colour; rather broader, I should say, across the shoulders. What a fine streak of red that is running from the gills, all down the side to the fork of the tail! He is about a pound and a half?

E. About that, I should think; they seldom grow much larger. However, let us bait the hook again, and throw out the line. I daresay we shall catch another or two.

They baited the hook accordingly, and the line was soon thrown out again. The clouds which now shaded the sun had brought with them a little wind,

which rippled the waters, and a very short time elapsed before they had another fish; and while they were drawing him in, a third had hooked himself on the other line. This gave the young men plenty of occupation; and, in the eagerness of the sport, George forgot all about the midnight meeting, the insurrection, and the difficulty which he should be in if he was ordered to charge his cousin's troop; and Edward, on his part, took care not to allude any more to the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Old Abbey.

I doe love these auncient ruynes :
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend historie.
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lye interred,
Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to it,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till domesday. But all things have their end ;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

WEBSTER.

THOUGH Edward liked his cousin very much, and admired his amiable openheartedness, yet he rather avoided being alone in his company, because he was unwilling to make him a confidant of his plans, and saw no hope, even had he wished it, of converting him to his own opinions. George was too like his father, too prejudiced and positive, to be influenced by any arguments which he could offer, to change his opinions, whether those opinions were right or wrong. Besides, Edward felt a sort of repugnance to attempt setting the son against the father ; and therefore endeavoured as much as possible to avoid all topics connected with their differences.

But there was another reason which prevented

him from wishing to accompany George on his fishing and shooting excursions. The real truth, if it must be confessed, was, that though he liked George very much, he liked Clara still better, and experienced a new pleasure, hitherto unknown to him, in the society of one who, to loveliness and good humour, united a refinement of feeling and depth of thought akin to his own. Besides, he found in Clara a good deal of sympathy with the views which he himself so warmly cherished; and was enabled to converse with her on the subject which so much occupied his thoughts. In order to secure the society of Clara, Edward resorted to a very simple and allowable manœuvre, which was, to pre-arrange some expedition, whether it was to visit some beautiful spot on the lake, where the scenery might be viewed to the greatest advantage, or to climb one of the neighbouring mountains;—in which excursions Gipsy, now restored to health, was found very useful. So that when George proposed a fishing or shooting expedition, his cousin could with truth answer, that he had already promised to go elsewhere. Hence it often happened that George, with his friend the keeper, passed the morning in one direction, and Edward and Clara in another. The result of this intimacy between the two young cousins was such as might easily have been foreseen. They became insensibly more and more fond of each other's society, were disappointed if they were not together, and soon

felt for each other that mutual confidence and unity of sentiment which is a close forerunner of stronger and warmer attachment.

One day an expedition was proposed to visit Furness Abbey, which was at the distance of a good morning's ride. All the party were delighted with the proposal except George, who had no great taste for old ruins, and would much have preferred amusing himself with his gun amongst the mountains. However, he was too good-natured to object to the arrangement, and so set out with the rest. The morning had been misty, but the vapour was gradually disappearing beneath the sun's rays; and it promised to be one of those bright and glorious autumnal days when all nature seems clothed in a robe of resplendent calmness. The harvest had been gathered from the fields, and only a few straggling gleaners might be seen here and there, collecting the few remaining ears. The road lay through a beautiful country, over alternate hills and dales, though not in the direction of the larger mountains and lakes. Edward, as it was natural, kept close to his fair cousin's side, in order to point out to her all the objects of interest which they passed. The two brothers jogged on together, talking on various subjects. As for George, he found a pleasant companion in Robin Partridge, who told him a number of amusing anecdotes of the country, particularly of one Will Crowe, a notorious thief in those parts, who always managed to escape detec-

tion. One day he stole a neighbour's pig. It was pretty well known that Will Crowe was the thief; and the officers of justice were sent to search his house. They found Will and his family very innocently employed in their domestic avocations. Mrs. Crowe was preparing the dinner; Will was rocking the cradle, and expressed the utmost astonishment when charged with the theft; desiring the officers, if they were not satisfied, to search every part of the house; which they accordingly did, upstairs and downstairs, without success; and at last left the house, though not without suspicion that Will had outwitted them. And so he had; for the pig was all the while in the cradle that Will was rocking!

After a good morning's ride, the party arrived at last at a deep secluded valley called the *Bekang's Gill*, or "Vale of Nightshade," a bunch of which plant is engraven on the ancient seal of the fraternity of Furness. The valley through which they had approached became gradually more and more contracted until it appeared to close the scene; and had it not been for the course of a considerable stream, which shewed that there must be an outlet somewhere, it would have seemed as if the hills were about to close around them, and impede further progress, except by climbing the steep banks of the ravine. The party now found themselves amidst a grove of stately trees on each side of the road, which, after their hot sunny ride, afforded them an agreeable shade; and all at once they per-

ceived before them the crumbling walls of the ancient monastery.

It was indeed a beautiful and solemn scene. A perfect stillness reigned in that solitary valley; a slight autumnal haze mellowed the landscape, blending the tints one with another; and there, in the midst of this still solitude, stood the tall and massive buildings, whose broad walls caught the sun's rays, contrasting with the dark foliage of the trees, while the massive fragments of towers and pinnacles seemed tottering to their fall.

The party dismounted, and, leaving the horses in the care of their servants, entered the ruins through the broken doorway, and stood near the spot once occupied by the high altar. They were in the interior of what had formerly been a magnificent Gothic church, consecrated by solemn rites to the worship of Almighty God, but now, alas, ruined and dishonoured. The roof had partly fallen in, and its ruins were strewn over the ground; but the double row of columns which divided the nave from the aisles, and still remained almost perfect, were sufficient to convey a distinct impression of what the interior must once have been in its ancient beauty and magnificence.

Around them lay the fragments of tombs and monuments of knights, ladies, and priests, many of them almost entire, shewing that the remains of those who were once the great ones of the earth were mouldering beneath. A solemn and involun-

tary awe for a while kept all the party silent. They stood looking at the wondrous scene. Edward, always imaginative, thought of the holy services, the chants and anthems which in days past had echoed through those vaulted roofs; and how many a procession of robed priests with their attendants had wound along those aisles; and how many men eminent for station, and, as we may hope, for piety, had worshipped before the altar where they stood. "What a wonderful thing an abbey is!" said he, mentally. "Here in the lonely solitude a building equal in size and magnificence to some of our cathedrals is raised to the honour of God! What an astonishing fact, that any set of men should raise this mighty temple in the wilderness, and devote their lives to performing sacred services; and how still more astonishing that, when once built, any generation of men should be found so barbarous as to destroy it!"

So they stood and gazed; but, after a while, their thoughts began to run in their accustomed channels, and take the tinge of their respective characters.

"This is indeed a fine old ruin!" said Sir Charles; "it must have required some skill to build it. I have often thought that the architects of these great Gothic piles were in their day very likely as much thought of as Gibbs or Kent, or even the great Sir Christopher himself; and that these churches were considered as splendid efforts

of genius as St. Peter's at Rome, or our own St. Paul's."

This was said with a sort of good-natured condescension towards the mediæval builders of abbeys and cathedrals; yet, at the same time, an unconscious feeling that there certainly was something very creditable, nay, even grand and sublime, in their rude attempts; and that, had they lived in more enlightened days, they would probably have distinguished themselves by their skill.

"I am glad you give them some credit," said Edward: "for my own part, unfashionable as I may appear, I confess my belief that, for devotional purposes, there is something in these Gothic churches far more beautiful and appropriate than in the imitation of Grecian architecture which is so much in vogue at present. I would almost say that the Gothic is the only style fit for a place of Christian worship."

Sir Charles. Nay, my good Edward, that cannot be, seeing that, for the first thousand years after the establishment of Christianity, the Gothic style was unheard of; and even now there is scarcely a pointed arch to be seen in the greater part of Italy.

Edward. Well, perhaps it is too much to say that this is the *only* style for a Christian church; still, barbarian as you will think me, I must say, that I admire it infinitely the most. Look at the beautiful proportion and rich decoration of that arch

just opposite to us. See the innumerable parts of which the shaft of the column is composed; and yet all those clustered pillars unite in one massive whole, giving the appearance of strength and solidity accompanied with lightness and elegance. Then observe the various indentations of the arch: what beauty there is in the very irregularity of that moulding. See the graceful curve with which the two sides of the arch approach each other, until they form an acute angle at the top, carrying the eye upward to the vaulted roof. I know you will think that I am maintaining a paradox; but I must confess that to my eye there is something far more beautiful—at least, far more suitable to the solemn uses of church-architecture—in those upward-springing lines, than in the horizontal entablature of the Grecian temple, or the round arches of the style grafted upon it by the Romans.

This was said with some enthusiasm; and as Clara listened, her bright eyes beamed with pleasure, and her soul entirely sympathised with all that Edward said.

“Well,” said Sir Charles, laughing, “I suppose you will tell me next, that that jumble of carved stone-work under the east window, and over what seems to be an old tomb at the side, is better than the Tuscan altarpiece that has been just put up at my expense in Coniston church.”

“At least, it is more durable,” said Edward. “I question whether the paint and stucco that the

London architect has put together will last as many centuries as the carved stone, which, but for the hand of violence, would be as beautiful now as when it came from the chisel of the sculptor."

Sir Charles. Then there will be the opportunity of altering it again, if the fashion changes.

Edward. Should not church-architecture have a fashion of its own, fixed and invariable as the eternal truth of the blessed Gospel itself?

Sir C. Perhaps you are right, Edward; but I think we shall scarcely go back to this barbarous old Gothic, which you admire so much.

E. Do not be too sure of that, my dear father. One thing against it certainly is, that we have no opportunity of seeing Gothic churches in their real beauty. Either they are lying in ruins, like this before us, or they have been so patched and disfigured by modern alterations, and so neglected and ill attended to, that one can scarcely tell what they would be if restored to their primitive condition. Only imagine this noble edifice fresh from the builder's hands; all those rich carvings unmutilated; the windows filled with stained glass such as that which was lately dug up here, and placed in Bowness church. I cannot but fancy to myself that the effect must be grand and impressive beyond conception, and that the time will come when the Gothic style will be more appreciated than at present.

"It has always surprised me," said the Colonel,

interrupting the discussion, "that these old monks, who, as we all know, were the laziest and stupidest animals in the creation, should have taken the trouble to erect such large and certainly magnificent structures as many of their monasteries are, especially in such lonely out-o'-the-way holes as this."

"Do you not think, sir," said Edward, "that the skill and industry required to erect such buildings shew that the old monks were not quite so lazy and stupid a race of men as you seem to imagine?"

"I met with a curious thing the other day," said Sir Charles, "with regard to these monks of Furness: an old deed, in which it was stipulated that the rent of their land—for they owned a great part of the district of Furness—should be paid in wheat. Now it is not so many years ago—indeed, I myself can remember the time—when scarcely anything but oats and rye were grown in the whole district; which proves that the art of husbandry had lost ground, and that those who held farms under the monks were more skilful tillers of the soil than the men of the last generation."

The Colonel. Ay, ay; trust the old monks for getting the most they could out of their tenants, and securing the best land in the country too. The whole land was eaten up by them, until old King Hal sent them packing.

"Well, brother," said Sir Charles, "I have always thought the plundering the monasteries an act

of great injustice. If the king wanted money, why did he not tax the people equally? It was a cowardly thing to plunder the monks, who were unable to make resistance. The monks were nothing more or less, as regards their property, than any other landlords. They enjoyed the rent of their lands, and, instead of building castles and manor-houses, or squandering their estates at court in revelry and sumptuous dress, they lived here in religious seclusion, and built this great church, in which they worshipped God. Grant that they had superstitious usages: these might have been reformed with the rest of the Church; but did not warrant the government in seizing their property, and driving them from their homes. It was a barbarous deed, and no good has ever come of it."——

How far the discussion between the two brothers on the merits or demerits of the old monks might have proceeded, is uncertain; for at this moment it was cut short by a loud shout which was heard from the top of the massive tower at the west end of the building. George Dalton had voted the conversation very dry and uninteresting; and after one or two fruitless endeavours to detach Edward and Clara from the rest of the party, had set out to explore the ruins by himself, and had made his way up to the top of the tower, from whence he was now seen waving his hat, and shouting, "Come up here—come up here! Edward! Clara! there is a most magnificent view!"

Clara and Edward ran towards the spot where he was ; but Edward rather demurred at his cousin's ascending the tower, being fearful of danger.

"Don't be afraid," cried George ; "there is no danger ; the steps are perfect all the way up—almost."

Clara, thus assured, began to mount the old stone staircase, followed by Edward. The steps wound round and round like a corkscrew ; and when Clara arrived at the top, she was panting for breath ; her limbs tottered with the exertion, her head was giddy ; and her dizziness was still more increased when she cast her eye on the ground beneath, and saw that there was no barrier or protection whatever to prevent her from falling.

"You have not much farther to come," said George, who was perched on a projecting turret.

Clara hastened towards him with that amiable confidence that the weaker sex feels for the stronger, too often, alas, with insufficient reason. She was already stretching out her hand to take her brother's, when the crumbling masonry at the edge of the tower gave way beneath her feet ; large stones, detached from their precarious hold, fell down into the space below, and Clara herself must have been precipitated at least fifty feet in another moment ; but Edward, in apprehension of danger, had kept close to her in her ascent, and now at the critical moment caught hold of her and arrested her fall. But, alas, the ruined wall was again broken by

the additional weight; fragments of stone and rubbish were loosened, and rolled down beneath them. Determined at all hazards not to relax his hold of Clara, Edward, though still slipping downwards, struggled with the energy of desperation, catching at every object as the loose stones one by one gave way beneath him, and providentially grasped the stem of a young ash-plant which grew in the wall, and, spreading its roots through the crevices of the masonry, had contrived to establish itself with some degree of firmness. Still, the situation of Edward and Clara was most critical. The plant was young and small, and bent almost double beneath the unaccustomed weight. George, hastening to their aid, lay down at full length, and, stretching out his arm, managed to seize his sister, and render some support. At this moment another powerful arm was stretched over the abyss: it was Colonel Dalton, who had hastened up the steps; and the son and father together, by dint of sheer strength, dragged up the almost exhausted pair from their perilous situation, and placed them in a secure position. The colonel, however, would not trust his daughter's life in a place of so much danger; but taking her up in his arms, carried her at once down the winding staircase, and rested not till he had laid her in safety at the foot of a tree which grew within the precincts of the ruined church.

The whole incident occupied but a few minutes. Clara had retained her full consciousness all the

time; and now clung to her cousin's hand, and poured forth tears of gratitude. Colonel Dalton, too, was much moved, now that the danger was over, and uttered many warm and hearty expressions of gratitude to Edward, calling him the preserver of his child. Sir Charles looked on with tears in his eyes; poor George, who had been, in some degree, the cause of the mischief, fell rather into the background; but as soon as he heard that Clara had sprained her ankle, and was otherwise a good deal bruised, he mounted his horse, and galloped off to the little town of Dalton, which was at a few miles distance, in search of one of the light carriages which they use in the country. It was a long time to wait: Clara was in a good deal of pain; the rest of the party anxious and impatient. However, much sooner than could possibly have been expected, George had returned, not only with the carriage, but with a doctor in it, who soon put them all into good spirits, by assuring them that no serious harm was done, though the sprain was severe, and would take some time to get well. So Clara was lifted carefully into the car; her father took his place beside her, to afford her support; and the party returned to Coniston Hall, with less glee certainly than they came, but thankful that a merciful Providence had preserved their lives.

CHAPTER IX.

The Nonjurors.

But that which most of all my eyelids drained,
My lambs, my sheep were by their wanderings baned ;
They broke from catholic and hallowed bounds,
And for the wholesome chose th' empoisoned grounds,
Contracting latitudinarian taint,
In faith, in morals, suffering no restraint.

BISHOP KEN.

ONE consequence of Clara's accident was, that it was impossible for her to return to Lancaster with her father, whose military duties obliged him to bring his visit to Coniston Hall to a conclusion. Notwithstanding their political discussions, the visit had been an agreeable one to all parties. Sir Charles was too kind and amiable to be offended by the occasional outbursts of his brother's political zeal ; and Colonel Dalton, on his part, was too much a man of the world, and too sensible, to quarrel with his kindhearted brother. The young people, too, were happy in each other's society, and did not wish to separate. Edward declared that the most beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood was yet to be seen. George promised himself fishing excursions

in some of the distant lakes, and begged hard to be left behind. So the colonel was obliged to take his departure by himself, after making the young cornet promise that he would be ready to follow at a moment's notice. Though differing so much in politics, Colonel Dalton had taken a great fancy for his nephew; and the obligation under which he felt himself to Edward, for having saved Clara at the hazard of his own life, contributed to increase his friendly feeling. Edward, on his part, was much pleased with his uncle's manliness of character; though lamenting that so upright and excellent a man should have become so identified with the lax and latitudinarian notions of the times. Colonel Dalton's character was one not uncommon in the times in which he lived, nor, indeed, in the present. *He was a good, honest, bigoted liberal.* Liberal! bigoted! and honest! How can that be? some will be inclined to ask. How can a liberal be a bigot? or a bigot liberal? or how can such a non-descript be good and honest? This may appear a contradiction in terms; but it is not so in reality; for liberal and latitudinarian opinions may have their bigoted adherents, as well as any others. Col. Dalton was attached to his opinions with a blind partiality, which prevented him from believing the possibility of their being joined with any admixture of error. His every thought centred in liberalism. His historical notions were these; all before the Reformation he thought was thick darkness, respecting

which it was waste of time to inquire. The people who lived in the middle ages were, in his view, a strange, uncouth, barbarous, benighted race, who groped about in the dark, without rule or compass ; and if they sometimes blundered on a truth or two, it was by the merest chance, and they were unable to put it to any use. Then came the grand discovery of the art of printing ; the human mind, thus enlightened, burst its trammels ; bigotry and superstition fled abashed, and the Reformation was the result. The next grand epoch was the glorious Revolution, when the last expiring struggle of Popery and arbitrary power were successfully resisted, and a new era commenced, of liberty, toleration, and religious freedom. His deductions from these axioms, or historical data, were somewhat remarkable. The Reformation brought liberty of conscience ; therefore all who opposed it ought to be deprived of power. The Revolution sealed our liberties ; therefore all who resisted its principles ought to be put down. It was shocking, he thought, to see the number of tracts and pamphlets which were printed and published on the opposite side. All such halfpenny-sedition and street-politics ought to be put a stop to by law ; hawkers and pedlars who sold such trash should be put into the stocks ; printers and publishers should be fined and imprisoned. The pulpit, too, ought to be controlled. The High-Church clergy had arrived at such a pitch of insolence, that they thought they might say just what they liked ;

but all such "high-flying bedlamites" ought to be gagged and silenced. Dr. Sacheverel, if he had his deserts, would have been put into the pillory, or sent abroad to the plantations. Nevertheless, Col. Dalton thought that the act to exclude Dissenters from the power of keeping schools, passed by the Tories in the last reign, was the greatest instance of tyranny imaginable. Such were the worthy colonel's religious and political sentiments. He was a thorough liberal; but his liberality was all on one side; he had no notion that others could possibly be right, and he himself wrong. "These," he would often say when rather excited, "these are my opinions; and if any man holds the contrary, why, all I can say is, that he is one of the greatest fools on earth!"

How many liberals there are in the present day, as well as in those of which we are speaking, whose creed is very much the same as the colonel's!

But though pitying the ignorance and prejudice of all those who did not see things in the same light as himself, and quite ready to force liberal opinions down every body's throat, whether people liked them or not; or, at least, to oblige them to conform by the strong arm of power, when arguments failed,—Colonel Dalton was, in truth, a kind, amiable, and friendly man in all the relations of life. His children loved and respected him; the regiment which he commanded would have followed him to the cannon's mouth; and, as we have seen, his

brother and nephew had received much pleasure from the renewal of that friendly intercourse which circumstances had for many years interrupted.

The colonel did not fail to give Edward a word of well-intended advice at parting.

“ Well, Edward, my lad ; I hope we shall see you in King George’s service ere long. My interest shall not be wanting to push you on.”

Edward shook his head.

“ Eh ! what, you cannot get over the oaths, I suppose ? Well, you will be wiser some day ; that is, if you keep yourself out of scrapes, and get those quixotic notions out of your head. Depend on it, the Pretender’s is a losing game ; and the sooner you cut any connexion you may have formed amongst his friends the better. God bless you, my boy ! and come over to see us at Lancaster as soon as you can ; you shall be heartily welcome.”

The good colonel little anticipated what would be the occasion of their next meeting. Edward took leave of his uncle sorrowfully but affectionately, as he rode off with his attendants.

Meanwhile Clara continued slowly to recover from the effects of her accident ; and after a day or two, was able to limp down, from her room up stairs, into the library, which was well stored with books. It was her brother George who assisted her on her first journey to the library ; but the next day George was out on some excursion, and the task naturally devolved on Edward, who, as a matter of course,

did all he could to make her situation comfortable—arranging her chair, and finding her books. This went on for some days; and somehow it happened that the books, when found, were often suffered to remain unopened; and the cousins, instead of improving their time in study, wasted hour after hour in conversation, which neither of them seemed to have the least inclination to break off, until the arrival of some other person chanced to interrupt them. And so it came to pass that, though Edward did not make Clara acquainted with all his schemes, which he could not do without breach of trust, yet she was soon perfectly acquainted with his views and feelings, especially those which were uppermost in his mind respecting the state of affairs in the country.

“And do you really think,” said Clara, “that the Chevalier’s claim to the throne is so clear and undeniable that it is a point of duty to wish him to succeed in obtaining it?”

“I do indeed.”

“And with such a conviction, do you intend to aid in any attempt that may be made to restore him?”

Clara was not aware of the midnight meeting, or she need scarcely have asked the question.

“Most certainly I do,” was Edward’s answer.

“Oh, but think, dear Edward!” the tears rushing to her eyes at the thought of what might happen. “Think of the danger and risk that you undergo!

Suppose you were killed or wounded? suppose you were taken prisoner, and—and—executed?"

Clara's voice trembled with emotion as she spoke these words. She thought only on the risk Edward ran, and forgot that fear of personal danger would have little influence on a bold and ardent spirit like his.

"I have thought of these things," said Edward; "but they move me not. Personal danger must not be set in comparison with honour and duty."

"But think," said Clara, her apprehensions suggesting arguments the most likely to move her cousin—"think on the terrible accompaniments of civil strife; think on the misery which might befall others, if you care not for yourself; think of civil war kindled in a peaceful country, which may rage and burn no one can tell how long; hundreds, perhaps thousands of lives sacrificed; the comfort of families destroyed. Will you venture to implicate yourself in such undertakings?"

"What you have suggested has already been well weighed. I confess that I have hesitated at the thought of these results, and prayed to be enabled to make a right decision; and I no longer hesitate. My side is taken—the path of duty lies clear before me."

Here the door opened, and Mr. Allonby entered the room. He would have retired when he saw Clara and Edward engaged in earnest conversation; but Clara exclaimed, "Do come, my dear sir, and

add your entreaties to mine, to induce Edward to give up his wild and dangerous schemes."

Mr. Allonby was one of those meek and patient sufferers for conscience-sake who were designated by the name of the Nonjuring Clergy. Their history is briefly this :

When James II. abdicated or was driven from the throne of England, and William III. set up in his place, all the holders of office, as we have already mentioned, were called on to take the oaths of allegiance to the new occupant. Worldly men took them as a matter of course ; but the case was otherwise with the more conscientious. The question was full of difficulties of no ordinary magnitude to really conscientious men, especially those of eminent station ; and the result was, that many persons, both lay and clerical, declined to swear allegiance to King William, on account of their previous obligation of allegiance to King James and his heirs. Had the government been satisfied with a promise of submission and non-resistance, the difficulty might have been got over. Many of them would have promised to live as peaceable subjects under the new government, but could not reconcile it with their conscience to take oaths which were incompatible with former engagements. Nine of the English bishops,—Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury ; Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells ; Turner, bishop of Ely ; Frampton, bishop of Gloucester ; Lloyd, bishop of Norwich ; White, bishop of Peter-

borough; Lake, bishop of Chichester; and Cartwright, bishop of Chester; these men refused to take the oath of allegiance, and were consequently deprived of their bishoprics, as far as the revolutionary government could deprive them, and other bishops appointed in their room. Of these nine bishops the greater part were the same who had but a short time previously been committed to the Tower for their faithful protest against the illegal practices of James, and his endeavours to introduce Popery into England.

Perhaps the present conduct was nobler and more to be admired than the former; for then they had the popular feeling on their side, and were lauded as confessors; whereas now their conscientious maintenance of their allegiance was in opposition to the current of opinion, and entailed on them the charge of bigotry and fanaticism.

This refusal of the bishops to take the oaths, and the consequent appointment of others in their place, was the cause of great confusion in the Church; for there were many persons, and these of high worth and consideration, who still looked upon them as their lawful bishops, and considered that the government had no power, or at least no right, to deprive them. They believed that the rights of their bishops were unalienable, being conferred by Divine authority, and not depending on changing governments or political convulsions. The state did not confer their authority, neither could it take

it from them. The bishops had been guilty of no act on account of which they could justly be deprived, and therefore remained their lawful bishops, to whom their obedience was due.

Another difficulty arose from the alterations made in the Liturgy, consisting of the prayer introduced for the new king and queen. A great many persons felt that they could not conscientiously use these prayers while their lawful king, or he whom they believed to be so, was an exile. The result was, that a considerable body ceased to communicate with the Established Church; four hundred clergy resigned their benefices, and submitted to voluntary poverty rather than violate their consciences. It is true that many very good men took opposite views, and considered that they might lawfully yield their submission and adherence to the actual government. Yet none will be disposed to deny a tribute of sympathy to those conscientious ministers who sacrificed all their prospects in this life rather than violate the dictates of their conscience.

Thus a rent or schism took place in the Church of England. The old archbishop, Sancroft, and the nonjuring bishops, at the head of their ejected clergy and the congregations collected round them, forming one branch; and Archbishop Tillotson, with the adherents of the new government, the other. Good men were divided; ordinary persons joined the winning side. It is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the position of the two parties, that

Tillotson, as dean of Canterbury, had promised canonical obedience to Archbishop Sancroft, from which he had never been released. Some of those who took the oath felt the difficulty of their position. The excellent Beveridge refused to accept the bishopric of Bath and Wells during the life of Ken, the rightful occupant. Enough, however, were found who were not so scrupulous.

A further difficulty arose with regard to the continuance of this state of things,—whether the non-juring bishops should ordain others to succeed them, or should take no measures to perpetuate the existence of the nonjuring Church. After much debate the former step was resolved on, and adopted in the year 1693, and Hicke and Wagstaffe were consecrated bishops; the one suffragan of Thetford, the other suffragan of Ipswich. This was according to the statute of Henry VIII., and was the plan which had been proposed by Clarendon at the time of the Commonwealth, in order to perpetuate the succession of the English prelates during the usurpation of Cromwell. The Nonjurors, it must be remembered, looked confidently for the restoration of King James, with whose consent, as their lawful sovereign and governor of the Church, they acted in the matter. The step, however, of the consecration of new bishops did not please all the non-juring body; and many of them, including the excellent Robert Nelson and the learned Dodwell, conformed to the Established Church upon the resig-

nation of Bishop Ken, who was the last of the nonjuring bishops.

The dying declaration of the pious Bishop Ken expresses, perhaps more clearly than any other words that can be used, the sense of the Nonjurors' principles, and, at the same time, the true theory of the English Church. "I die," he said, "in the holy catholic and apostolic faith professed by the whole Church before the disunion of East and West. More particularly, I die in the communion of the Church of England as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrines of the cross." If any have ever attained the true evangelical mean, it was surely this amiable bishop, whose beautiful and touching hymns are still preserved as the Church's heirloom.

The body of Nonjurors, though weakened by this and other causes, continued to exist for more than a century. They might have been called the *unestablished* Church of England; and however we may judge of their position, whether before or after the death of the first nonjuring bishops, their case presents a valuable example of the inherent independence of the Church on the State; a reversion, so to speak, to the state of things which existed before the days of Constantine, when the Christian Church existed in its purity, without the aid of kings or governments. They were, in fact, forced back on the primitive model, and many of them imbibed a truly primitive spirit. Those who least

admire their principles cannot refuse them the praise of piety and learning. One result was, that, being debarred from all prospect of rising in their profession, and from exerting themselves in ordinary duties, many of them devoted their time to literary pursuits; and many excellent volumes of divinity were the result of their labours. They depended for their maintenance on the contributions of their small flocks; and some of them were reduced to great poverty. Bishop Wagstaffe was obliged to practise as a physician in order to obtain a living; Bishop Blackburne supported himself by correcting the press in a printer's office;—to so low a degree in worldly circumstances were they reduced.

Our friend Mr. Allonby was one of those who had given up his preferment rather than take the oaths of allegiance to the sovereign *de facto*, which he believed due to another. Fortunately for him, his old college friend, Sir Charles Dalton, offered him an asylum at his house; and he had grown grey at Coniston Hall, occupying the post of chaplain in the family, and devoting his leisure to the pursuits of literature; an occupation to which, being excluded from more active exertions, he applied himself with perseverance and success. Like almost all the nonjuring clergy, Mr. Allonby limited his views of duty to passive resistance. He had sacrificed his prospects in life rather than take an oath which he believed to be sinful; but as a man of peace he shrank from embroiling himself in con-

spiracies against the existing government. This was the general character of the nonjuring clergy. With such sentiments as these, Mr. Allonby was quite willing to back the arguments of Clara.

“My good young lady,” said he, “though, as you know, I share the opinion of my young friend as to the abstract right of the son of James to the throne, yet I should willingly join with you in deprecating any resort to force in order to further such an object. ‘The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.’ If God wills that the rightful heir should reign, He will bring it about in His own good time, and through His own appointed means. These things I have long endeavoured to impress on my young friend, when he was under my care; but since he has been to Oxford, I cannot say what wild schemes have entered into his head.”

“I can well imagine,” said Edward, “that you, sir, as a man of peace, may feel it your duty to avoid active strife; but I cannot see how the young and strong are bound to remain inert. You admit your belief that James III. is our rightful king, and that he ought to be upon the throne of England; and intimate your hope that God, in His own time, will place him there. But God works by instruments. The rights of a king are upheld by the arms of his people. I might even quote a very apposite text of Scripture: ‘If my kingdom were of this world,’ said our Lord, ‘then would my servants

fight;' intimating incidentally, as it seems to me, that men ought to fight for the maintenance of their lawful kings. And if for their maintenance on the throne, then surely also for their restoration, if they shall unjustly have been deprived of their lawful rights. How would Charles II. have been restored to the throne of his fathers but for the exertions of those who were faithful to him? May we not hope that God will, in like manner, turn men's minds to receive back their rightful sovereign James III.? I sincerely hope it may be without bloodshed. I trust to see him brought back like his uncle, amidst the acclamations of all classes. Still, we must be prepared for the worst. If it is our duty to make the attempt, we must not shrink from a struggle if it be needed."

Thus did Edward argue; and it is difficult to say that, in theory at least, he was not right. There was, however, this difference, of which Mr. Allonby did not fail to remind the young enthusiast :

"Charles II.," said he, "was reinstated by the voice of the nation expressed in parliament. He did not set foot in England until invited back. If it be the will of God to restore King James, He will doubtless incline the hearts of the two houses of parliament to invite him to return. Till then it seems premature to move."

"Nay, nay, my good sir," said Edward; "you have forgotten Charles's attempt on Scotland, the

battle of Worcester, and all the ‘hair-breadth scapes’ which the young monarch went through, before he got safe out of the clutches of Cromwell. You have forgotten all the stories you used to tell me, when a boy, of Boscobel, and the Penderels, and the Lanes, and the Whitgreaves. Come now, tell me honestly, should you not have been one of the first to have drawn the sword, had you been old enough, on Charles’s first landing, as your father did before you?”

Mr. Allonby, thus appealed to, could not deny that he should certainly have joined King Charles in his attempt to wrest his usurped rights from Cromwell; nor was he able to bring forward any very cogent argument,—none, at least, which convinced Edward,—that it was not equally right to assist James III. in regaining the throne of his fathers.

It is indeed a difficult question, how far it is right to risk the stirring up civil strife for the restoration of an exiled monarch, supposing him to have the just right to the throne; and, again, what lapse of time gives right and stability to a dynasty which it did not originally possess. These are questions which we may earnestly hope, for the sake of our country, Divine Providence will never again oblige us to solve.

CHAPTER X.

The Hermit of Derwentwater.

St. Herbert hither came,
And here for many seasons, from the world
Removed and the affections of the world,
He dwelt in solitude.

IN little more than a fortnight Clara was sufficiently recovered to walk down to the lake, and accompany Edward and her brother—not unfrequently, the former only—in excursions on the water; and in a short time afterwards she was able to mount on Gipsy; and, in fact, considered herself quite recovered. No summons had yet been received from the colonel; but as they were aware that a message requiring their return might arrive at any moment, they determined to avail themselves of the time allowed them, and of the fine weather which still continued, to see such portions of the country as they had not yet visited.

One expedition on which they had set their hearts was a visit to Derwentwater, or the Lake of Keswick, the road to which would lead them through the beautiful scenery of Borrowdale.

“I do not know whether Lord Derwentwater will be at home,” said Edward; “but he has begged that we will make use of his house, which is situated in one of the islands of the lake, whether he is at home or not. We can take our fishing-tackle with us, George; and Clara must go and see the Fall of Lodore, and the Hermit’s Island.”

They set out accordingly in high spirits, mounted on ponies, and taking with them ample provisions for an out-of-door dinner, intending to visit the various spots of interest on the lake before going to Lord Derwentwater’s house. Their route lay over a mountain-pass, which, for romantic beauty, equalled any in the lake-country. Langdale Pikes, like twin brothers, towered above the adjoining mountains; on their left was Sca Fell, on their right the Eagle Crag, and in the distance Wry Nose and the Grey Friars; presenting at every mile they travelled new combinations and interest.

It was a great delight to Edward to shew Clara the exquisite scenery through which they passed, and see how thoroughly she enjoyed it. There is something, too, exceedingly exhilarating in such situations—whether it is in the clear mountain-breeze, or in the boundless prospect, or in the rare forms that Nature presents—whatever be the cause, in crossing the mountain-tops the spirits seem to be raised above all sublunary cares, and we feel something of the contentment and elevation of a higher existence. Clara and Edward each experienced

these sensations, and each felt that the other did so ; and their hearts were drawn together by an imperceptible cord which neither wished to loosen.

Robin Partridge, who accompanied his master, was much too discreet a person to obtrude his observations when they were not desired. However, when appealed to, he was always ready to afford information.

“Look at those wild-looking sheep on the crags above us,” said Clara ; “they seem as if they belonged to no one ; and yet I suppose they have masters. How is it possible to know the owner, and keep them from straying ?”

“The Cumberland farmers,” said Robin, “do not care much to look after their stray sheep ; they all have their owner’s mark upon them, and wander much as they please. Then at Martinmas the owners meet together, and exchange one with another, each receiving back his own. They have a grand feast on roast geese, mutton, and ale, which sometimes is carried on to the second day.”

Many other old customs of the country did Robin recount ; for old customs linger amongst mountainous districts after they are lost on the plains, where the intercourse between persons of various countries is more frequent. In descending Borrowdale he informed Miss Dalton that they were at the celebrated Wad mine, or mine of black lead, with which the pencils were made that she used for sketching.

The wad, or black lead, used to be principally employed, he told her, for marking sheep, or curing the colic; but after its value for making pencils was discovered, the price of the lead rose immensely, and there was not a more valuable mine in England; in fact, it was the only one of the sort.

It was past mid-day when the little party descended the beautiful valley of Borrowdale, and first came in sight of the lake of Derwentwater, sleeping beneath them in unruffled stillness, studded with its fair islands, and reflecting the lofty Skiddaw in its smooth waters.

At the head of the lake stood formerly a fortress, supposed to be of Roman origin, which was intended to guard the entrance of the pass. The knoll on which it stands still retains the name of Castle Crag. Here the party halted, and, dismounting from their horses, spread their repast on the greensward, in order that they might at once enjoy the fresh breeze from the lake and feast their eyes with the delicious prospect; after which they betook themselves to the boats that were waiting for them in the small nook formed by the stream at the head of the lake. George was soon busied in his fishing arrangements—laying his trimmers for the pike, and preparing his fly-tackle for the trout. Edward, meanwhile, after having placed Clara in the boat, desired the rowers to take them to the various spots of interest with which the lake abounded.

There is a peculiar beauty in the little lake of

Keswick, which you do not see in larger pieces of water; namely, the varied effect produced by the number of islands. In more spacious and magnificent lakes, like that of Geneva, for instance, you may go on mile after mile, and league after league, without any perceptible change in the scenery; at least, the change is so gradual that it scarcely strikes the eye. But on the lovely Derwentwater, some new and unexpected combination is presented every few minutes — some new headland, before concealed, some variety in the relative position of the little rocky islands, some of which are bare, others covered with luxurious vegetation.

The first place they visited was the Hermit's Island. It is a small wooded knoll in the middle of the lake, interesting rather from historical associations than its own intrinsic beauty; for it is simply a low piece of land, five acres in extent, with a few trees and shrubs upon it.

"This," said Edward, as he stepped on the shore, "is one of those spots which are consecrated by the memory of the saints. It was for many years the abode of St. Herbert. These unwrought mossy stones are supposed to have been the foundation of his cell. See, there were two small chambers, the outermost of which, tradition says, was his chapel. Here he lived, and prayed, and died."

"How difficult it is," said Clara, "to realise to oneself the sort of life which one of these holy anchorites must have lived! This little island, I

suppose, formed a sort of garden of herbs, which, with the water of the lake, supplied his food. His time was spent in prayer and meditation. His choice of this spot would seem to shew that he had a taste for the picturesque; and probably, in fair weather, he would exercise his devotions in the open air, listening to the soothing sound of the waterfall; and, when the storm or rain was violent, he would confine himself to his cell. But how very difficult it is, Edward, in the present day, to imagine a life of constant prayer and meditation !”

Edward. People now-a-days seem to think that prayer to God is so much time thrown away. All the good that is done, they fancy, is brought about by human activity. Of the availing power of prayer they have no notion; and yet it may well be doubted, whether the safety and prosperity of a people does not depend more on the prayers of good men than on the wisdom of politicians or the strength of the mighty.

“I have often thought,” said Clara, “of the armies of Israel contending with Amalek, how they fought and strove together, and imagined, no doubt, that the battle depended on their exertions; when all the while the prevalence of one party over the other rested on Moses, who was praying with uplifted hands on the adjoining mountain. May it not be true that it is but a type of the affairs of this life; that success or defeat depends less on

the exertions of the men of this world than on the prayers of God's hidden saints?"

"And yet we must not spare exertion," said Edward. "Instruments are needful for carrying out the will of Heaven, as well as the prayers of devout men, by whom that will is moved."

"O Edward! how pleasant it is to think and speak of these things on such a spot as this! Surely holy thoughts must be inspired by such places."

"No doubt it is so. The world of spirits and the world of nature are both full of holy influences and associations; haunted, perhaps, by beings that we know not of."

"Surely," said Clara, "great injury is done to the memory of the saints by the extravagant legends that are associated with their names; such, I mean, as the stories about St. Dunstan or St. Denis, which I need not repeat. Their real sanctity is less thought of because we are unable to give credit to the marvellous tales which are handed down about them."

"Unquestionably. The superstitious legends of the middle ages, which are still maintained by the Romanists, or, at least, believed by the vulgar, and countenanced and not contradicted by their priests and learned men, shock the feelings of modern days, and tend greatly to the increase of scepticism. However, there is nothing extravagant in the legend of St. Herbert, scarcely even miraculous."

“ Pray tell me his history.”

“ There is little to tell of him ; and had it not been for his intimacy with St. Cuthbert, his name probably would not have been handed down at all. In truth, he did little more than pray and meditate on this spot. It was his wish to live and die unknown. He left the world to his friend. Though one in spirit, St. Cuthbert and the hermit of Derwentwater were entirely dissimilar in character. St. Cuthbert was bishop of Lindisfarne, and one of the main pillars and rulers of the Church ; an eminent preacher in his day, whose eloquence influenced the will of many, and whose active zeal contributed to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. St. Herbert, on the contrary, was altogether a man of prayer. He retired from the world to this solitude, and passed his days in devotion. Which saint had most influence with the Ruler of heaven we cannot say. These two friends used to meet once a year for spiritual communion. On the last time of their meeting, they had a presentiment that they were not to see each other again in the flesh, and they joined in prayer that they might die at the same time, and their prayer was granted. They died both of them on the same hour, on Wednesday, March 20th, A.D. 687. St. Cuthbert's memory received due honours, and was revered according to his worth, by those who had seen and admired his pious labours ; but the name of St. Herbert was well nigh forgotten for several

centuries, when Thomas de Appleby, bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1374, having met with the narrative of his deeds and character in Bede's *History*, determined to keep a festival in honour of the two saints; deeming that as their souls were united in friendship during their lifetime, they should receive united honours to their memory. Accordingly, he appointed that, on the anniversary of their deaths, the vicar of Crossthwaite, the parish in which the lake lies, should proceed to St. Herbert's isle to celebrate, with full chanting, the mass of St. Cuthbert; adding an indulgence of forty days to all who should on that day repair thither for devotion in honour of St. Cuthbert, and in remembrance of Herbert. 'What a happy holyday must it have been for these vales, and how joyous on a fine spring-day must the lake have appeared with boats and banners from every chapelry; and how must the chapel have adorned that little isle, giving a human and religious character to the solitude!'"¹

"What a pity it is," said Clara, "that festivals like this should have been swept away at the Reformation! Why could we not retain the procession and the chanted service, and do honour to the memory of such holy men, without any superstitious practice that may have been associated with the festival?"

¹ Southey's *Colloquies*. See the account of St. Herbert in the "Lives of the English Saints," part iv.

Edward. It is a great loss to our Church certainly, that such religious festivals should have been abolished or secularised ; I can never believe that they might not have been safely retained amongst us. And yet it seems that there is still the same tendency to superstition as in earlier times. There is a lake with an island not unlike this, I am told, in Ireland, which is resorted to, even in the present day, by the poorer devotees of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and the most superstitious practices are still continued.

Clara. May it not be, Edward, that we are too weak by nature to attain the right mean? Our devotion degenerates into superstition, or our use of reason developes itself into scepticism.

E. And yet there are holy men of our Church,—the pious Herbert, for instance, and that holy bishop, Ken, who is just taken from us,—who have attained the right mean. Why, then, should not others?

So they sat and reasoned, the sacred spot inspiring thoughts of by-gone days, and holy devotion.¹

¹ The following are Wordsworth's beautiful lines on the Hermit of Derwentwater :

“ If thou, in the dear love of some one friend,
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
Will sometimes, in the happiness of love,
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot ; and, stranger, not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.

There stood his threshold ; there was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
After long exercise in social cares,
And offices humane, intent t' adore
The Deity with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things
In utter solitude. But he had left
A fellow-labourer, whom the good man loved
As his own soul. And when, with eye upraised
To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orison, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he ! As our chroniclers report,
Though here the hermit numbered his last hours,
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend,
Those holy men died in the self-same day."

CHAPTER XI.

The Declaration.

There is but one thing that still harks me back :
To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so young and beautiful—
It is a hard condition. For myself
I know not that the circumstance of life
In all its changes can so far afflict me
As make anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—of a sex beside
Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too ;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other.

Philip Van Artevelde.

EDWARD and Clara lingered for a long time on the Hermit's Island, too much interested in each other's conversation to heed the time as it passed. At last it occurred to Edward, as he observed that the sun was declining, that he had not yet shewn his cousin the Fall of Lodore. Placing themselves again in the boat, and directing the men to row to the shore, they soon reached the side of the lake, where they landed, and, guided by the noise of the water, walked along a winding path which led through the trees and underwood, until they arrived in front of the fall. Owing to the drought of the season it was

not full; but the clear sparkling stream fell from ledge to ledge with a gentle murmuring sound, which perhaps was more in accordance with the tone of feeling of those who viewed it on that day, than if it had tumbled headlong, as it sometimes did, foaming and raging in one mighty cataract. For a long time they stood gazing on the beautiful fall of water, and then sat down together on a rustic seat hard by. Few words passed between them, yet each seemed to know what was passing in the other's mind. At length Edward said abruptly :

“Do you know, dear Clara, or have you guessed, that I may at any time be summoned to duties which I cannot decline, and obliged to leave these delightful scenes, which, believe me, never appeared so lovely before I visited them with you ?”

Clara looked earnestly at her cousin : “I feared it was so; you are, then, determined to encounter this great peril. But I am sure you will act according to the dictates of your conscience. I know not whether I ought to endeavour to dissuade you.”

“I begin to think that you almost believe King James's cause to be just.”

“Perhaps it is because you yourself are convinced it is so.”

“Dear Clara, how glad I am to believe that my conduct is not altogether blameable in your eyes! You cannot, however, feel the enthusiasm which urges me to risk all—life, fortune, every thing.”

“ Oh, say not so, dear Edward,” said Clara, shuddering ; and the tears bedimmed her lustrous eyes.

Clara’s tears, shed too on his own behalf, brought Edward’s whole soul to his lips. It is not recorded what farther words passed between them ; but when they slowly issued from the grove, and walked together to the lake side, an indifferent spectator, who had seen the expression of their faces, might have suspected that their conference had not been confined to mere expressions of mutual delight at viewing the beauties of Lodore.

Meanwhile George was flogging the lake with his rod and line, and had secured some fine trout. He was still busily engaged in his sport when he was startled by a clap of thunder not very distant, and perceived that the face of the sky was changing, and the clouds fast gathering for a storm. The lofty head of Skiddaw was already wrapped in a thick mantle of vapour ; and in an opposite quarter fleecy clouds were drifting down the pass of Borrowdale, and spreading themselves over the head of the lake. Edward and Clara were at some distance from him, standing together on the brink of the water, prepared to enter their boat. Edward made signs and shouted to George, pointing to the sky and then to the castle, intimating that he had better make his way there before the rain fell. But George cared little for a wet skin ; and in answer to his cousin’s signals, held up a pike about a yard and a

half long, and pointed in the direction of his trimmers, as much as to say that his day's sport was not finished.

Edward, having charge of Clara, bade the rowers make the best of their way to the castle before the gathering storm burst over the lake. The men bent to their oars ; and after a short row they arrived safe at the place of their destination. It was an old castellated mansion, formerly of some strength, but the defences had not been kept up. The recent repairs and alterations had been such as to make it suitable for the convenience of modern living rather than a place of defence. A group of stately sycamores spread their giant arms over a smooth lawn, which sloped down to the margin of the lake ; and the whole scene conveyed the idea of mingled beauty and magnificence. The mansion and surrounding territory had for many centuries been the residence of the noble family who took their name from the lake on which the castle stood. In the reign of Henry VI. the heiress of Sir John de Derwentwater married Sir Nicholas Radcliffe, of Dilston, in Northumberland ; and from that time Dilston, as well as Derwentwater, had been their residence. Sir Francis, the father of the present lord, married Lady Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II., and in the reign of James II. was created Baron of Dilston, Viscount Langley and Radcliffe, and Earl of Derwentwater. His son, the present lord, was in the prime of life, and had recently been united to

his beautiful and accomplished lady. All accounts represent this unfortunate nobleman, the last of his race, as a man of the most noble and amiable qualities. The sweetness of his temper and disposition, in which he had few equals, had so secured him the affection of all his tenants, neighbours, and dependents, that they would have lived and died with him. He was a man formed by nature to be generally beloved; and he was of so universal a beneficence, that he seemed to live for others. He lived and spent his estate amongst his own people, and was continually engaged in offices of kindness and good neighbourhood to every body, as opportunity offered. He kept a house of generous hospitality and noble entertainment, which none in the country came up to; he was very charitable to poor and distressed families; in short, he was beloved and idolised by all ranks and degrees alike. His connexion by his father's marriage with the royal blood had given occasion to much intercourse with the exiled family; and he had been educated at St. Germain's with the present pretender to the throne, to whose cause he was devotedly attached.

The thunder was now rolling fearfully, and a few large drops were beginning to fall, as the visitors knocked at the gate of the mansion; and it was with some impatience that Edward awaited the porter's arrival. When at last he came to the door, it was not before he had eyed the strangers through the side-window that he unbarred the gate for them

to enter. His look was evidently one of alarm and caution.

"Well, Richard," said Edward Dalton, when he had placed Clara in safety under the porch, "you seem to think we are come to storm the castle. Is your master at home?"

"No, sir," said the porter, hastily.

"Where is he?"

"Cannot say, sir."

"Did he get my message yesterday?"

"He did, sir; and rooms have been prepared for you, but——"

"But what?"

"I cannot say, sir. Lady Derwentwater is here still."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes—no—I will send and ask."

Another domestic here made his appearance, and after shewing the visitors into a small waiting-room, proceeded to ascertain whether Lady Derwentwater was prepared to see them; Edward meanwhile much marvelling at the strange reception, so different from the hearty welcome with which he was wont to be received by the dependents as well as their lord.

The servant soon returned, and requested that Edward would accompany him. He was shewn into the lady's apartment, and found the beautiful countess bathed in tears.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton," said she, "pray excuse this

inhospitable treatment. I know not what to do, or how to act. You are, indeed, most welcome ; but whether it is safe for you to remain, I know not."

She then told him that a king's messenger had been there that morning, with six soldiers and a sergeant, to arrest Lord Derwentwater, who had but just had time to escape in a boat to the shore of the lake, and take refuge amongst the hills. Whither he had gone, she knew not, nor when he would return. The men had searched the house, and taken with them what papers and documents they could lay their hands on, and had gone away, probably to trace, if possible, Lord Derwentwater's steps.

Edward was much concerned at this intelligence—not so much on his own account, although it was not improbable that warrants were out against himself also—but because he felt that this step of the government would bring matters to a crisis. The Jacobites were not likely to sit still and suffer themselves to be arrested one by one at their homes, without making some attempt at resistance. He gave Lady Derwentwater what consolation he was able ; declaring that he would endeavour to find Lord Derwentwater, and, if possible, bring or send her some intelligence.

"But you must not go to-night, in this terrible storm. Besides, you have brought a companion with you," said Lady Derwentwater, smiling through her tears. "I have heard of her, and must beg you

to introduce me to her, if you think she will excuse these red eyes and forlorn appearance."

Edward would have persuaded Lady Derwentwater to keep her room, as, under the circumstances, it must be painful to her to see strangers. But her ladyship would not omit the duties of hospitality, and accompanied Edward to the room where he had left Clara, who had now been joined by her brother. Lady Derwentwater was evidently struck by the appearance of the young pair; and after apologising for her apparent rudeness, alleging that Lord Derwentwater had been obliged suddenly to leave the castle, she led Clara with her to prepare for the evening meal.

CHAPTER XII.

The Spectre Army.

Anon appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen shadows, moving to and fro.

Silent the visionary warriors go,
Wending in ordered pomp their upward way,
Till the last banner of the long array
Had disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head,
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Edward went to his room, Robin Partridge, who attended him, placed a crumpled scroll of paper in his hand, on which were written the following words: "*Meet me at the Druids' circle at midnight.—D.*" Robin had received the scroll from one of the fishermen on the lake, who could tell him nothing more but that it had been placed in his hands by a man in the garb of a countryman. Nor had Robin learned any farther particulars about the attempted arrest of Lord Derwentwater, besides those which Edward knew already, except that the soldiers and officers were still in the neighbourhood.

The party reassembled at supper-time in the old hall of the mansion, which looked gloomy enough, especially for so small a party. The storm still beat

violently against the windows, and the rain pattered down the wide chimney. The only additional guest was the priest residing in the mansion, who blessed the meal, and took Lord Derwentwater's place in doing the honours of the table.

A good deal of embarrassment was felt by most of the party. Lady Derwentwater, with all her efforts to appear calm, could not prevent her mind continually reverting to her husband's danger; Edward's thoughts wandered to the approaching crisis; Clara watched his anxious looks with fond alarm and sadness; George was light-hearted and gay, as usual, but even *his* spirits insensibly sank under the general gloom.

"I have heard a strange story, which is commonly reported in the country," said the priest, after the domestics had retired.

"Pray tell us what it is," said Lady Derwentwater, glad to find some subject of interest; and the rest of the party looked anxiously for information.

"The story is shortly told," said the priest. "It appears that certain persons of the country were gathered at a small village on the road from hence to Penrith. It was late in the evening of yesterday, when the sun had nearly finished his course. The village of which I speak is at the foot of a long high range of hills, or moorland, called Soutra Fell; or, rather, at such a distance from the base, that the broad heathery back of the hill itself could easily

be taken in with the eye. At the time I mention, just before the setting of the sun, loud noises were heard, as of artillery; and the persons whom I have spoken of distinctly saw, in the distance, troops of horsemen, with helmets gleaming and swords glancing; they climbed the steep hill-side in regular array, where horse's hoofs had never trod before, and on the top they met another host advancing to oppose them. The two armies, with their respective leaders, were seen to charge each other several times; sometimes one side prevailed and sometimes the other, until at last a mist enveloped the hill, and they were lost to sight. So convinced were the spectators of the reality of what they had seen, that several of them ascended the hill as soon as the morning-sun had dawned; but, when they arrived at the supposed scene of action, not a trace could they find of the contending parties; not a drop of blood stained the ground; no, not even the marks of a horse's hoofs were discoverable. Nor have any tidings been received of troops being in the neighbourhood up to this time."

"'Tis a strange story, indeed," said Edward, after a pause. "I think I have heard of such spectral armies having been seen on former occasions, and if I remember right, at the time of some battle which has taken place elsewhere. There are instances even in ancient history of the intelligence of battles being known at places far distant, long before any messenger could have passed."

"It reminds one," said the priest, "of Micah's vision in Holy Writ, which appears to have been an instance of what they call in the north country the second-sight. 'I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep that have no shepherd; and the Lord said, These have no master; let them return every man to his home in peace.' In this case the vision was prophetic. Such visions are, in truth, usually supposed to portend approaching strife. Strange coincidences have certainly sometimes occurred. I have heard that a troop of phantom horsemen was seen coursing over the heights of Helvyllyn the day before the fatal battle of Marston Moor: the leader of that band had on his head a king's crown; those that appeared at Soutra, as I have been informed, had earls' coronets."

Lady Derwentwater, who had listened with deep attention, turned pale at this intelligence; and Clara was evidently much impressed with the narrative.

"May not these men of the mist," said George, "have been a mere optical delusion arising from some natural phenomenon?"

"It is possible," said the priest; and a pause ensued.

George's suggestion, however, did not at all fall in with the prevailing sentiments of the party, who were clearly of opinion that the vision was supernatural and ominous. In fact, they had their private reasons for knowing that the events which

such appearances were supposed to foreshew were far from being unlikely to be realised. It may be supposed that this incident, though it interested the party, and furnished a topic of conversation, did not tend to raise their spirits. When the interest had subsided, they fell into a greater gloom than ever; and Lady Derwentwater rose to depart, taking Clara with her. Edward whispered in Clara's ear as she left the room :

“ Do not be surprised, if I should be gone to-morrow early without seeing you.”

Clara looked inquiringly and sorrowfully, but did not make any remark—too well guessing the import of his words.

However, things did not turn out exactly as Edward expected. The priest soon took his departure; and George and Edward sat for a while talking of indifferent subjects: the sports of the day, the scenery, the storm, the beauty and grace of their noble hostess. George, at last, withdrew to rest, and left his cousin in the hall. It was a great relief to Edward to find himself alone. He walked up and down the spacious hall, meditating on the posture of affairs. It was evident that the time for action had arrived—the time for which he had so long looked forward, when a blow was to be struck for what in his heart he believed to be the cause of justice and honour. And now that the time had arrived, he felt that it had come most inopportunately.

The call to exertion had come at the very moment when he desired peace. It had nipped in the bud, or postponed to an indefinite season, his newly formed hopes of domestic happiness. He was well aware of the many dangers he was about to encounter: a few weeks before he had thought lightly of them; but now his thoughts were changed, and he felt that the sacrifice he was about to make was great indeed.

These meditations were cut short by the sudden bursting open of the hall-door, and the uncere-
monious rushing in of Robin Partridge, crying,
“Fly, fly, sir; or you will be arrested!”

Robin was so quickly followed by the officers of justice, that there was no time for escape; armed men occupied the hall, and the principal officer laid his hand on Edward’s shoulder, and presenting a scrap of parchment, declared that he arrested him in the name of King George.

Resistance was of course out of the question, and Edward at once surrendered himself a prisoner. Arms he had none to deliver up; nor would it have availed him to use them against such odds. The officers, after some deliberation, considering that it was now late at night, and the storm still raging, determined on keeping their prisoner at the house for a few hours, and setting out at daybreak for Lancaster. Being aware that Edward was nephew to Colonel Dalton, the commander of the troops at that place, they behaved to him with more con-

sideration than an ordinary prisoner might have met with; and Edward was allowed to retire to his bedroom for the purpose of taking rest. The officer went with him to see that all was safe. He searched carefully to discover if there was no secret door through which he might escape; threw up the window, and seeing that it looked down into the deep water of the lake, observed jocosely :

“ You may jump out there if you like, young sir.”

So saying he left the room, bolting and barring the door after him, and leaving Edward again to the train of his meditations.

These were now diverted into a different channel. His career seemed at once checked. The crisis of his fate seemed suspended. The struggle would take place, and he no longer allowed to take a part in it. There is a natural perverseness in the human heart, which leads us to desire most earnestly that which we cannot have. Scarcely an hour before, Edward was almost reluctant to enter upon the enterprise which he had resolved on, and it was only as a point of honour and duty that he had made up his mind to persevere; but now that he was likely to be kept a close prisoner, shut up probably in Lancaster Castle, his spirit chafed against the restraint, and he determined, if possible, to escape.

The door was firmly fastened, so that there was no hope of making his escape in that direction.

Chimney there was none. The window was his only chance. But to throw himself thence into the deep lake seemed certain death: the thought of making the attempt several times presented itself, but the hopelessness of success as often deterred him. He flung himself despondently on his bed, hoping to get some sleep before setting out on his compulsory journey; but to sleep he found impossible. He rose again, and looked from his window: the rain was now over, and the bright moon seemed to sail through the drifting clouds. As Edward watched the scene with mingled feelings, he fancied that he heard the splash of an oar in the water, and, soon after, another, as of a person cautiously rowing on the lake; presently a boat was seen creeping round the headland, at some fifty yards distance, in which Edward could distinguish a single figure. Slowly and silently it approached, until it arrived underneath his window.

The rower paused for a moment, and then said, in a suppressed voice, "Mr. Dalton, are you there?"

"Yes," said Edward; "is it Robin?"

"It is; all is right, then. Are you ready to escape from the window?"

"If you can tell me how to get down without breaking my neck."

"I have a rope; you must let something down to draw it up."

Edward thought immediately of his fishing-tackle, which he had brought with him, little think-

ing of the use it would be; and speedily unrolling a line, he let it down from the window. Robin attached the hook to the rope that he had brought with him, and Edward drew it up in safety. It was a good stout rope, knotted at regular intervals, in order to prevent the hands from slipping. It was soon fastened to the iron stanchion of the window, and Edward ascended the window-sill. He was active and muscular, not unused to feats of the sort; so that he had little difficulty in letting himself down to the rock on which the castle was built, and thence into the boat.

“Thank God, we are safe so far,” said Robin. “Now we must make as little noise as possible. I must first go to the landing.”

“Would it not be better to go straight to the opposite shore?”

“No; we had better take the other boats along with us, to prevent pursuit.”

Robin quickly attached two other boats to the stern of that in which he was sitting; and the castle being separated from the shore by scarcely a stone’s-throw, it did not take long to place Edward in safety on the other side.

“I will wait here,” said Robin, “for an hour or two with the boats, so that they shall not be able to follow you; and then, if no alarm is given, I will take them quietly back.”

“And I will start at once for the Druids’ circle. Farewell, good Robin.”

CHAPTER XIII.

The Bruids' Circle.

Mark yon altar—
 See this wide circus,
 Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
 As if the very Genius of the place
 Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
 Stalked through his drear domain
 Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground—
 The mighty pile of magic-planted rocks,
 Thus ranged in mystic order, mark the place
 Where but at times of holiest festival
 The Druid led his train.

MASON.

THUS unexpectedly restored to liberty, Edward Dalton lost no time, however much he may have longed to linger, in the vicinity of the castle; but taking one last regretful look, he set out for the place of his destination. He was little acquainted with the paths and byroads in the neighbourhood; though well aware of the direction in which it was necessary for him to proceed. Crossing a flat meadow, he began to ascend the steep hill-side. His path lay at first through trees and underwood, which rather impeded his progress; but presently he disentangled himself from the copse, and ar-

rived at the open moorland. The wind continued to howl fitfully, and the clouds scudded rapidly through the heavens, one while shrouding the moon in darkness, then revealing it in all its splendour. After climbing for nearly an hour up a steep ascent, Edward arrived at the summit of the hill, and soon found himself standing alone within the Druids' circle. His unexpected flight had brought him to the place of meeting rather before the appointed hour, and he had time to look around upon the scene before him; which, though he had several times before visited it in broad daylight, never appeared to him half so wild and strange as now that he viewed it in the solemn hour of night.

He stood in the midst of a circle of massive stones, whose rugged forms, gilded by the moonbeams, seemed like spectral shapes hemming him in on every side. There they had stood for thousands of years; long before the memory of man, or the record of written documents. They were placed on the summit of a lofty conical hill, and the spot was so chosen that the rugged tops of the giant mountains around, Blencathra, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, seemed, as it were, to form an outer circle to the rude temple. At the east end, and within the circle, were ten stones of larger dimensions than the rest, which formed a sort of chancel and enclosed the altar—so at least tradition had recorded—though the memory of the true object for which

these giant circles were formed is lost in remote antiquity.

It was indeed a striking spot. Vague imaginations were conjured up by the scene. An undefined awe filled the beholder's mind. Seldom would the rude inhabitants of the neighbourhood venture thither after nightfall; or if necessity took them near the spot, they would whistle or sing aloud, as if to fright the spirits by which the spot was haunted, or at least drown the echo of their own footsteps, and awaken confidence by feigning what they did not feel.

Edward's mind, always imaginative, was filled with deep thoughts as he looked on the awful objects. What scenes might have been witnessed that spot! What dreadful deeds committed by cruel priests of heathen rites! How was the world changed since that long reign of barbarism! Men were still fierce, and cruel, and contentious; but the moral accompaniments of the scene in which they are placed were so different, that it seemed almost like another world.

As he stood with arms folded, musing on these things, another figure appeared above the brow of the hill and came to join him. He soon discovered, from the outline of the figure, that it was the friend whom he expected, and advanced at once to meet him. The young lord grasped his hand cordially, saying in a hurried manner,

“Dalton, the die is cast: I am a fugitive and

outlaw in my native land ; and so are many others, yourself among the rest."

"I have long been prepared for the crisis," said Edward ; "and am ready to give up home—nay, life itself, or what is dearer still than life, in the service of my lawful king."

"Home is already lost to you," said the earl : "the usurper's officers have been at Coniston, as well as Derwentwater, and no doubt have taken your father prisoner."

"Gracious Heaven !" said Edward, "and I not there. But perhaps it is best ; there is nothing against my father—they will not dare to injure him. Besides, he will be under my uncle's protection. And if this business is serious, he will be safe from danger, which his advanced years render him little able to encounter. But, tell me, what schemes are on foot ? I have been out of the way of hearing of our friends' proceedings lately."

"Better engaged, I have no doubt," said the earl, with a laugh. "Well, you have not heard, perhaps, how bravely Mar has done in the Highlands. The first gathering was at Braemar ; the Highlanders had been ready some time beforehand, and waited only the arrival of the chief. As soon as he got amongst them, he summoned all he could trust to meet him for a great hunting party. About sixty men took the field. The king was first proclaimed, as I hear, at Kirkmichael, where his standard was set up, and a summons issued to the

people to join it with arms, horses, and provisions. Thence the earl marched southward. At Dunkeld they were joined by Lord Tullibarden and Lord Breadalbane's men, and had increased to between two and three thousand. Hence the earl pushed on, and seized the town of Perth."

"Good!" said Edward; "that secures the passage of the Tay, and opens an entrance into Fife-shire."

"You will say 'good' again, when you know his next exploit. The earl heard that there was a ship lying in the Frith of Forth with arms on board, intended for the Earl of Sutherland in the north. It lay in sight of Edinburgh: so he collected boats, and despatched a body in the night, who seized the ship with all the arms and ammunition, and brought them safe to the earl's quarters."

"That is making way in both directions—supplying our friends with arms at the expense of our enemies. So far all is well."

"I wish I could give you as good intelligence in other quarters; but our affairs have not sped so favourably in the west. We have, I fear, been betrayed. No news has been heard of Ormond and the promised French auxiliaries."

"I fear we must not look for them," said Edward, "now that Louis is dead. The Regent is not to be trusted for any very cordial co-operation."

"On the contrary, he has ordered the vessels

to be unladen which were lying at Havre, ready to bring arms and stores to our friends in the west. The government has got wind of our depôts at Bristol and Plymouth, and has marched down all the disposable force to that quarter. So that even if Ormond should land, he will have to get back again with all speed, unless he wishes to be taken prisoner."

Edward. This drawing of the government troops to the west will leave the north unprotected.

Lord Derwentwater. Just so. Argyle will get no reinforcements, except it be from Ireland. Mar will be able not only to keep him in check, and hold the country for King James, but also, as we hope, to send a detachment of Highlanders across the Forth, to the north of England. Kenmure and Nithsdale are gathering all the men they can on the borders of Scotland; and our friends have determined to make a demonstration in Northumberland.

"Where I suppose we must join them. Well, be it so. I am not the man to shrink from danger when duty calls to action. Farewell to dreams of peace for the present. When shall we set forward?"

"I have horses waiting near at hand, though but a slender accompaniment. This attempt at arrest has taken us by surprise. We will go from hence to Dilston; where I hope to raise some followers."

Having said this, the earl led the way, and Edward followed. They descended the hill on the east side, and entered a small mountain-glen, where they presently came to a secluded farmhouse. Here they found about half a dozen armed attendants, with horses saddled ready for a journey. The little party were soon in their saddles, and, ere the sun rose, far on their way to Northumberland.

Before following them on their expedition, we must record what took place after Edward's departure.

Great was the consternation next morning at Derwentwater House. George and Clara, having slept in a distant wing, had heard nothing of the events which had taken place. The first thing Clara's attendant told her was, that Mr. Edward had been arrested by the king's officers and locked up, and that he was to be taken off to Lancaster Castle. This, with certain embellishments of the lively abigail's own fancy—such as that he was certainly to be hanged as soon as he got there—was quite enough to throw poor Clara into an agony of suffering. Presently, however, another servant came running in to say, that Mr. Edward, to save himself from being hanged, had jumped out of the window and been drowned in the lake. This did not help to relieve poor Clara's mind; as it only antedated her lover's fate. Soon, however, tidings of a more satisfactory nature arrived,—that there

was great reason to believe that Mr. Dalton had escaped from the window of his room, and had swum to shore, as the boats had been brought back to the island by Robin ; and as there was no doubt, from the rope being found fastened to the window, that Edward had escaped out of it, the prevailing opinion was that he had got to the shore. Still even this uncertainty was distressing. Clara could not but fear lest he had failed in the attempt, and been drowned. However, her fears were at length relieved by a confidential communication from Robin Partridge, explaining the real state of the case, and assuring Clara that Edward was safe for the present, whatever scrapes he might get into hereafter. This news was soon spread confidentially from one to another, until all in the castle knew it, but the king's officers ; who were obliged to set off for Lancaster, rather ashamed that their errand was unaccomplished.

Clara and her brother now decided that their best course was to return to Coniston as speedily as possible. Lady Derwentwater would have detained Clara at the castle ; a kind sympathy and confidence had speedily grown up between the young wife and the affianced bride. Both were distressed, and both were endowed with those amiable feelings which enable those in sorrow to appreciate each other's distresses. Lady Derwentwater was but a few years older than Clara ; so that in many ways they were suited to console

each other in affliction. But George declared that he must hasten homeward, to be in readiness for any summons from his father, which it was not unlikely might be already awaiting him.

The horses were sent to the head of the lake, and the party were again launched on its broad bosom. It was a very different scene from that of the day before. Then all was calm and still; each rock and mountain was reflected as in a mirror, and the eye could pierce deep through the transparent water. But now, the surface was ruffled with dark angry waves, curling with white foam, and raging like an inland sea. After crossing the lake, they mounted their horses, and again ascended the pass of Borrowdale. The storm of the night had cleared the slight haze which, on the day previously, had softened down the shape of the mountains, blending one with another, and each cliff and mountain stood out with clear distinctness of outline. As they ascended the pass, ominous clouds again began to spread over the mountain-tops, growing every moment darker and darker. Heavy masses were seen pushing against the wind, and the whole scene was enveloped in shade and mist, save when a gleam of light pierced through some opening of the gathering clouds, and traversed the hills and vales.

Ere they had accomplished half their course, the clouds had hemmed them in on every side, and at length burst upon them in torrents of rain. It

seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened, so awful was the deluge. Truly they had now an opportunity of seeing mountain-scenery under a new aspect. Clara was not one of those delicate ladies who care for a shower, or even for a storm of rain. Though drenched through and through, she looked around with a mixture of delight and awe, as the cataracts dashed down from every mountain-side; sometimes even crossing their path and threatening to intercept their journey. No shelter was at hand: all they could do was to press resolutely onward. The spirit of Gipsy seemed tamed by the uproar of the elements, and he kept steadily on his course, without turning to the right or the left, in a most methodical business-like way, taking little or no notice of the vivid lightning which flashed before his eyes, or the thunder-claps which immediately followed. At last, after an uninterrupted journey of several hours, they found themselves again at the old house of Coniston.

Here new troubles awaited them. The officers had been there also with a search-warrant; had ransacked the house for treasonable papers and documents, and had carried off Sir Charles Dalton prisoner to Lancaster. Both George and Clara were much distressed that their uncle should have been subjected to this inconvenience. George, however, easily persuaded his sister that her uncle would meet with kind treatment, from the situation of his brother; and that it might be a very good

thing for him, as well as others, if a short durance prevented them from engaging in affairs which would bring far more serious consequences than a few days' or even weeks' imprisonment.

George found, as he expected, a letter for himself, summoning him to join his regiment without delay. He was too good a soldier to think of waiting for a moment; and mounting a fresh horse, he set off at once for Lancaster, leaving Clara to recover her fatigues, and to follow him, under the escort of Robin Partridge, after a night's refreshment.

Clara did not lack an entertainer. Mr. Allonby still remained to do the honours of the house, and him she found a very agreeable companion. They talked freely of the state of affairs, and of the struggle which seemed about to take place between the two parties in the nation. Poor Clara's mind had been much perplexed with regard to the side on which justice lay. Her duty to her father and her attachment to her lover drew her in contrary directions. Both could not be right. That each was sincere in his opinions she had no doubt; but that both sides should be in the right was impossible. Mr. Allonby greatly quieted her mind by the assurance that, in her case, the necessity of a decision was mercifully spared her. The less women entered into the field of political debate the better, unless the case were so clear as to preclude the possibility of doubt.

There was one subject, however, on which Mr. Allonby found Clara a most attentive auditor; and that was when he dwelt on the many amiable qualities of his former pupil, Edward Dalton.

Most fervently did Clara pray that the threatening danger might be averted, and that peaceful days, such as those which she had just passed, might be again granted to her supplications.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Insurrection.

Geordie sits in Jamie's chair ;
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie :
Had I my will, he'd no sit there ;
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Ne'er reflect on sorrows past ;
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie :
Jamie will be king at last ;
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Jacobite Song.

WE have now arrived at the month of October in the year 1715, and our scene must shift from Coniston Hall, and the romantic country of the lakes and mountains, to the moorlands of Northumberland.

It was on the 6th of that month that a party of horsemen, about twenty in number, stood on the brow of a small hill near Greenrig, at no great distance from the market-town of Rothbury. A passer-by would have supposed them to have been a party of "Northumbrian fox-hunters," met together for the enjoyment of the chase : and such, in fact, many of them were, and often had they assembled for that peaceful recreation. But on the present

occasion the swords which hung from their belts and the pistols in their holsters, and other warlike weapons with which they were equipped, coupled with the stern and anxious expression of their countenances, intimated that they were met on a more serious business than an ordinary fox-chase. Several of the party were evidently men of rank and consequence; others were servants; but all well armed and mounted.

“Well, Mr. Forster,” said one, “we are first in the field, it seems;—some one must make a beginning. We have not quite a large enough army yet to set King James on the throne; but our party will be stronger, I hope, before the day is many hours older.”

Mr. Forster, the gentleman addressed, was a middle-aged man, of middle stature,—vigorous in frame and intelligent in countenance, though not of that commanding character which the part he was destined to play, and the interests to be committed to his charge, required. He was Member for the County of Northumberland, and popular, both from his opinions, which were High Church and Tory, and also from his liberal mode of living. He was, in fact, a good specimen of an English country gentleman, who, in peaceful times, might have done good service to his country by upholding and administering the laws, and giving a good example to his dependents and neighbours, as well as by representing their interests in Parliament. The

person who addressed him was Captain Shafto, an old friend, whom we have before met, but not yet been introduced to by name. He was, in truth, the stranger who had fallen in with George and his lame pony amongst the mountains of Cumberland, and had met Edward and Lord Derwentwater at the secret meeting at Newby Bridge.

There was another person of military appearance, who was looking intently through a telescope. He was a serious, earnest-looking man, with a bright kindling eye, yet perfect command of voice and gesture, which bespoke something of religious enthusiasm subdued by habitual self-command. His speech was grave and measured; and a close observer might have seen that ever and anon he signed himself, though not ostentatiously, with the cross.

"Well, Oxburgh, what do you see in that direction?" said Mr. Forster.

"I see," said Colonel Oxburgh, "a party moving along the road. They are evidently armed, by the glancing of the steel and trappings."

"How many of them?" said Shafto.

"About a score, I should say; or, it may be, rather more."

"Not many," said Forster, "but we must be thankful for all the recruits we can get."

"Do *you* look, Shafto; your eyes are younger than mine," said Colonel Oxburgh, giving up the telescope to his companion.

Shafto took the glass, and looked attentively. "You are quite right," said he, "there are at least twenty of them. I should say they were Lord Derwentwater's party from Dilston. Yes, I see now; there is Lord Derwentwater at the head. Next to him comes Edward Dalton; I thought he would not lag behind. Then there is old Errington, a right good old soldier. The rest seem to be servants."

By this time the advancing party were mounting the hill at a brisk trot. They came up with their blood warm and in good spirits from their morning ride, and shook hands cordially with those who had arrived before them. Shafto, in particular, advanced to meet them, and give them a hearty welcome,—as well he might; for it was not a little in consequence of his persuasion, at the conference of Newby Bridge, that Lord Derwentwater and Edward Dalton were now in arms for King James.

"Ah, here is mad Jack Halls of Otterbourne," said Forster, as a new party rode up the hill; "I do not know that he will do us much good. And who is that on the white horse?"

"That is Parson Buxton," said one of the bystanders.

"Ah, well, perhaps we may have some work in his line too; we must dub him chaplain."

Stragglers continued to drop in, until their numbers amounted to about sixty, and then no more arrived; and the day was advancing apace. The next question was, how they were to proceed. The

leaders consulted together for a short time, and then Shafto and Oxburgh, acting as aides-de-camp, collected the men together in a hollow circle round Mr. Forster, who was looked on as their leader. This post, indeed, was assigned to him, partly on account of his influence and position in the county, partly because he was the only Protestant of note who had as yet come forward in King James's cause. It is a mistake, however, and so it proved in this instance, to give men command in hazardous enterprises merely on account of their station and respectability. Qualities like these are well suited to those whose lot is cast in peaceful times, and who are the instruments for carrying on the ordinary affairs of the world; but something of genius and enthusiasm is required whether for the raising a fallen cause, or for the prevention of evils which seem impending on a country. In the one case, all that is wanted is the ability to maintain things as they are; in the other, such powers must be sought for as shall influence the minds of men to take up a new position, or revert to that which they have left.

When the troop of horsemen were gathered conveniently, Mr. Forster spoke as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—We have assembled here, as I need not inform you, on a very important business: we have come together, as loyal men, determined to risk our lives that we may set our rightful king upon the throne of his fathers. It is not necessary that I should say anything to convince you of the

justice of our cause. All of you feel it as well as I. We all feel convinced that the right of his Majesty, King James, to the crown of this realm, is undoubted and indisputable; and that, by the laws of God, by the ancient constitution, and by the positive unrepealed statutes of the land, we are bound to pay him the duty of loyal subjects. Nothing can absolve us from our obligation of obedience to him, our lawful king. We have all along felt that England has been oppressed by an usurping family,—that our ancient constitution in Church and State has been impaired and damaged,—our best interests as a nation sacrificed, and that things will never go right till we have raised King James the Third to the throne, as our fathers restored King Charles his predecessor.

“Gentlemen,—I will rather avail myself of this opportunity to mention some circumstances which may serve to put us in good heart as to the success of our enterprise, especially by shewing you that we are not without friends. If the small but gallant troop now collected round me were all the friends King James could boast, he would not have much chance of getting his rights. But we have good reason to believe that he has adherents, more or less, in every county,—nay, I may say, in every parish in the land; and that, when his standard is once raised, friends will flock from every quarter. The brave Earl Mar is already at the head of 12,000 men; Lord Tullibarden has joined him with 2000;

and Lords Huntly, Seaforth, and Earl Mareschal, with numerous followers. These have crossed the Tay, and are already advancing on their march southward. We may hope ere long to hear that the King has been proclaimed in Edinburgh,—ay, perhaps is there himself in person,—and we will be the first to welcome him across the Border. The loyal men in the west of England, at Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Taunton, in short all Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire, will soon be in arms, if they are not so already, under the Duke of Ormond. I expect to hear good news in a few days from Oxford, as well as from Manchester and Birmingham; and the Lancashire men are ready to join us *en masse*, as soon as we come amongst them. In short, there is scarcely a county in England on which we may not count for support.

“Good care has been taken, gentlemen, to ascertain also what is the available number of troops that are in the pay of the present government; and we find that the utmost number is 8000 men,—not so large an army as Lord Mar is already at the head of; and of these 8000 there is a good number, we are well assured, who are for King James in their hearts, and will be more ready to join us than to fight against us.

“So you see, my gallant friends, there is every reason to hope and expect success, if we do but act as becomes loyal men fighting in a just cause.

“Gentlemen,—I will not detain you longer, ex-

cept to tell you the mode in which we propose to proceed. We have often met together to hunt foxes; we will now go and hunt up our friends. I trust we shall find the scent pretty good, and that there will not be much trouble in unkennelling them.

“ So now, before we proceed, let us draw our swords, and give three cheers for King James.”

Every sword speedily flew from its scabbard and gleamed aloft in the air, and the three cheers were given with a good spirit, together with loud cries of “ Long live King James! General Forster for ever !”

The little party then moved from the hill with their leaders, marching along with their drawn swords in their hands. The first place they came to was Plainfield, a small town on the river Coquet. It was a strange unusual sight, such as had not been seen in England for many a long day,—a body of men in arms against the government. The country people looked on with wonder. Here and there a man shouted as they passed, “ King James for ever !” and then turned again to his work; for it was pretty well known what was the object of the gathering, and many persons were favourable to their cause, though not with any violent ardour or enthusiasm. Having picked up several friends as they went along, they resolved to go for the night to the little market-town of Rothbury, which they entered in very good order, and

forthwith distributed themselves in the various inns, ate a hearty supper, and went to bed.

“Well,” said Edward to his friend Lord Derwentwater, as the latter was about to retire to rest, “we have made a beginning anyhow.”

“We have, and must go through with it; a few days will shew how things will go. All depends on our friends keeping their word. If they do not play false, we have good hope of success.”

“Let us hope the best. I have to go, by the general’s orders, and see the guards are set;—it would not do to allow ourselves to be surprised in our beds, and have our enterprise nipped in the bud.”

CHAPTER XV.

Progress of the Insurrection.

Shame on ye, gallants, that rise not readily ;
Rise ye, and mount at your prince's call !
Wha 's so base but would arm him speedily
For the bravest Stuart among them all ?

Jacobite Song.

ON the next day the party were again betimes in the saddle, paid the reckoning at their respective lodgings, and left Rothbury amidst the cheers of some and the silence of others. A few men of the place, and some from the country round, had joined them, and others came up with them during the day, which they spent in going about from place to place, procuring arms and horses, and beating up for recruits. At night they arrived at Warkworth, a small town, with the ruins of a castle strongly situated on the sea-coast. The next day was Sunday. The men were got under arms after they had had their breakfast, and proceeded with their leaders to the market-place. As soon as they were drawn up in order, trumpets were sounded, and a herald (said to have been Forster himself

in disguise) came forward and proclaimed as follows:—

“Whereas, by the decease of the late king, James II., the imperial crown of these realms did lineally descend to his lawful son and heir, our sovereign James III., we, his majesty’s loyal subjects, do hereby declare him lawful king over England, Scotland, and Ireland,” &c.

This done, the leaders drew their swords, the rest following their example, and gave three cheers for King James III., in which they were joined by some of the bystanders.

Having proclaimed King James, they proceeded in a body to the parish church, whither the people were flocking for worship. Forster, who had now publicly assumed the title of General of King James’s army in the north of England, sent a message to Mr. Ion, the clergyman, with orders for him to pray for King James; and in the Litany to insert the names of “Mary, queen-mother, and all the dutiful branches of the royal family,” and to omit the names of King George, the prince, and princess; which Mr. Ion declining to do, Mr. Buxton, chaplain of the insurgents, took possession of the church, read prayers, and preached.

Mr. Buxton was a man of good personal presence, and ready in speech; besides, his heart was in the cause. He spoke strongly to the congregation on the duty of not only maintaining, but fighting to restore their lawful sovereign; he made it appear,

that the safety of the Church, and religion itself, depended on the restoration of King James; drew a parallel between the restoration of Charles II. and the present crisis; and, in short, so spoke as to give mighty encouragement to his hearers. He was in truth, by all accounts, a sincere and earnest-minded man. Whether on the present occasion he overstepped his duty or not, will be decided differently according as men judge of the cause to which he had joined himself. Most of the Jacobites were men of serious mind, and had made the insurrection with the honest conviction that they were obeying the call of duty. Many of them believed not only that James's title to the crown was just, but also that on the success of their present enterprise depended the welfare of the Church and nation. They joined conscientiously in the cause, and were greatly inspirited and confirmed in their determination by Mr. Buxton's address. The Roman Catholics who were with them attended the service as well as those of the Church of England. And it is remarkable that many of them, who had never attended the service of the English Church before, confessed that they liked it very well, and had no fault to find with it, and should not object to attend it again.

It was a strange sight—that day's service—to the ordinary congregation. They were not scared away, having been civilly treated by the Jacobites, and many of them being favourable to the cause.

Still, all was doubt and confusion: their usual minister had fled, his place was occupied by an intruder, and a change had been suddenly and forcibly made in the ordinary prayers. They looked on with wonder not unmixed with alarm.

It was indeed a perplexing state of things. We can hardly appreciate the difficulties with which honest and loyal men were beset. In the present day, now that the exiled family of James is extinct, and there has been for generations no rival claimant to the throne, all our feelings of loyalty centre in the reigning family. And those, especially, who are old enough to remember that excellent and truly English monarch George III., to whom, under Divine providence, the country owes its preservation, are accustomed to connect their most enthusiastic feelings of loyalty with attachment to King George and his descendants. But it was very different when George I., a foreigner, unacquainted with English feelings and habits, unable to speak the English language, had occupied the throne for scarce a twelvemonth; and that in opposition to the wishes and feelings of a great portion of the nation. There were in every part of England multitudes of people, and those not the worst amongst them, who conscientiously believed that James III. was lawful king of England. Besides, it had been much the fashion during the last few years for people to talk loudly in favour of James's title, especially when it was supposed that the late queen favoured it,

and that the parliament was not unlikely to pass a bill to alter the succession in favour of the exiled family. Those who were more forward than the rest had often committed themselves by words to his cause, and had boasted what they would do to restore him. It was a common custom to drink his health on their knees, and many amidst their cups (for it was a drinking generation) had pledged themselves to his party. And now the opportunity presented itself for them to redeem their pledge. Here was James proclaimed king; the town occupied by his friends; an army, small indeed, but still an army, in the field. They were assured that his cause was triumphant in Scotland, and that many parts of the country had declared for him. True that King George still ruled in London; but who was king at Warkworth, which was occupied by King James's troops, and where King James had been proclaimed without opposition? And so it might be well asked by the inhabitants of the various places where he was afterwards proclaimed as soon as they fell into the hands of his friends. In them he was king *de facto* as well as *de jure*. If they opposed him, and his cause was successful, they would be considered traitors, traitors to him whose title they verily believed was the best. Besides, here was the member for the county, together with many excellent and influential men belonging to the neighbourhood, acting openly in King James's name. It was a sore trial. We need not wonder

that many honest, peaceable, single-hearted men, in divers places, deemed it their duty to enrol themselves in his service from principles of honour and conscience, even though misdoubting the strength of his cause; while it happened also that many who had before been loudest in his favour over their cups, now slunk away to see how things would turn out before they declared themselves. Braggarts are generally found to be the greatest cowards. There were, of course, a great many honest men who took King George's part, and kept themselves out of the way of the Jacobites, viewing them as rebels and disturbers of the peace. It is very difficult indeed to ascertain which party was in reality the strongest in the country.

It is not our intention to record minutely all the proceedings of the insurgent army; but we shall content ourselves with noticing the principal events, so that if any one will consult a map of the country, he will be able to trace their march, and judge of the extent of their operations.

On the Monday morning they left Warkworth, and proceeded to Morpeth; and having, during the day, been joined by a reinforcement of seventy men, well mounted and armed, from the Border, they resolved to make an attempt on Newcastle. Newcastle at that time, as now, was a considerable place. It was not an open town, like the rest, but had a good stone wall, with gates, but without cannon. The Jacobites had many friends within

the town; especially they hoped that seven hundred colliers and keelmen in the employ of Sir Matthew Blackett would have joined them. But the magistrates of Newcastle were stanch adherents of King George; the Dissenters in the place were numerous and strong, and sided with the existing government. Vigorous measures were taken to secure the town; arms were distributed to the inhabitants who were well affected to King George; Papists and other suspected persons were seized and imprisoned; the militia and trained bands were got under arms. Lord Scarborough, the lord-lieutenant of the county, arrived in person, and with him many of the county gentlemen, with their servants and tenants, who were for King George. The town, in short, was full of horses and armed men. So that the attempt on Newcastle was rendered abortive.

This was their first disappointment, and a severe blow it was to the cause. Had Newcastle been occupied, there can be no doubt that many would have joined them who now stood aloof; they would have supplied themselves with arms to put into the hands of numbers who desired to enrol themselves in their ranks, but could not; for, on account of this deficiency, they had been obliged to decline the offers of those who desired to enlist as foot-soldiers. Besides, the seizure of Newcastle would have given them a name for enterprise and good management, and the insurrection would

have spread over the north of England, perhaps farther.

Disappointed in their attempt, the insurgents turned aside to Hexham, and waited there some days; still hoping that their friends in Newcastle would rise in their favour. But this expectation was soon destroyed by the arrival of two regiments of dragoons from Yorkshire; and, soon after, of two more, which had come by forced marches from London, under General Carpenter; these together were amply sufficient to check any outbreak that might take place in the town of Newcastle, though not to disperse the Jacobites, whose numbers still continued to augment.

One is accustomed, in tracing the history of rebellions and revolutions, to wonder sometimes how suddenly the current of opinion seems to change; sometimes one party is up, and sometimes another; and this is attributed to the popular variability. But such is not altogether the case. A country in which opposite parties exist is like a field of corn and poppies: first the young wheat grows up, and looks fresh and green; then the poppies put forth their red flowers, so that they seem to spread over the land, and you would think that nothing but poppies grew there; presently the poppies wither and die away, and cast their red petals, and the ears of wheat grow up and wave with the breeze; and what a short time before seemed a field of poppies, is now bright with golden corn.

So it is in revolutions : where one party in a town or country is in the ascendant, the other slinks away into holes and corners, and appears almost extinct. But presently, if circumstances alter, the party which seemed to have died away again stands forth and occupies all posts of authority, and those who but now were predominant are crushed beneath their feet.

The failure to get possession of Newcastle had sadly disconcerted the schemes of the Jacobites. They remained three days at Hexham, employed chiefly in collecting arms and horses. King James was proclaimed, and the proclamation affixed to the market-cross, which was suffered to remain there several days after the insurgents were gone—a fact which shews the feelings of the people. In truth, many persons of all classes gradually joined the insurgent army, notwithstanding its doubtful position. Many clergy would willingly have prayed publicly for James, though they excused themselves for the present : some actually joined the army ; in particular, Mr. Buxton, already mentioned, who performed the part of chaplain ; and Mr. Patten, a man of sufficient forwardness but less zeal, as the result will prove : he was the clergyman of Annandale, and came in with several others about this time. We shall hear more of him anon.

While remaining at Hexham they received intelligence that a considerable body of Scotch borderers, under the Lords Kenmure, Nithsdale, Carn-

wath, and Winton, had taken arms, and were on their way to join them. They had raised their banner at Moffat. It was a splendid banner worked by the Lady Kenmure: one side blue, with the Scots arms wrought in gold; on the other, a thistle, with the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" The standard had pendants of white riband, on one of which was written, "*For our wronged king, and oppressed country;*" and on the other, "*For our lives and liberties.*" The ladies usually take the generous side of the question, though it is not always the successful one.

And now news arrived from the Earl of Mar, that 1500 men had been thrown across the Frith of Forth, in spite of the king's ships; that the rest of the troops, with the earl, were amply sufficient to cope with Argyle, who commanded in Scotland for King George; and a *rendezvous* was appointed to take place at Kelso. Hither, therefore, the three bodies of insurgents—the detachment from the Highlands, under Macintosh; the Scots from the west, under Lord Kenmure; and the English Jacobites, under General Forster—directed their march, in order to form a junction. The English and Scots from the west got there first, and entered the town together. Presently the Highlanders from the north arrived, under the command of old Brigadier Macintosh, with bagpipes playing and colours flying; but, owing to their long marches, and the rain that still continued to fall in torrents, they made but an

indifferent figure. However, they were received with due honours, on account of their exploit in crossing the Forth, and the services which they had already performed.



CHAPTER XVI.

Crossing the Border.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale;
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale;
 All the blue bonnets are over the Border.

• • • • •
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order:
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

SCOTT.

THE insurgent army assembled at Kelso, formed by the junction of the three bodies, amounted to 2400

men, a very considerable portion of which consisted of persons of rank and distinction. They were drawn together by a variety of motives, some noble and generous, others selfish and unprincipled. The ostensible object was, to set King James III. on the throne of his fathers; and many doubtless were filled with a single-hearted and conscientious devotion to the cause. Still, as it will ever be on such occasions while man remains the double-minded creature that he is, many private and party motives were mixed up together and influenced the various persons in their espousal of King James's cause. Most of the men of distinction among them were Roman Catholics, who considered their allegiance due to a Popish claimant, and deemed that the parliament had no right to set aside the claim of their lawful sovereign on the score of his being a member of the Romish Church. They thought that neither the law of God nor the ancient constitution of the land authorised the two houses of parliament to interfere with the line of their old hereditary monarchs, especially on account of their religious faith. If liberty of conscience was allowed to subjects, so also should it be to kings; if to one religion, so should it be to another. These hoped, no doubt, that on the restoration of James the disabilities under which they themselves laboured would be removed, and the cause of their Church advanced. Many of them acted probably under the influence of spiritual advisers, and considered it a matter of

conscience to risk their lives and fortunes for what they believed to be the true faith. Others, perhaps, were moved rather by the hope of personal aggrandisement, and by the prospect of honours and dignities from which they were now debarred. One cannot read the hearts of men; but to all appearance, it happens that those are most generally swayed by personal and private motives, who are loudest in proclaiming, and perhaps most firmly believe, that they are acting on public principles. Next to the Roman Catholics, were the Scotch Episcopalians, who were justly indignant at the degradation and persecution of their Church, and hoped that, by the accession of James, it might be restored to the ascendancy which it enjoyed before the Revolution. Then there were English high Churchmen, high-principled men, who grieved at the low latitudinarian views which had been introduced by the Revolution, and hoped that another Restoration would, like the former, cause the revival of sounder principles. Tories there were, who aimed at power for their party, and were disgusted at the marked preference shewn by the new king for their political rivals: Scots of various denominations, whose object was the repeal of the union: discontented persons amongst the lower classes, whose cry was, "No malt-tax!" "No salt-tax!" besides adventurers of no fixed principles—restless unsettled persons, fond of strife and excitement, or swayed by interest—hoping to reap advantage from the commotion, and

thrive in troubled waters. In short, there were men good and bad, honest and dishonest, high and low principled, hot and cool headed, turbulent and designing, religious and political,—all banded in one cause, to overturn the existing government, and set up King James in the place of King George.

The chief command of this heterogeneous body, while they remained in Scotland, was vested, by commission from James, in Lord Kenmure, “a grave full-aged, good-tempered gentleman, of ancient family, extraordinary knowledge in political matters, but very little in military.” He had a troop of gentlemen with him, which was called the first troop, and was commanded by the Hon. Basil Hamilton, of Beldoun, a young and gallant officer. The second was led by the Hon. James Hume, brother of the Earl of Hume, who was then a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. The third was Lord Winton’s, “a man of more capacity than his friends afterwards gave him credit for.” Lord Winton was the first in Scotland who used Edward the Sixth’s first book of Common Prayer, which afterwards was adopted by the Scotch Church. One principal cause of his appearing among the insurgents was the affront done to his religious feelings by the Duke of Argyle, who had violently entered and desecrated the private chapel in his mansion. Lord Winton’s troop was commanded by Capt. James Dalziel. The fourth was the Earl of Carnwath’s. This nobleman had studied some time at Cam-

bridge, and there imbibed an entire affection for the liturgy and worship in use in the Church of England. He was singularly good in temper, and of an agreeable affability. The command of this troop was given to his uncle, James Dalziel. The fifth was under the command of Capt. Lockhart, a man of more bravery than good fortune, as the sequel will shew. These troops formed the Scottish cavalry : they were well manned, and indifferently well armed ; but many of the horses were small, and in mean condition. There were also six regiments of foot : the first, the Earl of Strathmore's ; the second, the Earl of Mar's ; the third, Logie Drummond's ; the fourth, Lord Nairne's, brother of the Duke of Athol. His son, a fine brave youth, commanded the troop, and walked at the head of it through all weathers and ways, clad in his Highland garb. The fifth was commanded by Lord Charles Murray, son of the Duke of Athol, who, like his cousin, could never be prevailed on to use the indulgence of a horse, but led his troop on foot, fording sometimes mid-thigh in rivers ; which greatly gained him the affection of the men. The sixth was old Macintosh's battalion, a man of ancient family, descended from the Thaness of Fife. He married the heiress of Clancattan ; his coat of arms was two wild cats, and his motto, " Touch not the cat without your glove."

The English troops were not altogether so well regulated as the Scots. The first troop was Lord Derwentwater's, in which Edward Dalton served as

a volunteer: Capt. John Shafto was the commander. The second troop was Lord Widdrington's, commanded by Mr. Errington of Beaufront, who had formerly been in the French service. This Lord Widdrington was a descendant of Sir Thomas Witherington of Chevy-Chase notoriety:

“ As one in doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were smitten off,
Did fight upon his stumps.”

His descendant did not in the sequel prove himself quite so stanch a fighter as his ancestor. His chief anxiety was to get good quarters and provisions at the various places to which they marched; and for fear of accidents he always carried with him a bottle of good strong soup. The third troop was commanded by Capt. John Hunter; the fourth by Robert Douglas, a man of clever contrivance, and one trusted on several important errands. The fifth by Capt. Wogan. Several of these troops were double-officered, in order to oblige the several gentlemen who joined the insurrection; for all wanted to be officers, and some insisted on being colonels who were not fit for corporals. Besides these troops, there were also a great many gentlemen-volunteers, who were not formed into any troop, but acted much as they pleased.

Considering that the government had only 8000 men at their command in all England, a large portion of which were required to prevent an outbreak in the west of England, this was a formidable army,

had they but acted together with unanimity. But, as might be supposed amongst men brought together from such various motives, and so little subject to discipline, serious differences of opinion were soon found to exist both amongst men and officers; and notwithstanding the general success—or at least the absence of any serious check—that had hitherto accompanied their movements, and the non-appearance of an enemy strong enough to cope with them, apprehension as to the result of their enterprise seemed already to have spread amongst the men.

In the hope of doing something to encourage the various parties, and quell the differences which had spread amongst the troops, Lord Kenmure resolved to call a council of war. All the officers of distinction were summoned to attend in the large room of the inn at which his lordship lodged. Lord Winton was the first spokesman; he was a canny Scot, and represented the opinion of the common soldiers who were his countrymen. His counsel was, that they should not cross the Border; but take means to spread the insurrection in the west and south of Scotland. He argued that they had no certainty of being joined by any considerable body in England. Why had not the English already risen in greater numbers when they had the opportunity of joining General Forster? What he recommended was, that they should march westward upon Dumfries. Dumfries was a rich place, with no regular forces in it, but only train-bands, militia,

and townspeople, many of whom were on their side. It was also unfortified; so that they might easily take possession of it. He had information that there were a great many arms in the Tolbooth ready for use, and a good quantity of gunpowder in the Tron steeple; all of which might be their own, and so they would furnish themselves with arms, money, and ammunition, and be in a position to receive succours from France or Ireland. Moreover, they would open a communication with Glasgow and with the western clans, and so get possession of the whole west and south of Scotland, and place Argyle between two fires—Lord Mar's army and their own. If they persisted in crossing the Border, he was persuaded the Highlanders would never follow them. They had a presentiment that they should be all cut to pieces, or sold as slaves, should they proceed into England; and, if they went at all, would go without heart or spirit; while, on the other hand, these men would fight well in their own country, to which they were accustomed.

The English officers, on the other hand, were for marching straight into England. The government troops, they argued, were all drawn off to the west. General Carpenter had not above 500 men with him, two troops of which were raw and undisciplined; so that he was quite unable to stop them: and the government was unprepared. Assurance had been received from various parts of England that friends would join them as soon as

they arrived. Twenty thousand men were ready to rise in Lancashire; Manchester was even now scarcely kept from insurrection; the populace was entirely on the side of King James, having already risen and pulled down several dissenting meeting-houses. They had only therefore to march forward, and the game was in their hands. This appears to have been the general opinion amongst the English leaders: they did not, when they made the insurrection, expect much fighting; but supposed that their party was so strong, especially in the midland and western counties, that a general rising would take place all over the country in favour of King James, such as to preclude the possibility of opposition. And perhaps had all their professed friends proved true, something of the sort might have taken place.

Neither of these propositions, however, pleased the younger portion of the officers: considerable murmuring and dissatisfaction was heard amongst them. At last Edward Dalton, who had already distinguished himself by his courage and activity, was put forward as spokesman. He said, that in an enterprise like the present, all depended on boldness and promptitude: nothing was so desirable as to strike some blow which might encourage their friends. They had already injured their cause by appearing to retreat before the few regiments of dragoons under Carpenter. True, that they could not attack him when he was within the walls of

Newcastle; but now that he was but a day's march from them, they ought not to let it be supposed they were afraid to meet him. They might, indeed, pass by him into England; but they would have him hanging on their rear, and prepared to act on the offensive as soon as there were any forces to attack them in front. His opinion, he said, and that of many others, was, that they ought by all means to attack Carpenter and disperse his troops; and then they might advance into England, not only with greater safety, but also with the reputation of courage and spirit.

As it most commonly happens in divided bodies, when there is no man of superior skill and station able both to advise and act, the council broke up without coming to a decision. However, the troops were put in motion the next day along the Border on the Scotch side. This was done with a view of keeping the men together as long as possible; but the expedient only postponed the difficulty. Another stout debate took place, in which, owing to the determination of the English, it was resolved to proceed southward. Upon this a large body of Scots seceded from the main army, and refused to advance a step farther. Lord Winton, who was supposed to have more influence with them than any one else, was sent to parley with them, and endeavour to persuade them to continue their march. But instead of inducing them to proceed, it was thought he would have been himself persuaded to remain be-

hind. However, his sense of honour, and his engagements with others of his rank, prevented him from taking that step, much as he may have wished it. He returned to the main body, and 500 of the Highlanders marched off to their own valleys and mountains, and disbanded themselves. The rest of the army then determined to cross the Border, when Lord Kenmure gave up the command to General Forster.

This step was not taken without much serious thought and anxiety. Mr. Forster and most of the rest, both officers and men, partook of the holy communion before passing into England. Arrangements were also made to prevent any unnecessary plunder and irregularity amongst the troops while passing through the country, by giving them an increase of pay. In short, many very proper measures were taken, which shewed forethought and judgment at least, if not much military skill.

It was on the evening of the day previous to their crossing the Border that Lord Derwentwater and Edward Dalton stood together on a bleak hill which overlooked the Cheviots and a long range of barren moors on the English side: the north wind blew strong and cold, and the sun was setting with a red angry glare, a dark strip of cloud dividing its glowing disk in twain. Lord Derwentwater was anxious and melancholy; he thought on the peaceful home that he had left—his young wife and children. He felt that their fate as well as his was dependent on the cast of the die; not only his own

station, and property, and life, but his hereditary title and honours, his children's inheritance, the continuance of his name amongst the nobles of the land,—all were at risk. If the enterprise on which he had embarked succeeded, he should leave a name in history—a name coupled with glory and renown, as the restorer of an ancient dynasty. If it failed, ruin, confiscation of property, extinction of family, exile, poverty, or it might be death on the scaffold, would be his inevitable fate. His spirit was greatly troubled by the uncertain posture of affairs; and he felt deeply depressed, though not more so perhaps than a brave man might be, who had risked his all on an enterprise, of the success of which he began to entertain serious misgivings. Edward, on the contrary, was in a much more sanguine mood. He had no children whose prospects were at stake; he was not yet bound up with any interests which his own conduct placed in jeopardy; his father, he trusted, was not compromised; and his position as a prisoner saved him from dangers which his age unfitted him to encounter. True, he often thought of Clara, and felt how bitter it would be to her if serious harm were to befall him. Still he knew that if he fell, he should leave her amidst dear friends, who would be able, he trusted, to console her for his loss. He felt therefore less anxiety than his companion for the future; and the cause in which he was embarked, and all its accompaniments, seemed to take a character of hopefulness from his

own feelings. Even the clear searching wind that numbed and depressed Lord Derwentwater, served but to brace and animate Edward.

"I am glad we are to go forward to-morrow," said he; "though I confess I do not much like marching southward without sending Carpenter to the right about."

"I wish I could keep up my spirits as you do, Edward," said Lord Derwentwater.

"Why should we be dispirited? nothing has yet happened to discourage our hopes."

"I do not know how it is," answered his companion; "but a sort of melancholy presentiment fills my mind, in spite all my attempts to shake it off. It is not from fear of any personal danger, but from apprehension of the ruin that may befall my family. If we should be unsuccessful, it is likely that I may be the last of my race who shall bear the honours of an English noble. 'Tis a bitter thought, which I cannot drive from me. When I look on yon setting sun, it appears to me an emblem of my fate."

"Nay, my good friend, you must not allow yourself to be cast down. If our conscience do not accuse us, why should we be disheartened? Nay, what in truth can be a more cheering emblem than yon sun, which, if it set to-day, will rise again in renewed glory to-morrow? Let us hope the best, and be prepared for the worst."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Rout of Penrith.

An', oh, it is a bonnie sight
To see the Hieland clans comin'!
They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
For a' the Hieland clans are comin'.

Jacobite Song.

WE must now steal a march upon the Jacobite army, and see what preparations were made on the other side to check their progress.

Our readers will be pleased to travel with us to the little town of Penrith, which is situated near the lake country, upon the river Peterel, about eighteen miles south of Carlisle. It is a neat country town,—the houses built of the reddish stone of the district, and, altogether, indicating comfort and prosperity in the inhabitants.

At the time of which we speak, this little town was a scene of unusual bustle and excitement. The streets were filled with a mixed, disorderly multitude, all standing, and wondering what was going to happen. Noblemen, gentlemen, squires, yeomen, and peasants, on horseback or on foot,—some with

rusty old swords, some armed with blunderbusses, or old muskets, or rude pistols, but the large majority with nothing better than pitchforks and hedge-stakes. It was the *posse comitatûs* or levy *en masse* which the sheriff had called out, by direction of the Government, to aid the civil power in preserving the peace and quelling the insurrection.

Several noblemen and persons of distinction were amongst them. There was Lord Lonsdale, the lord-lieutenant of the county, a man recorded in history as being "a great patriot and lord of the bed-chamber;" then there was the Bishop of Carlisle, as well as other persons of note, endeavouring to set a good example and inspire the people with valour and loyalty; but apparently not to much purpose. The people stood about in little knots, not knowing exactly what they had been called together for, or what they were expected to do now that they were assembled.

There were two or three persons in that crowd with whom we are not altogether unacquainted.

"Weel, it's aw reight, I s'pose," said a sturdy-looking man. "We be called here to stond up for the king; and stond up for him I will, as sure as my name's Paul Postlethwaite."

This was no other than the worthy farmer of the moorlands, who had received George Dalton so hospitably on the day of his accident in crossing the sands.

"Ay, ay," said another, who, under a rough

countryman's smock-frock might have been recognised as Sir Charles Dalton's shrewd serving-man, Robin Partridge; "ay, we must stand up for the king; but which is king? There are two kings of Brentford, it seems."

"Weel, that's one too many. King George is the mon for me, — he's a gude koind o' mon, they say."

"For my part," said a third, "I don't care a brass farthing who's king, so they would let us live in peace."

"Nor I, neither," said another. And that seemed to be the general opinion amongst *that* knot, at least, except with honest Paul, who still declared he would stick to King George, come what might, and drink his health too, as he had good Queen Anne's before him.

Soon after, the active and wily Robin might have been seen amongst another group. They were discussing the likelihood of beating the rebels.

"Oh," said one, "we shall easily drive back these raggamuffin Scots. I'm told they wear no breeches, and how can a man fight without his breeches, I'd belike to know?"

"Those Scots are awkward customers, I can tell you," said Robin Partridge, with an air of well-assumed alarm; "they lay about them with their broadswords like madmen, — make nothing of striking off a man's leg, or even his head, at a blow,

ay, and eat him afterwards, if they are hard put to it."

"The plague they do!" said the other in alarm. "But see what a number of men we have on our side; the rebels won't be able to stand against us, will they?"

"Will they? Ay, I warrant them. What can such as we do with our hedge-stakes against their sharp broadswords? I wonder why King George, if he *is* king, can't send his soldiers to fight his battles, and not call out peaceable men like us, who know nothing of fighting, to have their throats cut. I call it downright murder, and nothing else."

"I should not wonder," said a gentleman who was looking on, and heard Robin discoursing, "if you were a rebel yourself, and a spy, and deserve hanging."

"A spy! a spy!" cried a number of voices; and Robin might have been roughly handled, but at this moment a shout was heard,—*"Forward! march forward, my men!"* and the sheriffs, and Lord Lonsdale, and other great personages, came riding down the street, crying out, "Now, my good fellows, it's time to march, and shew what loyal men can do for their king and country. Hurrah for King George!"

"Hurrah!" responded a good many voices, but not in the tone of men whose hearts are in the cause.

And so the whole *posse comitatûs* marched, in a

confused manner, down the street, headed by two or three hundred gentlemen on horseback. At a short distance from Penrith they drew up, and halted on a small heath or common,—the leaders attempting to marshal them in something like order, crying out, “Fire-arms, to the front! Cavalry, to the two wings! Pitchforks and hedge-stakes, to the rear!” The rear-guard, it may be supposed, was the most numerous, and not a few of the fire-arms men found themselves amongst the hedge-stakes and pitchforks. However, altogether they made a tolerably imposing show, especially in numbers,—amounting, at a moderate calculation, to fourteen or fifteen thousand men, who, if regularly disciplined, would have beaten the same number, or twice the number, of troops of any nation in the world, as English soldiers always do. But there is a wide difference between English soldiers and an English mob, and perhaps it is as well it is so.

On the opposite side of the heath was a small wood, through which passed the main road to the north. The men of Westmoreland had not long taken up their position, when scouts came riding in with intelligence that the rebels were advancing, and had arrived within a very short distance. The lord-lieutenant addressed his men, and rode up and down on a fine horse; and the Bishop of Carlisle encouraged them to do their duty. Soon after this, a troop of cavalry was seen debouching from the wood, with their swords drawn. As

soon as they had disengaged themselves from the narrow pass, they ranged themselves very leisurely along the edge of the coppice, and stood awaiting the arrival of the rest. Presently another troop advanced, in very good military order, along the same road, and took up its position like the former. Almost immediately the sound of bagpipes was heard,—strange and discordant to English ears, though musical and inspiring to our northern neighbours,—and presently a body of Highlanders appeared, advancing on foot from the same direction. They were armed with targets and claymores. Black plumes waved on the heads of their chiefs; and their many-coloured garments fluttering in the wind gave them a wild and martial air. They marched on in well-disciplined order, obeying with exactness the words of their chiefs, and speedily occupying the position assigned to them.

By this time a great commotion began to be heard amongst the lord-lieutenant's party, beginning with the hedge-stake men, amongst whom our friend Robin was stationed.

“Well, I wish I was safe out o’ this mess. To think I should be such a fool as to come here, fighting against regular soldiers. Only look how their swords glitter in the sun, and their shields and tomahawks. Mercy o’ me, they look like so many wild Indians ready to scalp us. There are ten thousand of them at least. Deuce take me if I’ll stay here to be cut down and butchered like a dog,

by so many cannibals! What do you think, Hodge?"

"Why, I'm o' your mind. I think we might get over that hedge and be off, and nobody see us, or be any the wiser."

However, plenty of their comrades of the hedge-stake *did* see them, and followed their example too; for as soon as one began to run, others ran too, and the rout became general,—hedge-stakes, pitch-forks, fire-arms, and, lastly, the cavalry, with the lord-lieutenant and the bishop to boot,—all fairly took to their heels, followed by the two or three troops of the insurgents who had as yet come up. Scarcely a shot was fired on either side,—the Westmoreland men throwing down their arms without discharging them, in order to get away the faster, and the Jacobites having received strict orders from their leaders to do as little harm to the people as possible. The only blood shed on that memorable battle was that of our friend, Paul Postlethwaite, who had no notion of running for any man, and made a fierce assault upon the first Jacobite that came up. The man, in self-defence, drew a pistol and fired; the ball passed through poor Postlethwaite's sword-arm, and he was taken prisoner. A good many other prisoners were secured, together with horses and arms, which were useful to the insurgents.

Parson Patten swore he would take the bishop prisoner, but his lordship rode too fast for him.

So ended the famous battle of Penrith Heath,—ended almost before it was begun.

A small detachment of the Jacobites was sent forward to seize, if possible, the books of the tax-gatherer; for it was the practice of the insurgents to levy taxes in the king's name, by way of contribution for the subsistence of the troops, and to discountenance all pillage and exaction. But on this occasion the tax-gatherer had taken himself off. The rest of the Jacobite army, which had now come up, halted on Penrith Heath,—the field of battle,—on purpose that they might march into the town in good order, the leaders being extremely anxious not only to present a good appearance, but to prevent all plunder and violence. As soon as they had entered the town, King James was proclaimed in due form, and all good citizens summoned to join his cause; but few obeyed the summons.

The troops stayed that night at Penrith, and refreshed themselves very comfortably, though the inhabitants could not charge them with any rudeness. Some who were inclined to be disorderly proposed to pull down the dissenting meeting-house, but General Forster would by no means allow it. The insurgents, especially the Scots, were in great spirits, and began to think that nothing would stand before them. The leaders, however, were disappointed that they had not been joined by more persons of the country; but the truth was, that most of those who were willing to join them were

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safely lodged as prisoners in Lancaster or Carlisle Castle.

The laurels gained by the Jacobites on the heath of Penrith did not induce them to turn that town into a second Capua, or waste their time in revelling and inactivity. On the contrary, after a short rest they pushed on with their whole army southward, and left the place in its former quietness ;—the only memorable incident being the narrow escape of Mr. Patten from rather ignominious capture. That gentleman, it appears, had stayed behind to take a parting cup with his friends, and had drunk King James's health more zealously than prudently ; the consequence was, that when his comrades marched on, Mr. Patten was in no very fit state to accompany them ; and had not some kind friends placed him on his horse, which knew its way after the army better than he did himself, he would have fallen into the hands of the other party, who returned to the town as soon as it was evacuated by the insurgents.

In truth, Mr. Patten, from his own account of this expedition, which he published in a good-sized volume, was a boastful, forward, empty-headed fellow, who did no good to the cause while he remained with the Jacobites, and was the instrument of much mischief afterwards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The approaching Crisis.

Little wot ye wha's coming;
Jock and Tane and a's coming;
The Laird o' M'Intosh is coming;
M'Kensie and M'Pherson's coming:
 Hark, how the clans are crying!
 See, how the plaids are flying!
Nithesdale's coming; Kenmure's coming;
Derwentwater and Forster's coming:
 Hark, now the clans are near,
 Wi' pipes playing loud and clear;
 The Whigs will find it is nae fun
 When they fa' in wi' Donald Gunn.

Jacobite Song.

It was a few days after the rout at Penrith when two persons—the one an elderly and venerable man, the other a fair young lady—stood on the battlements of Lancaster Castle, looking with anxious eyes over the surrounding country. They were Sir Charles Dalton and his niece Clara. The former, who, it will be remembered, had been arrested at his own house, and conveyed to Lancaster Castle, still continued a prisoner, though not under very strict durance; and Clara found it an agreeable duty to attend upon her uncle in his imprisonment, and

beguile the hours which were weary and anxious enough. The uncle and niece soon conceived a strong regard for each other. They were both high-minded and intellectual. Much as Clara loved her father and brother, she could not long remain ignorant that her uncle's was a superior mind to theirs—more in harmony with her own, more like Edward's. Perhaps the circumstance of his being Edward's father, and reminding her continually of him, may have added to the reverence and affection with which she regarded her uncle.

On the present occasion, the minds of both were ill at ease. Sir Charles Dalton, conscientiously attached to the cause of the Chevalier, could not but be well aware of the dreadful nature of the strife which might be kindled—indeed, was already kindled—in the land, and of the doubtfulness of the issue. Clara's uneasiness was rather of a more private and personal nature; her mind dwelt with fearful apprehension on the contingency of her father and brother being brought into deadly collision with her beloved Edward. The tide of war was fast approaching, and a crisis might soon be expected. The contest of party must ere long be brought to the issue of the sword. The claim of the rival kings depended on the approaching events. As regarded the cause itself, her mind was doubtful, though inclined rather to the party which Edward and her uncle had espoused. But how could she wish success to their cause, at the expense, perhaps, of the

lives of her father and brother? Her only consolation was, to repose her confidence on the mercy of Divine providence, and hope for the best: what the best might be, she was unable to decide.

The view from the battlements, on which they stood, extended over a wide expanse of country, taking in the windings of the river, which ran in front, and reaching far onward to the snow-capped hills of Westmoreland. Clara's mind would often revert to the happy summer days she had spent amongst the lakes and mountains; and, as she wrapped her cloak more closely around her to shield herself from the November blast, she felt that the chill of outward nature was but too much in unison with the dreariness of her present prospects. She had several times heard of Edward; and once she had received a letter in his own handwriting, informing her of his safety, and containing warm expressions of continued attachment; but of his views and prospects he said nothing. In truth, the communication was so much interrupted, that it would have been imprudent in him to have spoken of the state of King James's affairs, lest his letter should fall into different hands from those for which it was designed.

"See," said Clara to her uncle, as they looked from the battlements, "there is a body of horsemen approaching. They are some of our own troops, are they not—those, I mean, that went this morning from the castle?"

Sir Charles looked for a while, and then answered in the affirmative. "It is Colonel Dalton and George, with their men: they have been out to reconnoitre. They are coming back at a smart pace, and will soon be here."

The little party consisted of about a score of dragoons, the rest of the regiment having been drafted off some while before to join General Carpenter at Newcastle. They approached at a fast trot; and as soon as they had crossed the bridge, halted and faced about.

At the same moment a loud shouting was heard from the battlements, not far from the place where Clara and her uncle were standing. It proceeded from a number of prisoners, who had been brought chiefly from Manchester, where they had been recently engaged in a riot, and in consequence had been sent for security to Lancaster gaol: they were waving their hats and handkerchiefs, with great exultation, in the direction from which the dragoons had just come.

Sir Charles looked again in the same quarter, and saw plainly in the distance the head of a column approaching along the road.

"Ah! I thought so," said Sir Charles; "there are King James's troops close behind; they are in full march upon the town. Surely Colonel Dalton is not going to defend the bridge with his handful of men?"

The Jacobite army was now fast approaching.

First came several bodies of cavalry, which might be recognised by their different colours—Lord Derwentwater's, Lord Kenmure's, and Lord Nithsdale's troops, the English wearing red and white cockades, the Scotch blue and white : they advanced in very tolerable order, though not quite with such exact discipline as regular troops. After these followed the Highlanders on foot. The rear was brought up by some more bodies of cavalry. They came on with drums beating, bagpipes playing, and banners flying. As the Jacobite army approached, it halted on the rising ground opposite the town, and presented an imposing appearance, being in all about 2000 men—as nearly as possible the same number which had crossed the Border. Some few had joined, and some deserted, since they began their march into England ; but their aggregate number remained much as it had been. They halted some time on the brow of the hill, waiting apparently for some signal or information from the town. The officers assembled in the front, and appeared engaged in taking a view of the position ; and then after a while the army was again put in motion, and the men, giving three shouts, advanced upon the bridge. Lord Derwentwater's troop took the lead.

Was it, then, really so, that Clara was doomed to witness, with her own eyes, the actual strife of those so dear to her ? Was the crisis actually come ? Her heart throbbed violently ; her sight

almost failed her ; and she would have sunk down, but that the intensity of the interest kept her mind on the stretch. Sir Charles begged his niece to leave her position, and descend into the castle, and there await the result. But she was unable to withdraw herself from a scene of such painful interest, and stood with her uncle in harrowing suspense, watching the two parties which seemed just about to come into deadly collision.

At this time a good deal of tumult was heard in the town, and the inhabitants thronged towards the bridge.

“ Look ! ” said Sir Charles, “ there are men with pickaxes ; they are going to destroy the bridge with them ; no, they are going to blow it up ; I see casks of gunpowder. They will fire the train just as the head of the column passes. I fear many lives will be sacrificed. But, no : there are the mayor and the magistrates remonstrating with the colonel. The inhabitants will not let him destroy their fine bridge. What will be done ? The colonel must give way—he cannot stand against fifty times his number of troops in front, and a hostile mob in the rear.”

Such, in truth, was the position of Colonel Dalton with his handful of men. The loud remonstrances of the townspeople, whom he wished not to exasperate, prevented him from putting into execution his design of blowing up the bridge. But to maintain it against the overwhelming numbers which were bearing down upon him was out of the

question. Besides, he was informed, and knew very well, that the destruction of the bridge would check the insurgent army but for a few hours; for that when the tide was out, the river was easily fordable. He therefore gave up his design; and, coolly ordering his men to throw the gunpowder into the river, lest it should be of use to the enemy, gave the signal to mount into their saddles, and, with his men, rode unmolested from the town, amidst the silence of the people.

There was no time to return to the castle without risking the loss of his little troop, which Colonel Dalton knew the king could ill spare, and he was not the man to sacrifice public to private interests. He sent, however, two of his men to bring Clara, if possible, with them after him on horseback. But before she was prepared to leave the castle, the bridge was passed by the insurgents; and Lord Derwentwater's troop, with Edward at their head, was galloping up the street.

Arriving at the castle-gate, Edward flung himself from his horse, and loudly demanded instant admission, which those within were not in a condition to refuse. The gates were thrown open, and the castle was soon in the occupation of the insurgents.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Edward with Clara and his father under such exciting and uncertain circumstances. Clara's emotions were chiefly those of gratitude—no blood had been

shed; and Edward and his father rejoiced to meet again after so anxious a separation, and congratulated each other on the hitherto promising posture of affairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

A further Advance.

For a' your powdered periwigs,
An' a' your muslin cravats,
An' a' your fifteen hundred marks,
Ye'll na' be king for a' that ;
For a' that and a' that,
And thrice as much as a' that.

Jacobite Song.

ANXIOUS and doubtful were the thoughts of those composing the little army at Lancaster. The chiefs met together at the castle to talk over the events that had happened ; and according to their respective temperament, their words indicated hope or apprehension.

“ Take good heart, my lord,” said Edward to Lord Widdrington, who looked somewhat gloomy : “ we have been successful hitherto ; let us hope our success may continue.”

“ We have got on hitherto certainly tolerably well, because there has been no one to oppose us,” said his lordship. “ As to the rout of the *posse comitatûs* at Penrith, I count nothing of that. It was but a mere mob got together, who were sure to run as soon as they were attacked.”

“ However,” replied Edward, “ their running

away in such a hurry proves, at least, that they had no great zeal for the Elector of Hanover."

"And their coming together at all for his support shews that their hearts are not with us."

"Well, we are in pretty good quarters for the present, any how," said Edward, knowing that that was an important part of Lord Widdrington's calculation.

"True, true," said his lordship, his face looking rather more radiant than it had been before.

"I wish we could see more of the gentry of the country joining us," said Oxburgh.

"We must shew them what we can do first," replied Shafto.

"If our cause is lost," said General Forster, "it will be the fault of the Tories. They are wondrously hearty in the cause over their bottle—pot-valiant enough, truly, and will drink as many bumpers as you please to High Church and Ormond; and make you believe that they are ready to encounter all the world in the cause of their king and country; but when the time comes for venturing their carcasses in support of their principles, no, thank you; they shrink back, and pull in their horns like a snail in his shell. 'Look before you leap,' is their motto, then. I must say, the Roman Catholics have shewn themselves honest men, though they did not make half the bluster that the Tories did beforehand. Take my advice, gentlemen, and you will never again trust a drunken Tory."

This was said with some bitterness, and none ventured to contradict it. In truth, they were all aware, and felt to their cost, that the Tories had betrayed their cause. It was mainly in consequence of their promises of aid that the insurrection had been undertaken, and now scarcely a man amongst them joined their standard. The papists had kept their word, and acted honourably, but the High-Church Tories had failed them almost to a man. True it was that many had been arrested by the government, and so prevented from joining their friends. Still, there were many at large who might have joined them, and had promised to do so, but did not. One cause of the lukewarmness, no doubt, was a want of confidence in those who were at the head of the movement. What Edward had said before they crossed the Border was perfectly true. In a movement like theirs, every thing depended on a show of promptness and vigour. Had they seized Newcastle, or beat or even driven back Carpenter with his dragoons, or taken Dumfries, and attacked Argyle in the rear, as Lord Winton advised, they would have established a reputation for courage and conduct, and many would have joined them who now shrunk back. But they had neither done nor attempted any thing of the sort: all that they had accomplished was to get the start of Carpenter's dragoons, and march southward. The rout at Penrith served, indeed, to keep up the spirits of those who knew little of the matter; but the mere dispersion of an unarmed mob

was not a sufficiently valorous exploit to induce the waverers and doubtful to think better of their cause. General Forster ought to have been aware that his own want of spirit was one cause of the disappointment he had met with.

However, it was necessary for the leaders to put the best face they could on the matter. They were in for it, and must go on; to retreat was now impossible. Some proposed to remain at Lancaster, fortify the castle, hoist King James's standard, and invite their friends to rally round it. Others argued that this would only give the government more time to collect forces to oppose them; and that if any in those parts intended to join them, they would have done so already; and that by standing still, they were less likely to gain friends. Great indecision prevailed amongst the leaders; and, as on a former occasion, they seemed likely to disperse without having come to any decision. At this moment Lord Nithesdale entered the room. He was one of the most zealous and energetic amongst them, and one of the most sanguine of success.

"Good news from Manchester," said he. "Mr. Widdrington has just come from thence, and brings intelligence that the mob has been up, proclaimed King James, and pulled down another meeting-house; and there are numbers of volunteers, with arms in their hands, ready to join us."

"Ay, if we ever get there," said Mr. Quartermaster Calderwood,—or Cauldblood, as the Scots

called him, from his croaking and desponding tone. However, he was a good quartermaster, and took care to provide comfortable lodgings for the officers, whatever he did for the men.

"It is clearly our best plan," said Oxburgh, addressing the meeting, "to push on straight to Preston, thence to Warrington-bridge, which will give us the command of the passage of the Mersey, and prevent relief being sent to Liverpool. We shall then be able to co-operate with our friends both at Manchester and Liverpool. Mr. Paul has just arrived, and says that Carpenter is three days' march behind us, with his horses all broken down with fatigue."

"What news of the enemy in the south?" said Lord Widdrington.

"Oh, there cannot be any troops," said Shafto, "very near us in that direction, or we should have heard from our Lancashire friends, who have promised to send us the first intelligence. The government dare not move another regiment from London or the west of England, or there would be an insurrection directly. We have it all before us."

"I wish it may prove so," said Quartermaster Cauldblood, in an under tone.

Here Robin Partridge arrived with the intelligence, which was highly satisfactory to the Jacobite leaders, and was really of importance, namely, that they had found a vessel lying in the river with six pieces of cannon on board, besides grape-shot and ammunition. "Just what we want," said Oxburgh;

"let us have them on shore directly, and get the guns mounted on wheels for to-morrow's march."

"We shall never get wheels made in one night," said Lord Widdrington.

"If it please your worships," said Robin, "I think we might borrow a few pair of wheels that would serve our turn."

"How so, Robin?" said Lord Derwentwater.

"Why, my lord, there are several highly respectable Whigs in the town, who ride in their coaches. Sir Henry Houghton, the Whig member, is gone off in such a hurry that he left both his coach and horses behind him. We might, perhaps, venture to borrow them for King James's service."

Robin's proposal was approved, and speedily put in execution. Small liberties of this sort were allowable; though, it must be said in justice to the leaders of the insurrection, that there never was an army got together that did so little wanton mischief or took less plunder. To be sure, the Highlanders must have their tobacco and brandy, cost what it might; but all these things were generally paid for honestly out of the taxes which were levied in King James's name, with tolerably strict impartiality, at each place they came to.

It was with anxious doubtful hearts that on the morrow the little army again set out from Lancaster. The day was cold and rainy, and the ways deep and miry. The cavalry pushed on to Preston, and the foot kept up as well as they could. Young Murray

and Lord Nairne's brother, clad in their Highland costume, marched at the head of their respective troops, and greatly encouraged them by their example; striding on manfully through the mire, and sharing the fatigue with the common soldiers, they shewed themselves determined to endure in common with the men all the hardships of the campaign. Nothing so inspirits common soldiers as the sympathy of their chiefs; and, truly, they needed something to inspirit them; for though they had as yet met with no decided reverse, their cause had made no progress; and every day brought them into a position of more peril, and one from which they would have more difficulty in retreating if they should sustain defeat. The Scots were a long way from their native hills and valleys, and in the midst of a strange people, who, if not to be considered enemies, could scarcely be looked on as friends. In fact, the people in the towns through which they passed were ill pleased with the trouble they were put to, and viewed them with little cordiality. However, on they went, and arrived that night at Garstang, and proceeded the next day to Preston. It had been arranged that Clara should travel with her uncle in the rear of the army until an opportunity should arrive of placing her again under the protection of her father, or sending her to whatever place he should direct. Until that time her uncle was to be her protector.

At Preston they were joined by a good many

friends, but almost all Papists, which was a great disappointment, because the insurrection began daily to assume more and more the appearance of being confined exclusively to those of the Romish communion, which rendered it more unlikely than ever that the English Church-party would join them in any numbers. Preston had been occupied by two troops of Stanhope's dragoons; but they withdrew at the approach of the insurgents, who began to boast that the king's troops dare not look them in the face. Little did they know that the storm was fast gathering round them and ready to burst upon their heads, and that they had arrived at the place where the trial was to be made of their mettle, and their enterprise come to a crisis.

General Forster had all along had good intelligence of Carpenter and his troops, who were in his rear, but unfortunately he trusted too much to his friends in Lancashire for intelligence of those advancing in front; and, from some unaccountable cause, he was quite ignorant of the advance of a formidable force, which the government had despatched under General Willis, until his troops were as near as Wigan. Forster had even given orders to his men to march on Saturday morning to Manchester, and could scarce credit the report when he was told that General Willis, with a formidable army, was on his way to attack him at Preston.

The outposts of the two armies met at Ribblesbridge, a short distance to the south of Preston.

The bridge was defended by Colonel John Farquharson, a veteran soldier, with about a hundred stout well-armed men—the best perhaps in the Jacobite army. Had the leaders of the insurgents known any thing of generalship, they might with ease have defended the bridge, and so prevented the junction of Generals Carpenter and Willis; but by some strange fatality, they withdrew their men from this advantageous position, and resolved to defend themselves within the town of Preston.

Willis, finding to his surprise that the road was clear, speedily led his troops across the bridge, and spread them round the town, so as to prevent the insurgents from any longer being able to effect a retreat, had they been disposed to do so. They were fairly caught in a trap; advance was no longer possible; retreat was equally impracticable. They were, like wild beasts, brought to bay, and had no alternative but to fight or surrender.

CHAPTER XX.

The Jacobites at bay.

Oh, bravely do the laddies fight
When they ken they're in the right.

Jacobite Song.

WHATEVER may have been the wisdom or folly of cooping themselves up within the town of Preston, the Jacobites were not idle or faint-hearted, but determined to make preparation for a good defence. Accordingly, they set to work in earnest to barricade the streets, and post their men in the best situations to resist the attacks of the enemy.

In the confusion of the scene which now ensued, we must follow the movements of our more particular friends. Edward Dalton, Lords Derwentwater, Nithesdale, Kenmure, and several other leaders, were posted in the churchyard which commands one of the principal streets; their business being to resist and drive back any body of the king's troops that might attempt to enter the town in that quarter. And here it was easy to see how, in times of difficulty, the more energetic minds are found to take the lead, and those whose duty it is to com-

mand listen willingly to the suggestions of men inferior in station. Edward had long been the life and soul of his troop, and by his energy had exercised considerable influence on the chiefs in general. Had his age and station been more suitable to command, the operations of the insurgent army would have been, at any rate, more vigorous than they had been.

“Come, my men,” said he, “it is time to set to work in earnest. What say you, my lord, suppose we run out those two lumbering waggons that stand in the inn-yard, and upset them towards the bottom of the street, with a trench in front, leaving two or three houses to post our men in on the outside of the barricade?”

“Well thought of, Edward. Here, Robin Partridge, take twelve men, and follow Mr. Dalton’s directions in placing those two waggons across the street; and let some more of you go for picks and spades to dig the trench.”

Edward, however, was not a man to give instructions only. The secret of success on such occasions is for a leader not to say “*go on*, my lads,” but “*come on*,” to shew himself foremost in the work. Edward was soon stripped to his shirt-sleeves, and working as hard as any of the men.

“Some of that timber from the joiner’s yard would be useful to fix against the waggons, and make barriers. Saunders and Tomkins, you are good hands at carpenter’s work; take a score of men

and pick out some of the best pieces ; and, I dare say, the joiners will not mind your using some of their tools. King James will pay the damage."

"Yes, when he comes," said Quartermaster Cauldblood, in a low voice ; but few heard it or attended.

Edward's enthusiasm soon communicated itself to those around. All hands were speedily at work. Lord Derwentwater himself was seen with his coat off, and working as hard as any. The waggons and timber were placed so as to form a strong barricade ; and trenches were cast up to impede the progress of the enemy.

"Now, Macintosh, how shall we post our men?" said Edward ; "you are the best at that work."

Brigadier Macintosh proceeded to dispose the men according to his judgment. Some were placed, under the command of Capt. Hunter, in the houses without the barrier, so as to take the assailants in flank, if they advanced to the barricade, care being taken to keep up the communication between the houses in the rear. Others were posted in several old houses with projecting windows, which commanded the whole length of the street ; and they protected themselves from the fire of the enemy by a breast-work of mattresses and feather-beds. Some of the best marksmen were stationed behind the barricade itself. The officers went from place to place, encouraging the men, amongst whom, in truth, there was no want of bravery and determination.

The general, too, rode up to each of the barriers on horseback, and inspected all the preparations, in order to see that every means had been taken which were likely to contribute to the defence of the town.

When all preparations had been made, the party became anxious to know what the enemy were about. Some said they would not dare to attack them; others shook their heads. Upon this, Mr. Patten (who went by the name of Parson Patten), always eager and forward, though not much to be depended on, volunteered his services to go and reconnoitre. So he mounted his horse, the barrier was opened, and out he went in his clerical habit, hoping thereby to be allowed to pass freely. Nothing was seen of him for some time. All were waiting in anxious expectation, until at length two or three shots were fired at no great distance, and presently the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and Parson Patten came galloping up the street, urging on his horse with all his might. The poor beast was evidently wounded, and just ere it reached the barricade fell dead on the pavement.

Mr. Patten was raised from the ground, and brought within the barricade, more frightened than hurt. All he could say was, that a body of men was in full march, and would be upon them in ten minutes at the farthest.

"Now is the time to shew your mettle," said Macintosh; "three cheers for King James!"

Accordingly three hearty cheers were raised,

and every man was prepared to do his duty. The ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before the enemy were seen advancing in regular order up the street. The steady pace at which they marched, the completeness of their equipment, and the precision with which they obeyed orders, gave them a formidable appearance. But, as they were unprovided with artillery, it was no easy work that they had before them, to force a guarded barricade. The Jacobites awaited their approach. Then you might see the difference of men's temperaments. Some looked deadly pale; others were flushed and excited; others affected to laugh and joke; others looked calm, serious, and determined: these last were the men to do their duty well. It was no pleasant work, as many of the leaders of the insurgents now felt, to have to fire upon their fellow-countrymen; yet there was no help for it. If they did not kill their enemies, they would, to a certainty, be killed themselves.

King George's men had now advanced within musket-shot, and a destructive fire was opened upon them from all directions, which they returned, though without being able to direct their aim with any advantage. Advancing in a close column up the narrow street, they afforded a broad mark to the insurgents posted in the houses and at the barricade, who delivered their shot securely, and with good aim. As they advanced nearer, they became exposed to the cross fire from the men under Hun-

ter, placed in the houses on the sides of the streets. The old and gallant soldiers began to fall fast, and get into some confusion. The barricade, and trench, and houses, seemed alive with enemies, who were themselves secure from annoyance; and the officers, perceiving plainly that the barricade was not to be taken by a *coup de main*, thought best to draw off their men, who retired in good order, though not without considerable loss, to the entrance of the town.

Meanwhile the sound of firing was heard in several other quarters. The king's troops had made a simultaneous attack on the three other barricades; but with little better success. In one part of the town, indeed, they had succeeded in obtaining possession of several large houses, in the outskirts, which they filled with men, and annoyed the Jacobites by firing from them; but in general they suffered much more severely than those whom they attacked.

While affairs were in this position, information was given to General Willis that the street leading to Wigan was less carefully defended than the rest: it was a long narrow street, and had at first been occupied like the rest, and partially barricaded; but when it was found that no attack was made in that quarter, most of the men had been drawn off to defend the other barricades. A strong detachment of King George's dismounted dragoons were now ordered to this quarter; and meeting with little or no

opposition, had removed the barricade, driven all before them, and were marching straight into the town.

A shout was raised that the enemy had effected an entrance; and the alarm spread from street to street. Lord Charles Murray, who commanded in that quarter, sent urgent demands for reinforcements. By this time Lord Derwentwater and Edward Dalton, with their men, had cleared their own quarter of their assailants, and driven them fairly out of the town. Edward at once volunteered to go to the aid of his friend Lord Charles. Taking with him fifty good men and true, he speedily crossed the churchyard, and arrived at the post of danger. Meanwhile General Forster had sent another detachment, dragging with them one of the cannon which had been captured at Lancaster. This was pointed against the advancing enemy. The only man to be found who pretended to any knowledge of gunnery was a sailor, who, unfortunately, had been so zealous in drinking King James's health, that he was a good deal more than half seas-over. The consequence was, that he took such bad aim, that all the harm he did was to knock down one of the chimneys at the other end of the street. The enemy still steadily advanced; there was just time to load and fire again. A bag of grape was hastily rammed down, the gun again pointed, and fired this time with evident effect. A gap was made in the advancing column; they staggered for a moment,

then closed their ranks, and continued to advance. It was at this moment that Edward arrived with his reinforcement : it was but just in time.

“ Follow me ! ” said he, as he fell sword in hand on the enemy ; and the stout Highlanders who were with him were not slow in obeying his order. It was just the sort of fighting which suited them—the only manœuvre they knew, to charge with their broadswords, and lay about them until they either broke the enemy or fell themselves.

The struggle was for a short time severe ; but the king’s troops, being fired on from the houses as well as attacked in front, at last gave way, and retreated at a quick pace down the street, followed by Edward’s men.

As Edward rushed after them, he perceived a young man standing over the body of an officer, who lay wounded on the ground, and defending him against two or three assailants, who pressed hardly on him. It was George Dalton protecting his wounded father.

“ Hold, hold ! for pity’s sake ! ” said Edward to his men : “ it is my uncle !—George, give up your sword, and render yourself prisoner.”

George evidently hesitated.

“ It is the only way to save your father’s life ; your men are all driven back. It is madness to resist.”

By this time they were completely surrounded by the Jacobites ; and George, perceiving that there

was no hope of escape, reluctantly yielded his sword. Edward, from a sense of delicacy, refused to receive it himself, and George surrendered himself prisoner to Lord Charles Murray.

Edward was a great favourite with the men ; and as soon as they heard that his uncle was wounded and a prisoner, they willingly rendered every assistance in their power. A mattress was speedily brought from one of the houses, and the wounded man placed upon it, and conveyed to Edward's lodgings.

By this time daylight was drawing to a close, and the fighting had ceased in most quarters of the town, the king's troops being repulsed, and many of them killed or wounded, or taken prisoners. In only one quarter had they made any impression, and established themselves in some of the houses in the town. Here the two parties continued to annoy each other by firing after it was dark, though with little damage to either side. With the exception of a dropping fire in this direction, the engagement had ceased for the day.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Wounded Man.

But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seemed a humbled and heart-broken man.

Philip von Artevelde.

DURING this eventful day Clara and her uncle had remained shut up in their little lodging, in one of the back streets of the town, apart from the principal scenes of tumult. Sir Charles, an aged man of peace, unused to scenes of strife and tumult, and unfit, from age and habits, either to command or serve, though disposed to aid the cause of King James, was persuaded by his son to remain quiet, rather than take part in a fray in which he could be of no service. Clara sat weeping over the sad events; each shot that was fired, and the occasional roar of the cannon, appeared to her as the death-knell of a father, a brother, or a lover. Her anticipations of evil were, alas, too true.

It was towards the close of the day, when an unusual bustle was heard in the street in which the house was situated. The sounds of voices and steps approached nearer and nearer; and presently

a loud impatient knocking was heard at the door of the house itself. Clara looked from the window, and beheld a sight which struck an icy chill into her heart, and caused her to tremble from head to foot. A body, stretched on a rude bier or litter, was just being borne into the passage, on the shoulders of four men. The first thought that struck her was, that it was the body of Edward—wounded, perhaps dead. The blood curdled at her heart, and she almost sank lifeless to the floor. Then the voice of Edward was heard giving directions, strong and manly as usual. She felt greatly relieved. It could not be Edward stretched on the litter. Her father and brother, she supposed, were not in the town. She knew not what to think, or what to do. Presently, Edward himself appeared, flushed with exertion, but with the tears starting in his eyes. He checked his emotion as much as he was able.

“Dear Clara,” he said, “you have a sad duty to perform: do not be alarmed, all may yet be well; but at present your wounded father claims your care.”

Edward had not miscalculated the strength of Clara’s mind when he resolved to bring her wounded father and place him under her care as the fittest nurse.

Though the shock was severe, yet her sense of duty, as well as her strong filial affection, enabled her at once to master her feelings; and all

her energy was directed to the care of her parent. The best surgeon whose services could be procured was soon on the spot. The colonel's wounds were found to be severe; one grape-shot had broken the bone of his leg, another had pierced his body: the broken leg was soon set and bandaged; but the surgeon in vain endeavoured to find the ball which had entered the body. The colonel bore with admirable fortitude the excruciating torture to which he was put, and was well aware of his danger. When the surgeon had done all that he was able, the wounded man desired to be left at peace. His high spirit was subdued, but not quelled. He felt that, if he died, he had fallen in the performance of his duty as a soldier. There was no stain on his honour: it was the chance of war that had befallen him; or, rather, it was the will of God, and he submitted. The pain and suffering which he endured, instead of exasperating, had softened his heart.

"Edward," he said, in a low voice, after a silence of some length, "if it please God that I should recover, I shall owe my life to you: it was you that saved me from being slain in the heat of the battle, and brought me to those who will care for me, and will do every thing that is possible to save my life."

"I pray God, my dear uncle, that you may be spared to us, and that your sufferings may be lightened. Nothing shall be left undone that either your children or I can do for your preservation."

"We must submit to God's pleasure," said the wounded man. "While I live I shall feel the debt which I owe you for your exertions to save me when I was wounded, and for your great kindness since. I trust, if God spare my life, I shall be able to shew my gratitude in saving you from the peril you are in."

"I thank you heartily, my dear uncle, for your kind intention," said Edward; "but I trust I may not need your protection—I mean, in the way you seem to intimate."

Col. Dalton. Ah, you little know your position. You are inexperienced; and your young blood is up. But you are a lost man: all of you are lost men.

Edward. Why, we have been successful hitherto, and repulsed every attack made upon us.

Col. Dalton. Yes; but fresh troops will soon be upon you. Carpenter with his men will be here by daybreak; you will be surrounded on all sides.

Edward. We have been led to expect that many of his men will join us.

"Not a man—not a man!" said the colonel, with decision; "your friends do not join you, much less can you expect your enemies to do so. You are cooped up in this town like fish in a net; nothing can save you from being put to the sword or made prisoners. The only chance is to make the best terms you are able. But you have no heads

among you : you have some dashing young fellows, who may make good soldiers, if they live long enough ; but your leaders are mere old women, utterly without experience, and incompetent in such matters. They have brought you into a scrape from which they are unable to set you free."

Edward's countenance fell at this information ; for he knew his uncle's skill in military matters, and could not suppose that he would attempt to deceive him. Hitherto he had been buoyed up by hope of success ; and though his judgment disapproved of many of the steps which had been taken by the leaders, yet, on the whole, affairs appeared to tend to a prosperous issue ; at least, there seemed no reason to despond. But the decided opinion of his uncle, of whose practical knowledge he was well aware, opened his eyes to the real position of his cause ; and the conviction flashed upon him, that an ill-disciplined body of men like the insurgent army, led by officers of no experience, and at variance among themselves, could have no chance of eventually withstanding the attacks of the well-trained troops and experienced officers who were now gathering around them on every side. Perhaps the moment when a sense of imminent peril first occupies the mind is one of greater consternation than after the peril has been fully contemplated, and the imagination accustomed to dwell on it. Edward remained for some while silent, and the expression of his coun-

tenance shewed plainly the disagreeable nature of his thoughts.

After a while the colonel again spoke in a low but earnest voice.

"Edward, it would grieve me to hear of your death by the sword, still more of your being made prisoner. You are a marked man, and will not be spared. You understand me?"

Edward answered in the affirmative.

"There is only one way for you to escape. Willis's troops are too few to surround the town entirely. Get together half-a-score of your best men and horses, and make a dash through the enemy, across the meadow land, on the Liverpool side, then make the best of your way to the sea-coast; it is your only chance, believe me."

Edward did not pause to answer. "No, my dear uncle," he said; "your advice is kindly meant, but I cannot take it. I have chosen my part, and come what may, I will not leave my comrades till the last."

"You are a brave boy," said the colonel, pressing his hand: "I believe if I were in your place I should do the same. George and Clara, hear what I am going to say. It may be the last request of your dying parent. I feel that this wound is severe, and expect that it will prove my death. But take this as my last injunction, that you leave nothing undone to save Edward's life, if he be taken prisoner, as he will be. Clara, I need not say more

words to urge you to perform this duty; nor, indeed, you George. Go to the king, if need be, and tell him that it was the dying request of one who fell in his cause, that he would spare his nephew. Let the service of one branch of the family be set against the demerits of the other."

George and Clara solemnly promised obedience to their father's wishes. The colonel was much agitated by his exertion: all, therefore, joined in begging that he would now cease to fatigue himself with speaking, and endeavour to take that repose which he so much needed.

The night was now advancing apace. Edward went forth to see how affairs were going on, and to perform such duties as were required of him. For several hours he took charge of the watch in the quarter allotted to his troop. A dropping shot or two was still heard in the part of the town where the enemy had effected a lodgment, in the houses of the outskirts. Occasionally, too, the sky was illumined by the blaze of fires which had been kindled by either party, in barns or out-houses, in order to enable them to conduct their operations; but there were no symptoms of a night-attack being made. At two hours after midnight he was relieved by a brother officer, and retired to his lodgings to obtain, if possible, a little rest; but his mind was so excited by the events of the day, and especially by the sad event of his uncle's wound, that it was long ere he could close his eyes in sleep,

and his sleep was even then feverish and interrupted. He dreamed of strife and bloodshed : sometimes he fancied that both his uncle and cousin had fallen ; then he dreamed that he himself was on the losing side ; his sword was broken ; his powder was spent ; his men disobeyed his commands : at last his arms were pinioned, he was carried, without the possibility of resistance, to trial and execution. All seemed hopeless and forlorn ; when presently he found himself again with Clara, standing hand in hand, beside the murmuring waterfall of Lodore.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Capitulation.

There's some folk in yon town,
In yon town, in yon town ;
There's some folk in yon town,
I trow, that should na be.

Old Ballad.

THE next day was Sunday, but no day of rest to either party. News had been spread through the town of the arrival of Carpenter, with a reinforcement to the enemy. He had followed the insurgents for many days in Scotland ; and his men being much wearied, and the horses still more so for want of forage ; supposing, too, that the insurgents had proceeded on their march northwards, and gone over the mountains to join the army under Mar, he had returned back to Newcastle. Here he received an express from Sir Henry Haughton, informing him of the arrival of the Jacobite army at Lancaster. Upon which, he put his troops in motion ; and by forced marches over steep hills and deep ways, he had brought his men on the Saturday to Clithero ; where receiving information by another express of

the fighting at Preston, he had advanced by forced marches during the night, and arrived at that place on the Sunday morning.

The news of his arrival soon passed from mouth to mouth, and caused great excitement amongst the Jacobites. The town was the scene of the wildest tumult. A report had been spread, as evil reports always will, that the leaders had determined to surrender; and the indignation of the soldiers, especially the Highlanders, was roused to the uttermost. "What!" said they; "when we have hitherto advanced successfully, and repulsed every attack that has been made on us, are we now basely to lay down our arms, and place ourselves at the mercy of our enemies? We will die first."

This disturbance was at its height as Edward Dalton passed from his lodgings, and entered the main street of the town. The street was full of soldiers, in a state of great excitement, disputing furiously. One man lay dead on the ground, having been slain by his comrades; and several others had been wounded in the fray. As Edward approached he was recognised by the men.

"Here is Mr. Dalton," said one; "he is not for surrendering, I know."

"Surrendering! No, God forbid!" said Edward. "I will fight with you to the last."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dalton!" said the men: "he is of the right sort; he will not betray us."

Edward passed on through the crowd until he

arrived at the Mitre, which was the principal inn of the town, and had been chosen as the head-quarters of the general, and soon found himself in the council of officers. Here the confusion was quite equal to that in the street below. Forster (to do him justice) was no coward, but totally wanting in that decision and promptitude which are necessary for the command of troops under difficult circumstances. He had undertaken the command in the full expectation that simultaneous risings would have taken place in other parts of England; but being disappointed in this expectation, and finding, when too late, the backwardness of the Tories to join him, he had at an early period despaired of success, and was anxious to make the best terms he was able. A bolder and more skilful man might, even at the present juncture, have availed himself of the spirit of his troops to meet the enemy; he might have fought a battle with the king's army with good hope of success. For though his men were deficient in discipline, they were full of mettle, and were equal in numbers to the enemy, even after the junction of Carpenter and Willis. Had he won the battle, and dispersed the king's troops, it is not unlikely that many who held back would have declared themselves friends of the Pretender; though, from what had already occurred, it is not probable that the cause could have been retrieved. At any rate, however, better terms might have been made after a successful battle than under present circumstances.

Had he been unsuccessful, he might, at the least, have forced his way through the troops that surrounded the town, and, retreating back to Scotland, have joined Mar, and escaped at last amongst the mountains or by sea. But Forster was not the man for any dashing exploit ; nor, in fact, were any of the principal leaders. They were most of them more politicians than soldiers : more able to foment an insurrection than bring it to a successful issue.

Forster sat at the head of the council-table, surrounded by Oxburgh, Shafto, Widdrington, Derwentwater, and others, looking very crest-fallen. To complete their disasters, it had just been discovered, or at least was stated, that their ammunition was well nigh expended, and that they had not powder enough to defend the barricades with another day, if they attempted to do so. Opposite the general were some of the younger officers in a state of great excitement. General Forster had just announced his determination to surrender.

“Never shall you surrender if I can prevent it,” said young Charles Murray, drawing a pistol from his belt, and cocking it. Say the word again, and you are a dead man.”

Edward Dalton seized the arm of Murray, beseeching him to control his passion : the pistol went off, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.

This incident somewhat tended to calm the feelings of the party. The violence of the young officer was so evidently excessive and improper, that

the opinion of others was biassed against the measure which he and his companions had been urging. They who cannot control their tempers almost invariably lose their point. Murray, whose mind was wrought up to madness, was persuaded to leave the room; and the discussion was continued more rationally, or at least more calmly. Edward endeavoured to restore confidence, and to induce the leaders to adopt vigorous measures. He proposed that they should at once collect their men, and in a body sally from the town; should give battle to the enemy; and, if not successful in defeating them, should endeavour to effect a retreat northward. The bolder among the council were loud in seconding the proposal, and it seemed likely to be carried, when an objection was put by some one in the background,—Quartermaster Cauldblood probably, though he did not stand forward,—that though a retreat was possible for the cavalry, yet that the foot-regiments would be left to the mercy of the enemy. Edward indignantly disclaimed such an intention, and declared that he would stand by the main body as long as fifty men could be kept together; but the objection had its weight, and so many difficulties were raised, that the party for the surrender soon found themselves the more powerful. Oxburgh declared that he was acquainted with many officers in the king's army; and that if he were sent forth to treat, he was sure of obtaining good terms. Many would not hear of the suggestion to treat at all; but For-

ster appeased them by saying that there could be no harm in treating ; they need not accept the terms if they did not like them : and so an opening was made ; the small end of the wedge was got in, and Oxburgh was authorised to go and parley with the king's general about a surrender. The treaty was commenced without the knowledge of the main body of the insurgents. " Certain it is," says the historian, speaking of Oxburgh, " that that gentleman, had his design been known, would never have seen Tyburn ; for he had been shot dead by the consent of all the common men before he had gone out of the barrier." However, he went forth without the knowledge of the men, and made such a bargain for them as, in truth, was the only one likely under the circumstances of the case ; but which, had not their officers thus abandoned them, the soldiers would not have yielded to. It had been put forth and commonly believed amongst the men, that the king's general had offered honourable terms ; and it was afterwards confidently affirmed that promises to spare their lives had been made. It is but justice, however, to Generals Willis and Carpenter to say that no other terms were ever offered, except that the insurgents should lay down their arms and surrender at discretion, submitting themselves to the king's mercy ; the generals, promising that they would in that case save them from being cut to pieces by their troops until they received further orders ; but no other promise was made. In the midst of the confusion a cessa-

tion of arms was at last agreed on by the leaders, preparatory to capitulation ; and a drummer was sent by the king's general on horseback to beat a chamade ; but to shew the temper of the insurgents, and their determination not to yield, the poor fellow was shot dead in his saddle as he was beating his drum.

At length a suspension of arms was effected, and it was agreed that the insurgents should be allowed till seven o'clock the next day to determine on the surrender ; Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Macintosh being delivered up as hostages for the fulfilment of the conditions, that no new entrenchments should be thrown up in the streets, nor any of their people suffered to escape. Some of the officers and men, not choosing to consider themselves bound by these engagements, sallied forth from the town, and endeavoured to force their way through the enemy. A few effected their object ; but the greater part were cut to pieces without mercy.

At the time appointed, General Forster sent out to say that the English were willing to surrender, but the Scots refused. General Willis bade the messenger take word back, that if they did not all at once surrender, he should attack the town instantly, and not spare a single man.

Macintosh presently came forth again in haste, and said that Lord Kenmure, and the rest of the

noblemen, with his brother and the Scots, would surrender in like manner with the English.

It was a sad scene for the poor soldiers of King James, when the two generals Willis and Carpenter entered the town with drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying at the head of the victorious troops. We are all, even in these peaceful times, doomed often to endure the triumph of an adverse faction ; and it is a sore trial of temper. What must have been the feelings of the Jacobites, especially the officers, who knew that to them it was a matter of life or death ! They had fallen into the hands of a king whom they had conspired to dethrone, and must look to be dealt with as rebels and traitors.

The lords, gentlemen, and officers, were first secured, and placed under guard in several rooms in the inns. The Highlanders were drawn up within the market-place with their arms, which they yielded up into the hands of their conquerors, and were marched for security into the church. This done, the prisoners were left in the hands of General Willis, who, though he was not commander-in-chief, yet as he had been the first manager of the work, the general-in-chief would not take from him any part of the honour of the victory. Carpenter moved his troops away from the town to recruit them in quarters after their fatiguing service. The slain on both sides were buried ; on the king's side, nearly

200; of the insurgents, 17. The number of prisoners was 1468.¹

So ended this most lamentable affair—an insurrection begun by many of the principal actors from high and conscientious motives, whatever we may think of the justice or policy of their undertaking; carried on with humanity and consideration far beyond the usual practice in such movements; maintained with bravery where circumstances allowed of its exertion; lost partly by the miscalculation of the real condition of the country, by misplaced confidence in friends who betrayed them, and partly by want of military skill in their leaders.

It is a painful and perplexing page in the history of our country.

¹ The quality of the prisoners was as follows :—

| | | |
|--|-------|-------|
| English noblemen and gentlemen | 75 | |
| Their vassals, followers, and servants . . | 83 | |
| Private men | 305 | |
| | <hr/> | 463 |
| Scotch noblemen and gentlemen | 143 | |
| Vassals, servants, and others | 862 | |
| | <hr/> | 1005 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 1468 |

A good many escaped in disguise, or by favour of the townspeople, besides a few who succeeded in cutting their way through the king's troops.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Fate of the Conquered.

The target is torn from the hands of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brows of the brave;
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revelled in the blood of the true?

Hogg.

It was some while before the town of Preston recovered its usual tranquillity. Imagine only the parish-church remaining for a month the prison of several hundreds of Scots! These unfortunate men were thrust in indiscriminately, and left to shift for themselves, being supplied only with bread and water, which the town's people were obliged to provide for them by assessment. It was in the depth of winter; and though well able to have braved the snow-storm on their native mountains, the sufferings which they endured by being locked up in a cold, damp church, with insufficient food and clothing, were very distressing. The poor fellows took the best care they could of themselves, by ripping

the linings from the seats and pews in order to make breeches and hose, and so defend themselves from the extremity of the weather. After some weeks, they were marched away in companies to Wigan, Chester, and Lancaster for trial; where some were found guilty, and executed; others transported by their own choice, others acquitted, others reprieved. It is remarkable to observe in the account of these transactions what a large proportion of the captives died in prison, and also how many escaped. From which it would seem that, both in respect to accommodation and security, the prisons of that time were in a very bad condition.

The officers who were taken at Preston were sent to various places; but the principal amongst them were conveyed to London, in order to await their trial. When they arrived at Barnet, their arms were pinioned behind their backs, and halters placed round the necks of their horses, and so they were led into London in a sort of triumph. There had been some expectation that an attempt at rescue would have been made by the London mob; but nothing of that sort took place. On the contrary, the mob reviled and insulted them as they went along, and saluted them by beating warming-pans, in derision of Prince James their master, who was vulgarly stated to be a supposititious child, conveyed into the queen's bed in a warming-pan at the time of her pretended accouchement. As soon as they arrived in London, the lords were conveyed to

the Tower, and the rest of the officers to Newgate. The heads of the government were of opinion that they could not afford to exercise mercy. Policy obliged them, at least so they thought, to give examples of severity. Right and power being on their side, justice must take its course.

But there are still many sad things to record of those who were left at Preston.

It was scarce three days after the capitulation, when George Dalton was ordered out at the head of a file of soldiers, on a melancholy service, which he would willingly have declined had it been compatible with his duty. It was a cold misty morning, and the sun had scarcely dawned, when a prisoner with his hands tied behind him was led, from the place where he had been confined, to endure the punishment awarded to him by the law. On the day previously he had been tried and found guilty, on undoubted evidence, of desertion, and convicted of having joined the army of the insurgents while he still held a commission under King George. The unfortunate man was our former acquaintance, Captain Shafto, who had been one of the prime movers of the insurrection, and had taken an active part throughout. He had, in fact, been, during the whole business, one of the most zealous agents of the exiled monarch. From what motive he had joined his party, whether from personal ambition, or from a conscientious conviction of the justice of his cause; and by what means he had forwarded

his views—whether, on the whole, by just and fair endeavours, or whether the means he had used had been unscrupulous and unjustifiable,—these things are cognisable only by a higher tribunal. He was condemned to death by martial law for the crime of desertion, and the law was suffered to take its course. There were few people stirring on that sad morning, and those that were abroad turned and looked on the party of soldiers with their prisoner as they passed, but few followed them to the place of execution. It was a flat piece of land with a hill rising at the back, just in the outskirts of the town, where the party halted on their melancholy errand. George Dalton shewed both by his manner and his words how deeply he commiserated the fate of the prisoner, who, had the insurgents been successful in their attempt, would have been even then amongst the most honoured of the land, instead of a poor convicted deserter. Such is the course of human affairs, and so small the difference between honour and ignominy in this world. Shafto said little; only he placed some papers in George's hand, with a request that they might be delivered as they were directed; he suffered his eyes to be bandaged without remonstrance, knelt a few minutes in prayer, then gave the fatal signal, and his breast was pierced by the balls of the soldiers. The body was wrapped in a cloak, and borne away for burial; and the party returned with few words to their quarters. Shafto's execution was but the precursor of

several others. Major John Nairne, Captain Philip Lochart, and Ensign Erskine; all men of good family in Scotland, together with about twelve common soldiers, were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and executed as deserters, a few days after the capitulation. It was a hard measure, but cannot be called unjust. The case of men who rise against a government or a king to whom they have sworn allegiance is clearly different from that of those who are bound by no such voluntarily imposed obligation.

Meanwhile Colonel Dalton continued to lie under the effects of his wounds, without hope of recovery; his fine manly figure gradually wasting away, and his spirit subdued to that of a little child. He was one of those men of whom one may earnestly hope there are many in such generations as that in which he lived, else I fear those of the present generation are in a bad case; men, I mean, who have mixed much in the world without being ruined by it. Col. Dalton had at an early age entered upon a professional life, and been thrown, as soldiers are, into a variety of scenes, none of them calculated to preserve a pious spirit, or reverential tone of mind. The age in which he lived was worldly and irreverent; the opinions which he had been led to adopt were latitudinarian. Yet, in spite of these adverse circumstances, Colonel Dalton had always been a conscientious man under all his disadvantages. He had acted up to the light within him: faithful to his duties, humane, self-denying when occasion seemed

to demand it, straightforward, and sincere, he was what one would call an honourable and upright man ; though deficient, like others of the age, in that high tone of sentiment and feeling which are engendered under the influences of early planted and habitual religion. I trust it is not wrong to believe, and to fancy we see our belief exemplified in instances around us, that when men act up, however imperfectly, to the light given them, and follow the dictates of conscience,—God, in His great mercy, so deals with them, that they are brought nearer to Him in death than they were in life. He strikes them down in their career of prosperity, and men deem them afflicted and miserable ; in the midst of life and health, perhaps, some miserably painful disease develops itself ; or their wealth, wherein they too much rejoiced, is taken from them ; or the object of their ambition is lost ; or some dear child, or friend, on which their soul was fixed, is removed from their sight,—and then they learn to recognise the hand of God, and to think more of His presence and His mercy ; they become altered men, and are gradually weaned from the things of this world, and fitted for a better.

So it seemed to be with poor Col. Dalton. He was from the first aware that his days were numbered. If some bitter or impatient feelings arose, they were quickly chased away, and calm and peaceful thoughts succeeded. In particular he was much comforted by the conversation of Mr. Allonby,

who, at the desire of his brother, had come from Coniston Hall on purpose to visit him. All party-spirit was subdued; and though holding the same political opinions as before, and conscientiously believing that he had fallen in the performance of his duty to his lawful king, he entertained no bitterness or resentment against those who differed from him, and through whose instrumentality he had been brought to the state he was in. Even his occasional petulance and positiveness were subdued. The enlargement of his heart seemed at the same time to have expanded his understanding. So true it is that the passions and affections act powerfully on the reason, whether it be to warp and blind, or to clear and purify. Let the affections be subdued by the grace of God, and a wonderful power and clearness of vision is afforded to the reason to discern spiritual and eternal truth, and weigh the difference between things spiritual and things temporal. Col. Dalton's chief care, so far as worldly things were concerned, was that Edward might be spared from the great danger in which he was placed, and united in marriage to Clara. And so he lingered on, in the midst of his anxious and affectionate relations, gradually sinking into the grave, and drawing day by day nearer in spirit to the Saviour in whom he trusted; thus exemplifying the words of divine truth, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and that through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of God.

Amongst these lamentable accounts of the dead or dying, we must not forget to record one incident of a less solemn character, which occurred not many days after the surrender at Preston, since it will relieve our readers from anxiety as to the fate of one at least of the persons of our drama, in whom we trust they are interested.

George Dalton had gone one day, as he often did, to procure some medicine or other matter for his father at the chemist's. While waiting to have it made up, he observed a man in a white apron and brown wig very assiduously employed in a back part of the shop pounding drugs most perseveringly in a mortar. As he looked, their eyes chanced to meet; and though the other at once withdrew his gaze, yet there was something in it of so whimsical an expression, that it at once convinced George the man was not unknown to him.

"Surely," said he, going up to him, "I am not mistaken! Do not I see my old friend, Robin Partridge?"

"It is indeed that unfortunate man," said he; "but pray, sir, do not betray me."

"Betray you, good Robin! not I; you may reckon yourself quite safe—that is, if you can manage to conceal that roguish look of yours; which, if you do not, will get you into a scrape."

Robin promised to be discreet, and kept his word.

George several times afterwards saw his friend Robin Partridge working away at his pestle and

mortar, with a very grave face, pounding so hard that the only wonder was he did not pound the bottom out. At last, however, he missed him : so he inquired of his employer what was become of his new assistant, who seemed so industrious. The man saw at once, by George's manner, that he had discovered Partridge's secret.

"Sir," said he, "I know no more than you ; only that the night before last he went to bed as usual, and the next morning he was gone. All that remained of him was his wig and apron."

"I suppose," said George, "you did not think it necessary to set the town-crier to search for your lost apprentice."

"No, sir : I thought he was a man who might be trusted to take care of himself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Affairs in Scotland.

There's some say that *we* wan,
Some say that *they* wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
 But ae thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriff Muir
A battle there was, which I saw, man;
 And we ran and they ran,
 And they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.

Scottish Ballads.

As our historical facts are supposed to be correct, and the sketch which we have given of the English insurrection intended to be strictly according to truth, it may be satisfactory to the reader to have a brief account of the conclusion of the campaign in Scotland, in order to fill up the outline of the whole affair.

A very large portion of the nobility of Scotland were engaged in the quarrel, on one side or the other, and led with them to the field many more of their dependents than was the case in England. The Scots, especially the Highland clans, were always ready to draw the sword, instead of waiting to negotiate; it was the natural mode with them

of settling their quarrels, whether political or domestic. Besides, there was a remarkable attachment in the people for their chiefs, which, if rightly cultivated, and turned to good uses, might have been of the greatest advantage to them. There was something exceedingly noble in the devotion of the clan to their head or chief; the sort of enthusiastic loyalty and attachment with which he was regarded by them. It was the last relic in these islands of that ancient patriarchal sovereignty which, no doubt, was the form that government first assumed, and is the type and model of the purest government which can be exercised; at least, where manners are simple and morals uncorrupted. But, unfortunately, the chiefs, instead of using their authority for the good of their dependents, were more disposed to employ the political power which their position gave them for the furtherance of their own private views, and the advancement of their personal importance; and the fine spirit of loyalty, which might have been employed to make the Highlanders happy and prosperous, was too frequently shewn in the zeal with which they followed their chiefs to the field, without any inquiry into the justice of the cause. The chief of each clan was looked on as its king, and had the irresponsible right (so, at least, his followers seemed to think) of making peace and war. The martial spirit was kept up by continual feuds and quarrels amongst each other. And when a political move-

ment took place in the country, it found in the Highlanders a ready-trained body of warriors, under their respective chiefs, who, according to their connexions or enmities, sided with one party or the other. This accounts for the facility with which considerable armies were raised in Scotland, when in England scarcely a few hundred men, except the regular soldiers, were to be got together in arms.

However, it was not always from pure devotion to their chiefs that the Highlanders were roused to arms. A little gentle coercion was sometimes needed; as may be seen by the following letter, written by Lord Mar to Mr. John Forbes, baillie of Kildrummie.

“Invercauld, Sept. 9, at night, 1715.

“JOCKE,—Ye were in the right not to come with the 100 men ye sent up to-night, when I expected four times the number. It is a pretty thing, when all the Highlands of Scotland are now rising upon their king and country's account, as I have accounts from them since they were with me, and the gentlemen of the Lowlands expecting us down to join them, that my men should be the only refractory! Is not this the thing which we are now about which they have been wishing these twenty-six years? And now, when it is come, and the king and country's cause is at stake, will they for ever sit still and see all perish?

"I have used gentle means too long, and so I shall be forced to put other orders I have in execution. I have sent you enclosed an order for the lordship of Kildrummie, which you are immediately to intimate to all my vassals: if they give ready obedience, it will make some amends; and if not, ye may tell them from me, that it will not be in my power to save them (were I willing) from being treated as enemies by those who are ready to join me; and they may depend on it, that I will be the first to propose and order their being so. Particularly let my own tenants in Kildrummie know, that if they come not forth with their best arms, I will send a party immediately to burn what they miss taking from them: and they may believe this not only a threat, but, by all that's sacred, I'll put it in execution, let my losses be what it will, that it may be an example to others. You are to tell the gentlemen, that I expect them in their best accoutrements on horseback; and no excuse to be accepted of. Go about this with all diligence, and come yourself, and let me know your having done so. All this is not only as you will be answerable to me, but to your king and country.

"Your assured friend and servant,

"MAR."

Sic subscribitur:

"To John Forbes,

Mererat. Baillie of Kildrummie."

This, as will be seen from the date, was at the

beginning of the insurrection, and affords a pretty good example that loyalty and attachment to their chiefs were not the only motives which armed the Highland clans.

However, in one way or another, Lord Mar had got together an army of about 8000 men, and was opposed to the Duke of Argyle with about half the number, but better armed and disciplined. While the insurgents in England were marching southward, Mar was threatening to cross the Forth with his army, and descend into the Lowlands. Argyle's object was to prevent him. Mar's headquarters were at Perth, Argyle's at Stirling. After a good deal of marching and counter-marching, the two armies met at a place called Sheriff Muir, near Dumblane, and a battle ensued, in which both claimed the victory. The same thing happened there which so often happened in our English civil wars; at Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby: one side gained the advantage on one wing, and one on the other; and each party, when they thought the battle won, found themselves confronted by a victorious enemy. The accounts of the battle were most contradictory: Mar declared that he left 800 of the enemy dead on the field of battle, losing only 60 on his side. Argyle as stoutly averred that he slew 1200 of the insurgents, with scarcely any loss of his own men. The truth seems to be, that there were a good many hundred men killed, and a good many score of prisoners taken, on both

sides; and that each party returned to its former position.¹

This battle took place on the day of the attack on Preston; and on the same day Inverness was taken by the Duke of Sutherland for the Hanoverian party, which was a great blow to the interests of the Jacobites in the north of Scotland, and secured that part of the country to the existing government.

While things were in this state, an event happened, which, had it taken place before, might have made some difference in the conduct and result of the war. This was no other than the arrival of the Chevalier St. George, or, as his adherents called him, King James the Third. He had at first intended to make a descent in the west of England, with the Duke of Ormond; but that having been found impracticable, owing to the preparations of the government, he had travelled on horseback, disguised, across the north of France, in the depth of winter, and at last reached Dunkirk, where he em-

¹ There was another thing very observable in that day's service, viz. that one Robert Roy Macgregor, *alias* Campbell, a noted gentleman in former times for bravery, resolution, and courage, was, with his men and followers, within a very little distance from the Earl of Mar's army; and when he was desired by a gentleman of his own to go and assist his friends, he answered, "If they could not do it without me, they should not do it with me:" that is, if they could not conquer their enemies without him, he would not assist them in doing it. Patten's *History*, p. 213.

barked on board a small ship, with three servants, evaded the English cruisers which were watching for him, and made for the coast of Scotland. After a dangerous passage, he landed, on the 23d of December, a few miles from Aberdeen, and soon after proceeded to Scone, the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland, and the place where it was customary to celebrate their coronation. Here he received a loyal address from the episcopal clergy at Perth, to which he returned a brief but satisfactory answer. Mar published a letter, in which he gave a most complimentary description of the Pretender: "To do him justice, set aside his being a prince, he is really the finest gentleman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles King Charles in a great deal [this is, of course, in allusion to the stories about his illegitimacy]. His presence, however, is not the best of him. He has fine parts, and despatches all his business himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw anybody write so finely. He is affable to a great degree, without losing that majesty he ought to have; and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is every way fitted to make us a happy people, were his subjects worthy of him." Such was Mar's account. Others, however, represent him to have been melancholy and saturnine in character, and of a cold and reserved demeanour; at any rate, quite unsuited to inspire confidence or enthusiasm, or to raise the drooping spirits of his

gallant supporters, being altogether deficient in that prompt and daring energy which is necessary to revive a drooping cause. It is certain that both parties were disappointed in each other. James expected to have found the army in a better condition, and with a decided superiority over the enemy; whereas, in truth, it was but just able to cope with the troops of Argyle, and could not hope to withstand the reinforcements which would be poured into Scotland by the Government, now that the English insurrection had been suppressed at Preston. The army, on the other hand, was disappointed in their king, not only as regarded his lack of energy in his own cause, but because he did not bring with him the reinforcements and military stores which they had been led to expect.

However, it was necessary to put the best face on the matter. King James issued several proclamations: first, for a general thanksgiving for his safe arrival; secondly, for praying for him, as king, in all churches,—which was done very generally in the episcopal churches, but only in two presbyterian; thirdly, to make foreign coin a legal tender, though, in truth, little enough he brought with him; fourthly, for summoning a convention; fifthly, that all fencible men, from the age of sixteen to sixty, should repair to his standard; lastly, fixing the third day of January for his coronation. He also issued an order for the burning and laying waste of Aucterarder and the country round to the

south of Perth,—a severe measure, but necessary, by the practice of war, to prevent an attack from Argyle, who, by this time, was reinforced by 6000 Dutch auxiliaries, and had collected a train of artillery.

It was not till the end of January that Argyle was prepared to march upon Perth. The gallant army of the Jacobites was in good heart, and would have fought bravely had they been encouraged by their chiefs. But the chiefs had long been persuaded that the cause was hopeless. Disappointed first by the failure of the rising in the west of England; then by the defeat of the army at Preston; and lastly by the non-arrival of foreign reinforcements, Mar had been, even from the time of the battle of Sheriff Muir, considering how he should best get out of the scrape. Mar was a politician, and not a very straight-forward one either; he had no very enthusiastic notions of honour or devotion; ambition, not duty, was his leading principle. The arrival of the Chevalier had been rather inopportune than otherwise. Had he come a few months sooner, when Mar's arms were in the ascendant; had Mar been another Montrose; or had James possessed the popular manners and daring confidence which his son exhibited in the insurrection of 1745, the result might have been different. The country was in a much riper state for a counter-revolution in 1715 than when, in the next generation, the young Chevalier penetrated, with

a victorious army, to the very centre of England. But on the present occasion all things turned out adversely for the Jacobites. The cause was lost before their chief arrived; and now that he had arrived, the great object was to get him safe back again. The army retreated from Perth, followed by Argyle. Neither marched with great alacrity, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The army of the Chevalier kept two days in advance: they were encouraged and kept together by the report that a considerable reinforcement might be daily expected from France. This, however, was but a blind; James's determination had for some time been taken. On the morning after his arrival at Montrose his horses were brought, as usual, to the door of the house in which he lodged; and the guard which usually attended him was in readiness, as if to proceed with the army to Aberdeen; but meanwhile he had privately gone, by a back door, to the Earl of Mar's lodgings, from thence, by a byway, to the water-side, where a boat waited, and carried them both on board a French ship of ninety tons, called the *Maria Theresa*, of St. Maloes. Ten or twelve of the chiefs afterwards joined them, when they hoisted sail, and stretching away for the coast of Norway, to evade pursuit, escaped in five days safely to France.

Of course, great indignation was caused in the army as soon as the departure of the Pretender transpired. Mar afterwards published a letter of

vindication. He confesses that he and others of the chiefs had determined not to defend Perth, a month at least before the Pretender's arrival. When he came at last, they expected more friends would have joined them, and the cause might have revived; but in this they were disappointed. The Chevalier was for defending Perth, but found the preparations made against him too great to hope that he could cope with them successfully, the enemy outnumbering them by three to one. The truth was, that in proportion as the king's troops had increased, so had the other party fallen off. It was hard to bring the Chevalier (so says the Earl of Mar) to consent to take himself off; but when he considered the impossibility of making a stand, the failure of his friends in England, the delay of succour from France, and most especially the danger which his presence would be to his beloved subjects, who would be pursued continually by the enemy so long as he remained with them, and that his continuance in the country would prevent them from obtaining any terms of capitulation,—considering all these things, he thought it best to run away.

“The prince,” says Mar in his narrative, “was to name who should accompany him;” he named the Earl of Mar, who at first made difficulty, and begged to be left behind; but the Chevalier being positive, he submitted! Others named by the Chevalier objected at first; but all at last gave their consent.

The Chevalier left a sum of money in the paymaster's hands for the payment of the army, with special orders that if any were left, it should be given to the poor people who had suffered at Aucterarder and the adjacent villages which had been destroyed.

Lord Mar's is a plausible letter, and has some truth in it. The flight of the Pretender checked the eagerness of his pursuers. The Jacobite army soon after gradually disbanded itself, and the poor Highlanders returned to their homes, protected by their obscurity; not a hundred men fell into the hands of the enemy. The last remnant of this gallant army consisted of 120 gentlemen, among whom were Lord Duffers, Sir George Sinclair, General Eclyn, Colonel Hay, Sir David Threplaw, and others, who arrived, weary and crest-fallen fugitives, in Burgh, in Murray. Finding themselves hard pressed by their pursuers, they dismounted from their horses, and having shot them, to prevent their being of any use to the enemy, they escaped in boats to the Orkneys; where, with the exception of two boatfuls, who were wrecked, they were taken on board a ship of war sent by the Chevalier to aid them in their flight. Thus, in one way or another, most of the chiefs escaped from the country, though not without much danger and suffering.

Whatever we may think of the object of this attempt of the Jacobites, it was altogether an unfortunate and unhappy business; ill concerted in

its origin, ill managed in its prosecution, and ill brought to a conclusion. Had the chiefs been more able and vigorous ; had they been supported by the people ; had the insurrection been successful ; and, in a word, had a counter-revolution been effected and established, the world would, of course, view the whole affair and the actors in it in a very different light. Instead of rash and hapless insurgents, history would record their names as patriots and heroes. The failure of the insurrection demonstrated one thing which could not have before been known for certain, that, dissatisfied as a large portion of the nation was with the revolution of 1688, and disposed to favour the claim of James to the inheritance of his fathers, there was not, in the body of the people, so decided a feeling in his favour that it could be affirmed his cause was that of the nation ; so far, at least, may be said as regards England. In Scotland his cause was certainly more popular ; there was more alacrity to rise in his favour, more disappointment at his failure.

Nothing can shew more clearly how deeply the cause of the Stuarts was engraven in the hearts of the Scotch than the soul-stirring effusions of their poets, and the popularity of the Jacobite songs, which may be said to form almost a branch of the national literature. Whether it was because the Stuarts were themselves Scots, and the nation felt a proud attachment to the cause of their ancient line of kings, or whatever might be the reason, there

was an enthusiasm always ready to respond to any call to join their banner, and equally unwilling to despair under the heaviest reverses. The Highland clans were the last to forsake the cause of Charles I. and yield to the usurper Cromwell, and the first to raise the standard for his son. Even the want of energy in the son of James II. and the disappointment caused by his abrupt desertion, did not destroy the feeling : the next generation hailed the "Young Chevalier" with even more enthusiastic welcome than they did his father.

" Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling ;
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear ;
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
An' claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives, and bairnes dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

Oh ! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Oh ! Charlie is my darling," &c.

There is something marvellously inspiring in these simple lines, which the gudewives of Scotland loved so well to sing. Again :

" The news frae Moidart cam yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
An' landed royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'thegither,
An' crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in han',
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Hae, to a man, declar'd to stan'
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan'
But vows baith late an' airly,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart or han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie."

Again, in the following, we have the very spirit of the "Vive le Roi, quand même !" of the dying Vendean :

“ Oh ! Geordie reigns in Jamie’s stead ;
 I’m griev’d, but scorn to sha’ that ;
 I’ll no cast down, nor hang my head
 On rebel Whigs for a’ that.
 For a’ that, and a’ that,
 And thrice as mickle as a’ that ;
 I’ll no cast down, nor hang my head
 On rebel Whigs for a’ that.

But still I’ll trust in Providence,
 And aye I’ll laugh at a’ that ;
 And sing, ‘ He’s o’er the hills the night
 That I loe well,’ for a’ that.

* * * * *

The Whigs, they think that Willie’s mine ;
 But ’deed they mauna fa’ that ;
 They think our hearts will be cast down ;
 But we’ll be blythe, for a’ that.

For a’ your powder’d periwigs,
 An’ a’ your muslin cravats,
 An a’ your fifteen hundred marks,
 Ye’ll no be king, for a’ that.
 For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
 An’ thrice as mickle as a’ that ;
 He’s coming down abune Dunkeld
 Will be our king, for a’ that.”

Again :

“ We’ll o’er the water, we’ll o’er the sea,
 We’ll o’er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weel, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
 And live or die wi’ Charlie.

An’ oh, by moon and stars sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I’d gie them a’ for Charlie.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly,
An' I wad bear them a' again,
An' lose them a' for Charlie."

The loyalty and attachment conveyed in these popular ballads is quite of another spirit from the cold and calculating temper of the revolutionists of 1688, with their compacts and "Bill of Rights." There were no such ballads in the mouths of the people for William or the first Georges. We may well join with the Scots and sing—

"Awa' Whigs, awa'! awa' Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll do nae good, ava.'

Our thistles bloom'd sae fresh an' fair,
And bonnie were our roses,
But Whigs came o'er us like a frost,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust!
De'il blind them wi' the stowre o't,
And write their names in his black buike,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Kirk and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs cam o'er us like a blight,
An' we hae done wi' thriving.

Awa' Whigs, awa'! awa' Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons;
Ye'll do nae good, ava'!"

The spirit of whiggery, or liberalism, which

gained the ascendant at the revolution of 1688, has lain on the country like an incubus ever since, and led to a gradual deterioration in our national character, which, it is to be feared, has not yet reached its climax.

Would that, in the noble effort to shake off Whig influence which the last few years have witnessed, the nation had ridden itself of the spirit as well as the party in which it was embodied ! But, alas, it has too firmly established itself to be got rid of so easily : though driven nominally from power, it does but hide its head too often under the mask of conservatism, and still shews its hateful presence in the self-will and self-dependence which pervades the nation ; the absence of reverence, devotion, and love ; the rejection of what is high and noble ; the instinctive preference for what is low and base.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Prisoner.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On ilka blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea ;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nocht can glad the weary wicht
That fast in durance lies.

BURNS.

It was a good while after these events, the spring of 1716 was fast advancing, and the agitation of the winter months had subsided, when a private carriage drove up to the doorway of Newgate prison, and an elderly gentleman alighted, bearing in his hand an order from the secretary of state for admission to one of the prisoners. The talismanic cogency of the order was at once recognised : the small postern was opened for his entrance, and he was led by the official through various dark comfortless passages until he arrived at a strong-barred door, which was presently unlocked by the gaoler, and the father stood in the presence of his son.

Edward Dalton was sitting at a small table, on

A A

which were placed writing materials, and several books of devotion. He had evidently suffered much by his imprisonment ; the fire of his eye was blenched, and the fulness and colour of his flesh had faded. He looked pale and haggard. It was indeed a tremendous trial for one in the eager prime of youth to be kept for weeks and months in a dismal prison, with no other prospect before him in the world but trial, condemnation, and execution. To meet death in the field is indeed a light thing in comparison with that daily dying, which is the lot of one who believes his doom is fixed. Nevertheless there was a calm look of fortitude in his eye, which shewed that he was prepared for the worst, and that he had schooled his mind to bear with courage whatever he might be called on to endure.

The son and father remained several minutes in each other's embrace. It was long since they had seen each other, and there was much to tell. Edward looked at his father's suit of deep mourning, and guessed the cause. "I fear that it is all over with my poor uncle?" said he, in a tone of melancholy inquiry.

Sir Charles. It is so, indeed ; you have guessed rightly. His departure has been painful and lingering ; but never was sickness or affliction more mercifully sent : never was a brighter instance of a soul purged by suffering, and prepared for its dissolution.

"God be thanked!" said Edward. "He does indeed most mercifully deal with those who are His,

to prepare them for His kingdom. Would that all of us may be found alike ready for their departure hence ! It is a fearful thought. But, tell me, my dear father, how are George and Clara ?”

“ Well,” said Sir Charles ; “ well as could be under the circumstances. George was to have come with me hither ; but he said he was engaged on a secret expedition. He has found a friend at court, a German Baron, with whom he had some friendship when abroad : he thinks his friend may be of use. He is in the confidence of the king : private secretary, I believe.”

Edward. I am anxious to hear the fate of my companions in misfortune ; for as yet I know little for certain, except the execution of poor Derwentwater and Kenmure.

Sir Charles. Every effort, both public and private, was made to save them, but in vain. The House of Lords, by a majority of five, resolved to petition the king to spare their lives ; but their petition was rejected. Lady Derwentwater had an interview with the king, and a piteous sight, I am told, it was to see the young wife pleading on her knees for her husband ; but the king was inexorable. They say he is not cruel himself ; but there are those about him who deem that examples must be made.

“ Is it true that Derwentwater pleaded guilty ?” said Edward.

Sir Charles. Yes ; and afterwards retracted his plea, and expressed much sorrow that he had so

pleaded. He suffered with such fortitude as became a good man dying in a cause which his conscience approved.

Edward said nothing, but mused.

Sir Charles. Lord Winton, you know, pleaded not guilty, and stood his trial. He did not make a very good figure ; but the truth is, that his friends counselled him to pass himself off as half-witted, and to persuade the court that he was led into the insurrection against his will.

Edward smiled at this information. " Lord Winton is as canny a Scot as any of them ; though certainly it was rather against his will that he crossed the border."

Sir Charles. He was convicted by the evidence of Patten and Calderwood. They turned king's evidence to save their lives, and told all they knew, which, in truth, was all that took place, for they were present every where.

" I am not surprised," said Edward, with a sigh. " There were many in the army I little liked ; but those men least of all. Patten was an impudent braggart, and Calderwood a cold-hearted, selfish knave."

Sir Charles. You will be glad to hear that Nithesdale has escaped. How it was contrived, no one knows ; but it is supposed that he got out of the Tower in woman's clothes by some management of his wife, who is devotedly attached to him. There is no proof, however, of her having aided in his escape, and she remains at large.

Edward. I am heartily glad of Nithesdale's escape. He was a brave little fellow, one of the best amongst them.

Sir Charles. You have heard, too, I suppose, of the escape from prison of Forster and Widdrington?

Edward. No, I have not; but I am rejoiced to hear it. Yet,—continued he, doubtfully,—Forster and Widdrington were the first to propose a surrender at Preston.

Sir Charles. I know what you suspect. It has been, indeed, surmised that they have been suffered to escape in consequence of some preconcerted understanding, and that they have acted a double part. However, I do not think that was the case. The Government appears much vexed at Forster's escape. Oxburgh, you know, was mainly instrumental in the surrender, and he has been condemned and executed.

He did not add, that his gory head was at that time, with several others, on the top of Temple Bar, a spectacle to the passers-by.

“Lord Nairne,” continued he, “has received a pardon, owing to the strong interest of Lord Stanhope. They were schoolfellows together at Eton, and great friends, it seems; and Lord Stanhope used all his interest to get him off. O my dear Edward, I wish we could find some one equally powerful who would take up your cause.”

The conversation then turned to Edward's own prospects.

"You may be assured we have left no stone unturned," said his father; "but it would be unjustifiable to say that we have met with all the success we hoped: at the same time there is no need for despair."

"I fear," said Edward, "the part I took was too prominent to warrant that I should hope for their mercy. Yet had I the same part to play again, I cannot conscientiously say that I should act differently. I must abide my fate, and submit to God's good will."

At this moment footsteps were heard in the passage; the door was opened, and George Dalton entered with a bright face, brighter even than usual; much brighter than Edward would have expected on seeing him for the first time after the burial of his father. But George had other matters in his mind.

"Edward," said he, seizing him cordially by the hand, "I come to congratulate you; you may consider your pardon as sure. I have it from the best authority. Your trial is fixed for the day after tomorrow. You have but to plead guilty, and save them the trouble of convicting you, and you are to receive a formal pardon."

Edward's pale cheek had been lighted up with hope at the first words of his cousin; but ere he had finished speaking, the same resigned look of calm endurance settled on his features.

"Never, never, will I plead guilty, George. Never will I disgrace my cause by confessing that I

repent of it when I do not. My sword was drawn for my lawful king, and with my dying breath will I uphold the justice of his claim."

George started back with astonishment. "What! not say the word 'guilty,' for mere form sake, to save your life?"

"Never," said Edward, in a firm and solemn tone.

"Why you are a greater enthusiast, Edward, than I took you for. I can imagine a man fighting bravely in a cause which leads to glory and renown; but when the cause is hopeless, and he can do no more good in it, what's the use of standing out on a mere point of honour?"

"Honour is dearer to me than life," said Edward; "you do not understand me, perhaps; but my mind is made up. Plead guilty I will not."

"Nay," said George in a tone of deep concern; "do think seriously of this matter: think of your father: think of poor Clara; if it be for her sake only, save yourself."

Edward threw himself on his seat in an agony of grief, and covered his face with his hands; the tears gushing copiously through his fingers.

"If any thing could move me, it is that. But my resolution is fixed; and I am convinced that Clara herself would rather see me dead than dishonoured. But why do I speak of honour? There are many of the maxims of mere worldly honour that I hold in little esteem: but, to confess myself guilty,

to deny the justice of my cause, to force my conscience to a lie, is what I will never do,—no, not even for the sake of Clara.”

Sir Charles listened with painful interest to the conversation; and, dearly as he loved his son, he firmly resolved not to say one word that might induce him to swerve from the path of honour and truth.

George had already expended his most weighty arguments; and nothing that he could add was sufficient to move Edward from his resolution. To him Edward's conduct appeared romantic or Quixotic. Yet, possibly, had he himself been placed on his knees, with a pistol at his head ready to blow out his brains, and required to declare his belief that King George had no right to the throne of England, he would have been equally obstinate with his cousin. High-minded youth does not always practically stoop to the low standard in which it is educated. There are many men better than the age they live in.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Trial.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer ;
But, ah ! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
And for his sake leaves a' beside.

Jacobite Song.

ON the day appointed Edward Dalton was conveyed from his prison to the Court of Exchequer, and placed at the bar for trial. So many trials of the sort had taken place, and with such little variety of detail, that the public interest had begun to flag, and the court was not crowded ; at least there was none of that idle set of titled loungers, who, in those days, as at the present, had the bad taste to occupy the seats of the courts of justice when any notorious or exciting case was to be tried.

The judge was conversing carelessly with some one near him ; the several members of the long robe were engaged as such gentlemen are when there is no very important matter in hand—some joking with each other, some conning over their various papers. When, however, Edward appeared

at the bar, there was a marked sensation. His appearance evidently created considerable interest, and the different murmurs were hushed into silence. His dark intellectual features, his manly expression, the paleness caused by long imprisonment and anxiety of mind,—all drew the attention of the court and of the spectators who were present; the more so as it was understood that he had been one of the most active of those engaged in the insurrection, and that if he was convicted, there was little hope of mercy.

As soon as he had answered to his name, the indictment was read, which was of considerable length. It set forth, that, for several years past, a most wicked design and contrivance had been carried on to subvert the ancient and established government and the good laws of these kingdoms, and to destroy the true Protestant religion therein established, and instead thereof to establish popery and arbitrary power; in which horrid conspiracy a great number of persons, of different degrees and qualities, had concerned themselves and acted; and that many Protestants, pretending an uncommon zeal for the Church of England, had joined themselves with professed papists to accomplish the aforesaid wicked and traitorous design.—

That it had pleased Almighty God to make his late majesty King William the Third, of ever-glorious memory, the instrument to procure the settlement of the crown of these realms in the illustrious house of Hanover, as the only mean, under God, to preserve

our religion, laws, and liberties, and to secure the Protestant interest of Europe ; since which time the said conspirators had been indefatigable in their endeavours to destroy the same, and to make way for the vain and groundless hope of a spurious impostor and Popish pretender to the imperial crown of this realm.—

That to accomplish these ends, the most immoral, irreligious, and unchristian-like methods had been taken, and all imaginable endeavours used by the said conspirators to prejudice the minds of the subjects of this realm against the legality and justice of the said settlement of the crown ; and for that purpose, Holy Scriptures were wrested, and the most wholesome doctrines of the Church of England perverted and abused by men in holy orders, in order to condemn the justice of the late happy revolution ; and false and dangerous notions of a sole hereditary right to the imperial crown of these realms had been propagated and encouraged by persons in the highest trust and employment. Jesuitical and scandalous distinctions were invented, and publicly inculcated, to enervate the force and obligation of oaths ; and the most causeless jealousies and dissatisfaction created in the minds of the good people of this kingdom ; and great numbers of well-meaning but deluded Protestants had been much disquieted.—

At which time it pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to Himself the late Queen Anne, and by a concurrence of many wonderful providences

to give a quiet and peaceable accession to his present most gracious majesty to the throne of his ancestor ; to which he was received with one full voice, and consent of tongue and heart, and the united joy of every good subject and good Protestant, as their only lawful and rightful liege lord. And although his reign had been one series of wisdom, justice, and clemency ; his labour constant, unwearied, and successful, to retrieve the power and reputation of these nations, to re-establish trade, and recover the wealth of his kingdom ; and although every imaginable encouragement had been given to the Church of England, and all tenderness shewn to his Popish subjects,—nevertheless the said conspirators had by vile and impious methods renewed their endeavours to throw this kingdom into the utmost confusion, and to entail miseries upon us and our posterities ; and for these ends, in many parts of this kingdom, the most unnatural, unexampled riots and tumults had been procured and stirred up by the secret endeavours of the said conspirators.—

And that having at length resolved to deprive the nation of the invaluable blessing which they enjoy under the wise and gentle reign of his present gracious majesty, the prisoner at the bar did confederate with James earl of Derwentwater, William lord Widdrington, the Lord Charles Murray, William Shafto, and divers other false traitors, and having withdrawn their allegiance and cordial love and true and due obedience, which they as good and faithful subjects

owed to his said majesty, did, on or about the months of September, October, or November, 1715, most maliciously, falsely, and traitorously imagine and compass the death of his said most sacred majesty. And for the accomplishing these traitorous purposes, the said Edward Dalton, Lord Derwentwater, and others, did wickedly agree, confederate, conspire, and resolve together, to raise, excite, and levy, within the counties of Teviotdale, Northumberland, Cumberland, and the county palatine of Lancaster, a most cruel, bloody, and destructive war, and did gather together great numbers of his majesty's subjects, and with them did assemble in a warlike and traitorous manner. And having procured great quantities of arms, ammunition, and warlike instruments, did form and compose, and assist in forming and composing an army of men, in order to wage war against his said majesty in favour of the said Pretender ; and did in a warlike and hostile manner march through several parts of this kingdom, and unlawfully seize horses, guns, and other goods and chattels of his majesty's subjects.—

And also, that the said Edward Dalton did, in open defiance of his majesty's just and undoubted title, traitorously cause the Pretender to be proclaimed as king of these realms at the town of Kelso, on the 24th day of October, in the year 1715, and at Lancaster, on the 8th day of November, in the same year ; and also, at the same places and on the same days, did unlawfully seize and take from his

majesty's officers the public money for the use and service of the said Pretender, and did prevail on several men in holy orders to pray for the said Pretender in public churches, as king of these realms.—

Also, that the said confederates did on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th days of November last, seize and possess themselves of the town of Preston, in the county palatine of Lancaster, and then and there did fight against his majesty's forces, and cause a miserable and horrid slaughter and murder of many of his majesty's faithful subjects. All which treasons were perpetrated and done by the said Edward Dalton and others, his accomplices, against our sovereign lord the king, his crown and dignity, and contrary to the duty of their allegiance, and against the laws and statutes of this kingdom.

The indictment having been read, the judge demanded of the prisoner, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

To which the prisoner, in a firm voice, answered, "Not guilty, my lord." He would have added some observations, but was informed by his lordship, that opportunity would be given him to address the court in his defence after the examination of witnesses; upon which he bowed respectfully, and remained silent.

The solicitor-general then opened the case, recapitulating the facts of the indictment, and commenting thereon. He would not enlarge, he said, on the general facts of the rebellion, which were by

this time notorious to all. The charges would be proved by witnesses, some of whom had themselves taken a part in the rebellion, and afterwards repented of their errors, and their testimony would be corroborated by others, who, against their will, had been witnesses of the transactions. With regard to the terms of the indictment, he would only observe, that as some of those concerned in the insurrection had declared that they had no wish to murder his most gracious sovereign King George, as stated in the indictment, it was manifest that had this most unnatural rebellion succeeded, it must have led to the murder of the king, because it was well known that his majesty King George was too brave a man to run away as the Pretender had.

He then launched out, at some length, into equally well-timed compliments to the king's great wisdom in government, and other estimable qualities, which so much aggravated the guilt of rebellion.

It would be proved, he said, to the jury, that the prisoner, Edward Dalton, did from the beginning take an active and prominent part in the rebellion ; marching at the head of the troops with his sword drawn, encouraging the men, and especially upon the occasion of the attack on Preston by his majesty's army ; and that when the Pretender was proclaimed, at the divers places mentioned in the indictment, the prisoner was present aiding and abetting at such proclamation. All this he should prove by unimpeachable evidence.

He concluded with the usual flourishes about the enormity of members of the Established Protestant Church associating with Papists to set a Popish pretender on the throne, and destroy their own Church, which was the glory of the reformation, and the great bulwark of the Protestant religion, and to subvert our glorious and happy constitution, and establish in its room bigotry, superstition, and arbitrary power, &c. &c.

The first witness he called was the Rev. Robert Patten. Mr. Patten appeared in the witness-box with his usual bold and forward manner, apparently not in the least sensible of the degraded position in which he was placed, or the infamy of saving his own life by aiding in the conviction of his associates. He stated, that he himself had joined the insurgents at Wooller in Northumberland, and had been with them from that time to the surrender of Preston. He fully proved all that was set forth in the indictment as to the part that Edward Dalton had taken in the proceedings of the insurgents; and especially his being present and aiding in the proclamation of the Pretender at the places and on the days mentioned.

Next followed Mr. Quarter-master Calderwood, who gave his evidence with the same cold saturnine expression which he always bore, apparently careless of others, so he himself was out of the scrape. The only expression of feeling which he shewed was a malignant sort of pleasure with which he described

the part which Edward took in the charge on the king's troop, at the time when his uncle was killed.

Edward had listened to the evidence with little apparent interest up to this time ; but when the witness, in a cold and heartless manner, described the facts of this transaction, Edward buried his face in his hands, evidently much affected by the recital. A deep sensation was caused in the court when it was understood that the nephew and uncle had been brought into such close collision one with the other.

Two or three other witnesses, townspeople of Lancaster and Preston, were called to corroborate the evidence of the former witnesses, by proving that the prisoner had lodged in those two places, and had been with the insurgents at the time specified.

There could be no doubt whatever, from the evidence, of Edward's implication in the charges alleged against him. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, without leaving the court; and the judge demanded of Edward what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed.

Edward addressed the court in a firm and manly voice, and at the same time with respectful deference.

When he pleaded "not guilty," he said, it was not that he denied any of the facts which had been sworn against him by the witnesses. On the contrary, he fully admitted that he had taken a part in the insurrection. But he denied that in so doing

he had been guilty of treason ; because he verily believed that King James was the lawful king of these realms, according to the law of God and man. He had never taken oaths of allegiance to the present actual sovereign of this realm, and therefore could have broken none. But being called on by James, his lawful king, to aid in restoring him to his throne, he had felt himself constrained by his duty and allegiance to join in the attempt at the risk of loss of life or liberty.

He had constantly believed that the right of King James had been felt and acknowledged by the large majority of the people of this realm ; but as the recent events had seemed to prove that such was not the case, he, Edward Dalton, was willing to give his parole of honour, or enter into any engagement required, that he would not again take arms against the existing government ; and he humbly hoped that on these conditions, those in whose power he now was might be induced to spare his life.

All this was said without the least arrogance or disrespect, and caused a deep interest in his favour amongst those who witnessed his demeanour.

The judge himself was evidently moved with a feeling of respect and pity. He told him that what he had said in his defence could have no effect in preventing the sentence of death being passed upon him. It might be urged, indeed, to conciliate the king's mercy ; but he should be wrong in holding out to him any hope of pardon, on account of the promi-

ment and active part which he had taken. He had been convicted on the clearest evidence, the evidence of eye-witnesses, of having been one of the most forward and active leaders in the late rebellion against the undoubted lawful sovereign of these realms, and must take the fearful consequence. It was now his painful duty to pronounce sentence of death upon him; which he proceeded to do in the horrible words which were customarily used, and need not now be repeated.

When the dreadful sentence was pronounced, a deep groan was heard from one of the side-galleries, and an aged man, who had not been observed before, was seen to fall in a swoon from his seat. It was the venerable Sir Charles Dalton, who had been present during the trial of his son, and though well aware what must be the sentence, had been unable to bear the shock of hearing it pronounced.

Fortunately for Edward, he had been led away from the dock without being aware of his father's suffering, which would only have added bitterness to his own.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Benouement.

Pain and grief
Are transitory things, no less than joy.

Philip von Artevelde.

KING George the First was walking in the garden of Hampton Court, pacing the trim alleys and gravel-walks, in earnest conversation with the secretary of state, Lord Townshend, when their conference was interrupted by the approach of his private friend Baron ———, in whom he placed unbounded confidence. The baron apologised for his interruption by informing the king that the two young persons were in waiting, of whom he had spoken to his majesty as the son and daughter of one of the officers who had been most distinguished in quelling the late rebellion, and had lost his life in the service.

The young man was educated for several years in Germany, and speaks the German language. "I knew him well," said the baron, "when he was there. He is a brave youth, and himself did good service at the affair of Preston. He cannot attend the levee on account of the recent funeral of his father, who is just

dead of his wounds received in your majesty's service. But he would not, on any plea, postpone the honour of paying his respects in person, since your majesty expressed a wish to see him."

King George was not an ill-natured man, and was glad of an opportunity to oblige his friends; he was also a very bad hand at speaking English, and naturally pleased to see those who could converse with him in his native tongue. Besides, he deemed it good policy to bestow personal marks of approbation on those who had shewn any particular zeal in his service, especially during the late insurrection; for he was well aware that there was no very great amount of enthusiasm in his cause throughout the country generally. On all these accounts, he was glad of the opportunity of thanking the young officer in person for his services.

The baron therefore received permission to admit his young *protégé*.

He retired through the side-door of the garden, and immediately returned leading in George and Clara Dalton, apparelled in deep mourning.

The king was rather moved at seeing them, and addressed them with great kindness, condoled with them on the loss of their father, and declared that he would not forget the services of Colonel Dalton, nor those of his son, whose gallant behaviour he had heard of.

George answered with dutiful respect, assuring the king of his devotion to his service. The king

then asked several questions of George as to the length of time he had served, his present rank; and of Clara, as to her residence, family, and so forth, and was apparently much struck by her beauty and manner. Before they retired, the baron, who, with Lord Townshend, had been present at the interview, interposed to obtain an opening for his young friend to prefer his petition.

“Lieutenant Dalton,” said he, “has a boon to ask of your majesty.”

“A boon, has he?” said the king, in a tone of some dissatisfaction. It is never agreeable to find that there are interested motives in the services performed, or any reward sought for afterwards. “What is it? What is it, Lieutenant Dalton? Do you want your captain’s commission? I should have given you that without your asking.”

“No, sire,” said George, respectfully, “it is not any personal reward or distinction that I wish: the boon I have to ask of your majesty is one that comes backed by the dying breath of my father.”

“Well?” said the king, somewhat interested by his earnestness.

“Sire,” said George, “it is the life of my cousin, Edward Dalton, who lies under sentence of death.”

And both George and Clara sank on their knees before the king. The king appeared perplexed, and not quite aware of the circumstances.

“May it please your majesty,” said Lord Towns-

hend, coming forward, "it is that Edward Dalton who was tried and convicted, three days since, on the clearest evidence. He might have been pardoned if he had pleaded guilty like others, but he would not. He was one of the most active of the party, and a prime mover in the business. If he escapes this time, he will be the first to stir up another rebellion."

The king looked displeased and stern, yet not decided. He was far from being a harsh or cruel man; but his ministers and supporters had persuaded him, and his own understanding bore witness, that severity, at least to a certain extent, was necessary. "Cannot we make an exception in this case?" said he aside to the secretary. "I begin to think that death-warrants enough have been signed. The tide of opinion will change, we shall be accused of cruelty and bloodthirstiness."

"That cannot well be," said Townshend, "after the example which the Pretender's father set in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. For one man tried and executed by martial law during the last six months, Kirke shot or hung twenty in as many days: and the executions under Judge Jeffrys were at least in equal proportion. No, your majesty, they can never accuse us of cruelty while James's conduct is remembered."

"And yet," said the king, "James lost his crown, notwithstanding his severity."

"And some have lost their crown for want of it," replied Townshend.

King George had no wish to lose his crown if he could keep it ; nor was he wanting in firmness. He was willing, too, to throw the responsibility from his own conscience on his ministers in each particular case. He made no reply to Townshend, but seemed convinced by what he had said.

Clara observed the sternness of his countenance, and all her maidenly timidity was cast away.

“Oh, sire,” she exclaimed, rushing forward, “spare, spare my poor cousin ; you know not his worth, or you would surely spare him. I pledge myself,” continued she, “that he will never again incur your majesty’s displeasure, if you will spare him this once. He is willing to give his parole that he will not again take arms. And be assured that he who would not plead guilty to save his life, will not break his word solemnly given.”

The king was sensibly touched by Clara’s strong appeal. It might be the words which she uttered, it might be the earnestness with which she spoke, it might be the sight of beauty in tears ; perhaps all these causes combined.

“Methinks,” said he to Clara, “there is some other motive for these passionate words than a father’s dying command.”

The words of the king in themselves might have been bitter and sarcastic ; but they were spoken in a kindly tone, and with as much of a smile as was suitable on such an occasion. The point was evidently gained ; and it was well it was so, for Clara

covered her burning cheeks with her hands, and could not utter another syllable.

“Townshend, we must yield this once,” said the king, decidedly. “See a pardon made out.”

The secretary of state shrugged his shoulders, and walked away. Clara and George fervently kissed the extended hand of the king; and their friend the baron conducted them from the garden.

We must leave to our readers’ imagination many very important events which took place within the next year; or, at least, only briefly advert to such as are needful to bring our story to a close. It was long before the feverish excitement of these trying scenes was softened down, and the two families, deprived of one most dear to them, regained their former tranquillity. In truth, events such as they had gone through could not fail to leave a lasting impression: and when afflictions fall on hearts prepared, the impression will be for good. Sorrows and difficulties rightly borne prepare us to receive such tranquil blessings as a merciful Providence vouchsafes. What before might render us selfish and self-indulgent, is now productive of an obedient thankfulness.

It was the unanimous feeling and wish of all the party to leave, at once, the smoke and noise of the metropolis, and return to the peaceful country of the lakes and mountains, which was associated in the hearts of all with so much real enjoyment.

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Accordingly they left London as soon as matters could be arranged for their journey. The spring had now yielded to the early summer. Nature was in her most beautiful garb: the whole country was glowing with a mild radiance, which contributed much to soothe the excited feelings of the travellers. As they passed through Preston, many a sad tear was shed to the memory of Colonel Dalton, who, at his own special request, had been consigned to the earth in the parish churchyard of the place in which he fell; and a modest marble slab had been placed to his memory, recording, as was the custom of the day, though in no exaggerated terms, his worth and his fidelity. But the travellers did not dwell longer than a dutiful feeling moved them in a place every street of which spoke of some sad event, and called to mind the agony of the late fatal struggle. Still less did they feel disposed to linger at Lancaster, over whose castle-gates the gory heads of several of the sufferers, exposed to view, still presented a frightful spectacle. As they crossed the sands of Leven, George Dalton thought on his narrow escape, and felt that the remembrance of it would be precious to him, as the place where serious thoughts of death and accountability first entered into his soul, which subsequent trials had tended greatly to deepen and increase. It was not, however, till the party found themselves amidst the calm scenes of Coniston Hall and its neighbourhood, that the whirl and excitement of recent events subsided into that calm feeling of

repose which the wearied spirit so much requires. Sir Charles resumed his old occupations of usefulness and charity, with a sincere thankfulness that he was allowed to be the privileged dispenser of God's blessings to those around him. George Dalton was a sobered, and, in some degree, a changed man. Without losing any thing of his open-hearted sincerity, his character acquired a depth and earnestness, to which, but for the trials which he had undergone, it might have remained a stranger. The task of watching the sick-bed of his father, together with the example and counsel which he had there received, contributed to fix his mind on nobler objects than the mere excitement and amusement of the day; and his present intercourse with his uncle and cousin carried on the improvement which was begun. Edward himself experienced a great relief in being spared the anxiety and conflict of mind which, before the insurrection, had harassed and torn him; and Clara rejoiced, with heartfelt thankfulness, that her affection was no longer marred by the fear of danger and anxiety for him she loved so truly.

When the days of mourning were over, Clara and Edward were united in holy wedlock; and much true happiness was their lot. It was a short time before their marriage that they again visited, with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow, the beautiful lake of Keswick, and the spot where their affections had first been pledged. They stood together

by the fall of Lodore, and its murmuring water was as music to their souls. They sat again side by side on the shore of the Hermit's Island, and spoke again of the good St. Herbert. But beyond this spot they went not. Their eyes rested on the distant battlements of the princely mansion which had once been Lord Derwentwater's. But they had no heart to visit it. The noble owner rested in his premature grave, his inheritance was forfeited, his name extinct, his family exiles in a foreign land.¹ Long did Edward mourn the fate of his noble and amiable friend.

In his own case, the clemency of George had more influence than severity would have had. The rebellion of '45 found him, though advanced in life, still in the vigour of mind and body. But though much urged, on account of his former principles, to take part in another attempt to restore the Jacobite line, he resolutely refused to break the promise which he had given to the existing government. Besides, he considered that it was a very different thing to endeavour to wrest the sceptre from one who had but just seized it, without hereditary descent, or, as it seemed, legal claim; and now, after a generation of occupancy, again to disturb the nation by an attempt to change what seemed the

¹ The Cumberland estates of Lord Derwentwater were granted for the support of Greenwich Hospital, and the materials of his noble mansion were used to build the townhall at Keswick.

design of Providence and the settled order of things. For these reasons he declined all further participation in the projects of the Jacobites ; and though he often spoke of the *insurrection* of 1715, he did not hesitate to designate the rising of 1745 as a *rebellion*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Concluding Remarks.

"If any man shall affirm . . . that the providence and goodness of God in using of rebellions and oppressions to execute His justice against any king or country, doth mitigate or qualify the offences of any such rebels or oppressing kings; or that when any such new forms of government, begun by rebellion, *are afterwards thoroughly settled*, the authority in them is not of God; or that any who live within the territories of any such new government, are not to be subject to God's authority, which is there executed, but may rebel against the same . . . he doth greatly err."

BP. OVERALL'S *Convocation Book*, canon xxviii.

THE Revolution of 1688—qualify it by what epithet we may—was essentially the same sort of thing as all other revolutions, *a successful rebellion against authority*: the same in principle, and connected, as a consequence, with the Great Rebellion by which it was preceded. It was solely through God's great and undeserved mercy that, here in England, it was accompanied by less havoc and bloodshed than such events usually are. Had King James been able to make a stand and rally adherents round him, as his royal father did in 1643, England might have seen another civil war as disastrous as the former; and, perhaps, have been guilty a second time of the

murder of her sovereign. Even as it was, blood was copiously shed in Ireland and Scotland between the adherents of James and William : but because England escaped, we are accustomed to think lightly of the contest. Again : had the nobility supported their lawful king, while the passions of the populace were excited on the opposite side, England might have witnessed the same scenes of bloodshed which France experienced a century later. Once let slip the dogs of war or revolution, and it is impossible to foresee the lengths to which their rage may run. If their course be less furious at one time than another, we have to thank a superintending Providence, not justify those who placed the nation in jeopardy. By a concurrence of fortuitous circumstances, James II. found himself entirely alone. He had not a friend on whom he could rely. The mass of the nation was indifferent or prejudiced against him : the Whig aristocracy were the prime movers in the revolt ; the Tories forsook their principles, and, for the time, sided with the revolutionists, at least to the extent of placing power in the hands of William, though they may not have designed that he should make the use of it which he did. The Church itself, which is usually the stanch maintainer of law and obedience, was on this occasion neutralised, in consequence of being at the very time suffering persecution, and threatened with loss of its privileges, from James's endeavours to aggrandise the power of Rome.

We must not, of course, implicate the whole na-

tion equally in these transactions. The greater part were passive rather than active. Even of those who invited William to cross the Channel, the majority expected him to come only as a mediator between the nation and his father-in-law King James, and opposed his assumption of the crown when his ambitious project was discovered. Yet were so many parties concerned more or less in bringing about the revolution, that the criminality of the deed, and danger of the precedent, were forgotten in the general consent; and to conceal its true character the revolution itself was dignified by the appellation of 'glorious,' the democratic party exulting in the deed, the Tories professing to view it as a grand exception to all other similar movements.

Though comparatively unstained by blood, perhaps on that very account, the moral effects of the Revolution of 1688, in unsettling men's minds as to the most important principles of social order, have only been the more prejudicial. When a country endures great suffering from revolution, men are less liable to be blinded to its real character; but in the present instance, the comparative impunity with which they escaped led them to glory in an event which was pregnant with the most disastrous consequences. We condemn the Great Rebellion and the French Revolution as horrible and atrocious events; but the Revolution of 1688 we speak of as a movement to be praised, an example to be imitated, though identical in principle with the others.

For what, in truth, are the principles of the “Glorious Revolution?” Simply *that a nation may oust its rulers and choose others, instead of submitting to those whom God has placed over them.*

But then it is urged, James did not rule according to law: he attempted to subvert the nation's liberties and religion! A most just cause of complaint; but not authorising the violent expulsion of a lawful ruler. The fault of the nation was the trusting to the arm of flesh instead of exercising faith; the doing wrong that good might come of it. God, had it been His will, could have preserved to us our rights and our religion without the nation placing itself in the wrong by the dethronement of its sovereign. And why need we doubt that He would have done so? Even external circumstances were sufficient to shew that the English nation was not in a condition to be enslaved. James attempted illegal acts. True; but his attempts failed. He subjected the bishops to an unjust prosecution: but they were acquitted! They gave a noble example of patient endurance, and they were saved from harm. And so, we may be assured, would it have been in other cases. The illegality of James's acts only served to render him more powerless. It is not credible that, with so strong a feeling against Popery as then pervaded the nation, and so wide a perception of the value of their rights and privileges, any king, much less one like James, could have subverted either our religion or our laws. They would still have been preserved to

us,—preserved far more completely and entirely, in a more legitimate mode, and without the establishment of the pernicious precedent of a successful revolution,—if the nation, instead of taking the law into its own hands, had left the event to the care of an overruling Providence.

For, see only how the precedent applies. A nation discontented with its ruler assumes the right to dethrone him. It constitutes itself judge of the amount of interference with its rights which renders rebellion justifiable. This time, it is possible, there may have been strong ground for complaint; James may have deserved to lose his crown: but establish the principle as a legitimate mode of acting, and the next rebellion may be made with very slight ground of justice, or with none at all. Again; one part of the nation may deem it right to rebel, another to uphold its sovereign: then you have a sanguinary civil war. Besides, if Protestants may rebel to oust a popish prince, why not Papists to rid themselves of a Protestant? There is no limit to the application of the precedent. The justification of rebellion against lawful rulers in one case, opens the door to every species of insubordination; and, besides being wicked in principle, is most pernicious in its consequences; unsettling the minds of men as to the distinction between right and wrong, and disturbing laws of morality and social order which men have been accustomed to hold most sacred. The successful revolutionists of 1688 distinctly denied the right

of hereditary succession, which, till then, had been considered as the basis of the English monarchy. They maintained the theory that, though the right to the crown was vested in the royal family, it was for the people to select as their sovereign what member of that family they chose ; a principle which, if acted on, must infallibly lead to constant disputes about the succession, and engender the most fatal animosities. And even the doctrine of the Tories, that the revolution was an exception to rule, and justified only as an emergency, is of a like dangerous tendency ; because it leaves the nation to judge of the emergency, and authorises subjects to rebel against their sovereign whensoever such an emergency appears to them to exist. It may possibly be very true that a sovereign shall deserve to be deprived of his throne, and that God, in His merciful Providence, may suffer him to be removed, either by open rebellion or private assassination ; but, as no man would justify the act of the assassin, so neither ought the acts of the immediate agents in rebellion to be justified, though they be instruments in the hands of Providence to bring about an object of mercy. Hence, though we thank God for His mercy in preserving to us our religion and laws by the instrumentality of William, yet we have no sympathy with the political faction which deprived James of his throne.

The moral result of this movement was, that for a century afterwards, and more or less up to the

present time, the principle of loyalty, which is amongst the noblest principles in the human breast, was confounded or annihilated. William was never looked on as the rightful king. At the time of the insurrection of 1715, a very general apathy existed in the nation as to the right of either claimant. Sincere and honourable men were divided as to the object of their loyalty, and George saved his crown mainly in consequence of the *conservative* principle which then developed itself, of siding with the strongest, and upholding things as they are. This inferior principle it was that pervaded the nation during the reign of the first two Georges. The chivalric spirit of old English loyalty had well nigh died away. The claim of the reigning monarchs was doubtful: it rested on no other foundation than the people's will, or rather a fear of change. There was nothing in their personal character to conciliate affection or attachment. They were selfish, immoral men, and did little or no good, either by their example or exertions. Under such circumstances, it was perhaps fortunate that the power of the crown had become so limited that the reigning monarch was more an officer of state than a ruler of the nation, and that the real authority was vested in the head of the prevailing faction for the time being.

It is true that events have happened in more recent times which have tended, in some degree, to restore the spirit of loyalty in the English nation. The extinction of the family of James, and the ab-

sence of any other claimant to the crown, has now concentrated the dutiful affection of all loyal subjects on the reigning family. The personal character of George III. won for him the love of the people ; and the reaction in the English mind against the principles of the French Revolution, seen as revolution was then in its true character, has tended to counteract the evil example of our own. Hence there is a very general attachment to the present reigning family ; and no one who upholds a monarchy at all would dream of subverting the strict hereditary succession in the nation.

Still, the monarchy of England is not what it was formerly. The sovereign has little actual power ; he is not the real ruler of the people. The very terms we employ shew the change of our constitution. Formerly, the constitution consisted of the Sovereign, aided by the three estates of the realm, the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. Now, it is a common thing to call the three estates the King, Lords, and Commons ; the Spiritual Lords are ousted from their place, the Sovereign invested only with a concurrent power. Formerly, the supreme power was vested in the Sovereign ; the Houses of Parliament were his abettors and advisers. Now, the Sovereign is practically but the executive agent, whose function is to carry out the will of the Parliament ; or rather, we should say, of the Commons ; for the Commons have gradually

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absorbed into themselves the power, not only of the Sovereign, but of the Peers also.

Thus, the principle of government is reversed. Instead of the Sovereign being the ruler of the people, he is, so to speak, their servant. His prime minister is virtually appointed by the House of Commons; the House of Commons is chosen by the people; the people's will is represented by public opinion. Hence public opinion, or the public will, is the real governing power.

Let us pause for a moment to consider what is this public will or public opinion which is the ruling power of the present day. How is it engendered? how instructed? how developed? how evidenced? Is it the deliberately formed judgment of the best and wisest; the opinion of the moral and religious, the honest and the intelligent? It would be too much to say that the opinion of such men goes for nothing. With a branch of God's true Church existing still amongst us, it would be strange indeed if no good influences prevailed. On the contrary, when the Church speaks boldly, her voice is not unheard. Unfortunately her voice is so seldom raised, and then generally in such feeble accents, that the real power which exists within her is but little felt; except, indeed, in that silent influence which she exercises on the hearts of her true sons, and through them, in some degree, on society at large. Howbeit, unquestionably, public opinion is not the voice of the Church,

but something very different. If we come to analyse public opinion, the voice which dictates the measures of our rulers, we shall find that it resolves itself into two moving powers, generally antagonist one to the other, though both equally selfish, unprincipled, and impatient of restraint—the *public opinion of wealth*, and the *public opinion of numbers*; the voice of the few, and the voice of the many; of luxury and indigence, of capital and labour, of the stock-market and the agitator's rostrum. These are the two antagonist powers that control the nation's rulers, and exercise the real power of government. And yet not always antagonist; for wealth knows how to cajole and wield the power of numbers to its purposes, and use them as its instruments to coerce its rulers. The monied man and the agitator are not unfrequently identical. These, then, are the real moving powers of government: wealth, eager upon its schemes of aggrandisement, anxious to keep what it has, and to grasp yet more, to hoard or to enjoy, reckless in the means which it uses to increase its power or its resources, impatient of restraint or opposition; and poverty, viewing with envious eye the luxuries which it cannot attain, threatening to burst through all restraint if its wants be not supplied, kept back by no motive but fear; destitute of love, reverence, and obedience, seeing, in fact, no object which it can love and revere—poverty linked with ignorance, cajoled by every charlatan, powerful from its misery, and strong from its very helplessness.

ness ;—these are the constituents of the public will, to which our rulers are constrained to submit.

And if the public will, so constituted, is unshackled by any moral notion of submission to a sovereign power in temporal matters, looking upon itself as the legitimate arbiter of the measures of its ostensible rulers, how much more destitute is it of any principle of obedience to the Divine authority of the Church ! The State is armed with a certain power of coercion ; each Act of Parliament has its pains and penalties annexed, which, if not evaded or cried down, must be submitted to. Thus, in some degree, a physical restraint is exercised ; but in spiritual matters there is no such control. The Church exercises no power of fine and imprisonment ; all it can do is to excommunicate : and what is that ? Ninety-nine hundredths of the people care for no excommunication ; they would be as soon excommunicated as not. If the Church expel them from her communion, they have but to join some sect, or none at all. They know no difference but their own unbridled choice. And this state of blind ignorance which pervades all classes to the real claims and actual power of the Church may be traced, in no slight degree, to the Revolution of 1688. No doubt, schism and insubordination existed before that period, and wrought fearful mischief ; but it remained for the “ glorious Revolution ” to *legalise schism*, and invest a sect with the outward garb of a Church. In its horror of popery, the nation

flung itself into the hands of a dissenter, who brought more mischief to both Church and State than will be repaired in centuries, if it be repaired at all. Up to that period the English Government had, from time immemorial, acted on the self-evident truth that *one religion is right, and all others wrong*; an axiom, one would think, as indisputable as that there can be only one straight line between point and point, and that all others must be crooked. This principle had, indeed, been exaggerated and abused. In their desire to maintain what they believed to be the true religion, the rulers of the nation had sinfully and unwisely persecuted others. Even the Puritans, when in power, had proscribed and persecuted the Church; and the cruelties exercised on the Covenanters, in the reign of Charles the Second, furnished a precedent which was but too closely followed when the tables were turned. It was James II. who, in his anxiety to obtain favour for the Roman Catholics, first hit on the true principle of universal toleration. *While one religion was upheld and cherished, all others were to be tolerated.* This was a sound principle, clear, just, and intelligible. But William, a mere politician, whose sole motive was temporal expediency, judged it conducive to his interests *to establish two religions!* While he retained the ancient Church in England, he abolished episcopacy in Scotland (so far, at least, as human law could do so), and set up Presbyterianism in its room; thus accustoming the people, who

naturally invest the doings of their rulers with a certain degree of right and authority, to the monstrous and unheard-of notion, that the Christian Church was variable and divisible, subject to no fixed laws of government but such as emanated from human caprice; and that it was consistent with God's eternal truth to be an Episcopalian in England, and a Presbyterian in Scotland.

A principle more utterly subversive of the very foundation of the kingdom of Christ, more contrary to the religion taught by its Divine Founder, whose earnest prayer was, that those who believed in him might all be one, or more at variance with the maxims which had hitherto guided the English Government, it is impossible to conceive. It is the undoubted doctrine of the Christian religion that the Church ought to be one and undivided; one in form as well as spirit, holding the "apostles' doctrine and fellowship." From the earliest ages the English nation has ever held communion with her ancient line of bishops, through whom the Church is lineally and visibly connected with the Apostles, and so with its Divine Head, as the limb of a body, or a branch of the Living Vine. This principle was in no wise interfered with at the Reformation, but rather confirmed; our bishops exercising their undoubted right and function which had been bestowed on them by Christ, to remove abuses from the portion of the Church placed under their spiritual authority, and to "set in order that which was wanting." The

greatest care was taken, both then and at the Restoration, to preserve the true succession, wherein was vested the Divine authority and mission. Our present bishops are the authorised successors and representatives of those who ruled the Church in British and Anglo-Saxon times, and so have always been recognised by the State. But at this lamentable epoch of 1688, a new principle was introduced : a separate Church, or what was called so, was established in an integral portion of the British dominions ; and the authority of the Government was given to the anti-Christian notion, that two communions were equally to be esteemed.

Perhaps this spectacle, continually presented to the English nation, of two communions—the ancient Church, and a sect of yesterday—equally honoured by their rulers, has done more to confound and destroy amongst us the true doctrine of Christ's kingdom than any other fact that could be named. As regards Dissenters in England, the case is clear enough. They are, for the most part, of a different spirit from Churchmen—men of democratic views, more or less disaffected to the State ; and while we recognise and admire whatever is honest or of good report amongst them, yet we feel an instinctive disapproval of their dissent, and have no doubt that such feeling of disapproval is right, and consistent with charity. But as regards the Presbyterians of Scotland, our feelings are modified. It is no spirit of self-will, no schismatical temper or insubordina-

tion to government that separates them from the one Catholic and Apostolic, or Episcopal Church ; but rather the reverse. The ancient episcopal Church of their country, owing to the neglect or sinful policy of their rulers, appears to them in the anomalous position of a mere tolerated sect. The very principle of obedience to authority, which with us leads to submission to the Church, does, in Scotland, induce quiet and peaceable men, in the absence of better knowledge, to join themselves to the Presbyterian sect there established. And the circumstance of having witnessed such a spectacle for a century and a half has blinded men's minds to its enormity ; while the Act of Union has, to all appearance, precluded the possibility of remedy ; at least, until God shall, in His own good time, open the eyes of the Scotch themselves to the anomaly of their position, and induce them to seek communion with that pure branch of the apostolic Church which still survives amongst them.

Meanwhile the most perplexing inferences result from the continuance of this state of things, which began from the worldly policy of the latitudinarian William. The vast majority even of educated men, having no knowledge of the facts of Church-history, or of the principles of Christ's kingdom, reason only on what they see existing in their day. If it is safe, as they assume it is, to be a Presbyterian in Scotland, why not in England also ? And if a Presbyterian, why not an Independent ? If an Independent, why not a Socinian ? If a Socinian, why not a Jew, a Ma-

hometan, a Pagan, a believer in no religion? Religion itself has become a matter of individual choice, or private judgment. Truth is a mere matter of opinion. Heresy and schism are words without meaning. Church unity is nothing. The people, not God, are the arbiters of their own creed! Then, if Presbyterianism may be established in Scotland, because it is the religion of the majority, (which, by the way, has never been proved as regards the period of 1688,) why not Romanism in Ireland on the same ground? If two religions may be upheld by one government in separate parts of the same country, why not in the same place? Why not endow and establish all the sects? Why not have the same place of worship open to congregations of various denominations: first to Protestants, then to Romanists; now to one sect, now to another?

Such, in fact, is what we have already come to; such are the questions which agitate men's minds. The truth of a religion is no longer the question with rulers, but its popularity and power. England, once the purest branch of the reformed Church, has become the focus of religious denominations. England, which might have been the honoured instrument of spreading Christianity through the world, diffusing truth, and unity, and love, now defiles every land she visits with her hateful schisms, casting every where the seed of future strife and disunion, sowing tares with the wheat in such abundant proportion,

that it is much to be feared the good grain may be choked and annihilated.

Nay, even within the Church itself, the same principles have well nigh gained the ascendant. Doctrines contradictory to each other, contradictory to our acknowledged formularies, are preached without rebuke. Popularity, not soundness, is the test of truth. A congregation must have a minister who will preach to them what they desire to hear, and conform to what they are pleased to require. One who bids them obey the Church ; watch, fast, and pray ; exercise self-denial, give largely of their goods to God and to the poor,—they will not endure ; any notion of self-restraint, or obedience to authority, they spurn and scoff at. Until lately it was supposed that we had at least the written documents and formularies of our Church to go by. In defending our position against popery and dissent, we were accustomed to appeal with confidence to those laws and regulations which had been fixed by the united voice of Parliament and Convocation. When differences of interpretation arose, the bishop of each diocese, it was believed, had power to decide. But even this fragment of authority is gone. It is found that the will of each congregation is the rule of our public service. The vestry is the governing power ! “ the Church ” we are bound to “ hear ! ” Public caprice is the arbiter of practice as well as preaching.

Miserable state of things ! Wretched people that

are in such a case ! What is it, however, but the natural development of the principle of self-government, the received tradition of a century and a half, that the people have a right to choose their own rulers and their own religion ; a principle brought out into more powerful action by the exciting circumstances of the times,—the pride of wealth, and ease, and self-indulgence, and the growing power of popular license ?

What, we may well ask, will be the end of these things ? Must they have their full development ? Is our bark within the influence of the headlong cataract, doomed to destruction, or may she yet be saved ? Difficult, indeed, it appears to be to arrest the progress of events with such principles in the ascendancy. Yet we must not despair. God may yet raise up instruments, if it be His will to save us. He may yet put into the hearts of men a holier and better spirit ; a spirit of obedience to rulers for conscience' sake ; a spirit of love and reverence for the Church as the instrument of God for man's salvation. He may yet raise our humbled Church from the dust, so that her voice shall again be heard in the councils of our rulers, to heal the wounds of the nation, to teach the rich and poor their duties to each other, and instruct all classes in what they owe to God, their common Father.

One step, at least, in a right direction will be made if the rising generation are taught to view the

“glorious revolution” of 1688 as false in principle and pernicious in its results, and the persecution by William of the Church of Scotland as an unrighteous act of daring impiety.



THE END.

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